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T H E

N E W E N T E R T A I N I N G

H U M O R I S T.

B E I N G A *Humourist*

C O L L E C T I O N *R*

O F

M I S C E L L A N I E S,

I N P R O S E A N D V E R S E.

A M O N G S T W H I C H A R E,

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|-----------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| The advantages of chearfulness. | The circle of human life. |
| The art of happiness. | The humorist. |
| The mock-doctor. | Who breaks the ice. |
| Adventures of a tye-wig. | The pig. |
| A match for the devil. | Loves of Ludovico and Honorio. |
| History of the Platonic ladies. | The lyar. |
| The civil husband. | The country justice. |
| The amorous groom. | The power of scolding. |
| Adventures of an English sailor. | The furniture of a beau's mind. |
| The water of folly. | The furniture of a woman's mind. |
| The jealous husband outwitted. | The fair nun. |
| The curious wife. | History of Selim. |
| The merry escape. | Riches and glory. |
| Justice a-la-mode. | Example for married ladies. |
| History of Tom Wildair. | The merry monarch. |
| History of the ape of Marseilles. | The royal cuckold. |
| The leaky vessel. | Story of Charles II. &c. &c. &c. |

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P R I N T E D F O R R. T A Y L O R.

M D C C L X X.

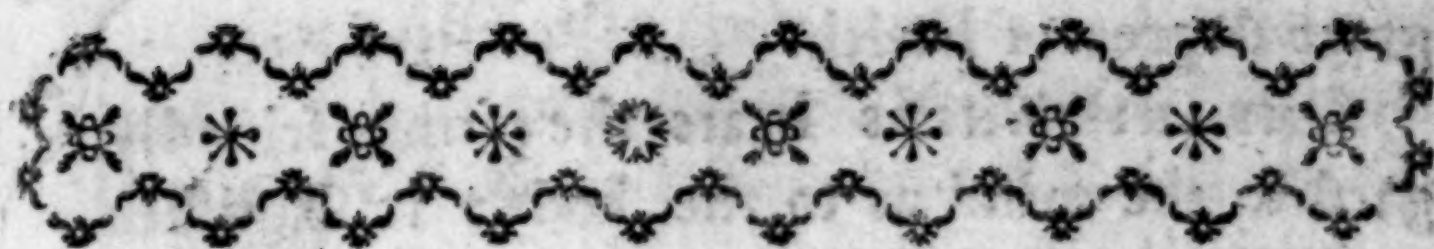


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INTRODUCTION,

C O N T A I N I N G

The ADVANTAGES of CHEARFULNESS.

[From the SPECTATOR.]

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CHEARFULNESS is, in the first place, the best promoter of health. Repinings and secret murmurs of heart give imperceptible strokes to those delicate fibres of which the vital parts are composed, and wear out the machine insensibly; not to mention those violent ferments which they stir up in the blood, and those irregular disturbed motions which they raise in the animal spirits. I scarce remember, in my own observation, to have met with many old men, or with such who (to use our English phrase) wear well, that had not at least a certain indolence in their humour, if not a more than ordinary gaiety and chearfulness of heart. The truth of it is, health and chearfulness mutually beget each other; with this difference, that we seldom meet with a great degree of health which is not attended with a certain chearfulness,

A



but very often see chearfulness where there is no great degree of health.

CHEARFULNESS bears the same friendly regard to the mind as to the body: it banishes all anxious care and discontent, soothes and composes the passions, and keeps the soul in a perpetual calm. But having already touched on this last consideration, I shall here take notice that the world, in which we are placed, is filled with innumerable objects, that are proper to raise and keep alive this happy temper of mind.

IF we consider the world in its subserviency to man, one would think it was made for our use; but if we consider it in its natural beauty and harmony, one would be apt to conclude it was made for our pleasure. The sun, which is as the great soul of the universe, and produces all the necessaries of life, has a particular influence in chearing the mind of man, and making his heart glad.

THOSE several living creatures which are made for our service or sustenance, at the same time either fill the woods with their music, furnish us with game, or raise pleasing ideas in us by the delightfulness of their appearance. Fountains, lakes, and rivers are as refreshing to the imagination as to the soil through which they pass.

THERE are writers of great distinction, who have made it an argument for Providence, that the whole earth is covered with green rather than with any other colour, as being such a right mixture of light and shade, that it comforts and strengthens the eye, instead of weakening or grieving it. For this reason several painters have a green cloth hanging near them, to ease the eye



upon after too great an application to their colouring. A famous modern philosopher accounts for it in the following manner: All colours that are more luminous, overpower and dissipate the animal spirits which are employed in sight; on the contrary, those that are more obscure do not give the animal spirits a sufficient exercise; whereas the rays that produce in us the idea of green fall upon the eye in such a due proportion, that they give the animal spirits their proper play, and, by keeping up the struggle in a just balance, excite a very pleasing and agreeable sensation. Let the cause be what it will, the effect is certain; for which reason the poets ascribe to this particular colour the epithet of chearful.

To consider farther this double end in the works of Nature, and how they are at the same time both useful and entertaining, we find that the most important parts in the vegetable world are those which are most beautiful. These are the seeds by which the several races of plants are propagated and continued, and which are always lodged in flowers or blossoms. Nature seems to hide her principal design, and to be industrious in making the earth gay and delightful, while she is carrying on her great work, and intent upon her own preservation. The husbandman, after the same manner, is employed in laying out the whole country into a kind of garden or landscape, and making every thing smile about him, whilst, in reality, he thinks of nothing but of the harvest and increase which is to arise from it.

WE may farther observe how Providence has taken care to keep up this chearfulness in the mind of man, by having formed it after such a



manner as to make it capable of conceiving delight from several objects which seem to have very little use in them; as from the wildness of rocks and deserts, and the like grotesque parts of Nature. Those who are versed in philosophy may still carry this consideration higher, by observing, that if matter had appeared to us endowed only with those real qualities which it actually possesses, it would have made but a very joyless and uncomfortable figure; and why has Providence given it a power of producing in us such imaginary qualities as tastes, colours, sounds and smells, heat and cold, but that man, while he is conversant in the lower stations of nature, might have his mind cheered and delighted with agreeable sensations? In short, the whole universe is a kind of theatre, filled with objects that either raise in us pleasure, amusement, or admiration.

THE reader's own thoughts will suggest to him the vicissitude of day and night, the change of seasons, with all that variety of scenes which diversify the face of nature, and fill the mind with a perpetual succession of beautiful and pleasing images.

I SHALL not here mention the several entertainments of art, with the pleasures of friendship, books, conversation, and other accidental diversions of life, because I would only take notice of such incitements to a chearful temper, as offer themselves to persons of all ranks and conditions, and which may sufficiently shew us that Providence did not design this world should be filled with murmurs and repinings, or that the heart



of man should be involved in gloom and melancholy.

I THE more inculcate this chearfulness of temper, as it is a virtue in which our countrymen are observed to be more deficient than any other nation. Melancholy is a kind of dæmon that haunts our island, and often conveys itself to us in an easterly wind. A celebrated French novelist, in opposition to those who begin their romances with the flowery season of the year, enters on his story thus: 'In the gloomy month of November, when the people of England hang and drown themselves, a disconsolate lover walked out into the fields, &c.'

EVERY one ought to fence against the temper of his climate or constitution, and frequently to indulge in himself those considerations which may give him a serenity of mind, and enable him to bear up chearfully against those little evils and misfortunes which are common to human nature, and which, by a right improvement of them, will produce a satiety of joy, and an uninterrupted happiness.

AT the same time that I would engage my reader to consider the world in its most agreeable lights, I must own there are many evils which naturally spring up amidst the entertainments that are provided for us; but these, if rightly considered, should be far from overcasting the mind with sorrow, or destroying that chearfulness of temper which I have been recommending. This interspersion of evil with good, and pain with pleasure, in the works of nature, is very truly ascribed by Mr. Locke, in his essay on hu-



man understanding, to a moral reason, in the following words:

‘ BEYOND all this, we may find another reason why God hath scattered up and down several degrees of pleasure and pain, in all the things that environ and affect us, and blended them together, in almost all that our thoughts and senses have to do with; that we finding imperfection, dissatisfaction, and want of compleat happiness in all the enjoyments which the creatures can afford us, might be led to seek it in the enjoyment of him, with whom there is fulness of joy, and at whose right hand are pleasures for evermore.’







T H E  
N E W E N T E R T A I N I N G  
H U M O R I S T.

*The Art of Happiness.*

 GOOD temper is one of the principal ingredients of happiness. This, it will be said, is the work of nature, and must be born with us: and so in a good measure it is, yet oftentimes it may be acquired by art, and always improved by culture. Almost every object that attracts our notice, has its bright and its dark side: he that habituates himself to look at the displeasing side, will sour his disposition, and consequently impair his happiness; while he who constantly beholds it on the bright side, insensibly meliorates his temper, and, in consequence of it, improves his own happiness, and the happiness of all about him.

ARACHNE and Melissa are two friends: they are both of them women in years, and alike in



birth, fortune, education, and accomplishments. They were originally alike in temper too; but, by different management, are grown the reverse of each other. Arachne has accustomed herself to look only on the dark side of every object. If a new poem or play makes its appearance with a thousand brilliancies, and but one or two blemishes, she slightly skims over the passages that should give her pleasure, and dwells upon those only that fill her with dislike. If you shew her a very excellent portrait, she looks at some part of the drapery which has been neglected, or to a hand or finger which has been left unfinished. Her garden is a very beautiful one, and kept with great neatness and elegance; but if you take a walk with her in it, she talks to you of nothing but blights and storms, of snails and caterpillars, and how impossible it is to keep it from the litter of falling leaves and worm-casts. If you sit down in one of her temples, to enjoy a delightful prospect, she observes to you, that there is too much wood, or too little water; that the day is too sunny, or too gloomy; that it is sultry or windy; and finishes with a long harangue upon the wretchedness of our climate. When you return with her to the company, in hopes of a little chearful conversation, she casts a gloom over all, by giving you the history of her own bad health, or of some melancholy accident that has befallen one of her daughter's children. Thus she insensibly sinks her own spirits, and the spirits of all around her, and at last discovers, she knows not why, that her friends are grave.

MELISSA is the reverse of all this. By constantly habituating herself to look only on the bright side of objects, she preserves a perpetual chearful-



ness in herself, which, by a kind of happy contagion, she communicates to all about her. If any misfortune has befallen her, she considers it might have been worse, and is thankful to providence for an escape. She rejoices in solitude, as it gives her an opportunity of knowing herself; and in society, because she can communicate the happiness she enjoys. She opposes every man's virtues to his failings, and can find out something to cherish and applaud in the very worst of her acquaintance. She opens every book with a desire to be entertained or instructed, and therefore seldom misses what she looks for. Walk with her, though it be but on a heath or common, and she will discover numberless beauties, unobserved before, in the hills, the dales, the broom, brakes, and variegated flowers of weeds and poppies. She enjoys every change of weather and of season, as bringing with it something of health or convenience. In conversation it is a rule with her never to start a subject that leads to any thing gloomy or disagreeable; you therefore never hear her repeating her own grievances, or those of her neighbours, or (what is worst of all) their faults and imperfections. If any thing of the latter kind be mentioned in her hearing, she has the address to turn it into entertainment, by changing the most odious railing into a pleasant rallery. Thus Melissa, like the bee, gathers honey from every weed; while Arachne, like the spider, sucks poison from the fairest flowers. The consequence is, that of two tempers, once very nearly allied, the one is for ever sour and dissatisfied, the other always gay and chearful: the one spreads an universal gloom; the other a continual sunshine.



THERE is nothing more worthy of our attention than this art of happiness. In conversation, as well as life, happiness very often depends upon the slightest incidents. The taking notice of the badness of the weather, a north-east wind, the approach of winter, or any trifling circumstance of the disagreeable kind, shall insensibly rob a whole company of its good humour, and fling every member of it into the vapours. If, therefore, we would be happy in ourselves, and are desirous of communicating that happiness to all about us, these minutiae of conversation ought carefully to be attended to. The brightness of the sky, the lengthening of the days, the increasing verdure of the spring, the arrival of any little piece of good news, or whatever carries with it the most distant glimpse of joy, shall frequently be the parent of a social and happy conversation. Good manners exact from us this regard to our company. The clown may repine at the sunshine that ripens his harvest; because his turnips are burnt up by it; but the men of refinement will extract pleasure from the thunder-storm to which he is exposed, by remarking on the plenty and refreshment which may be expected from such a shower.

THUS does good manners, as well as good sense, direct us to look at every object on the bright side; and by thus acting, we cherish and improve both the one and the other. By this practice it is that Melissa is become the wisest and the best-bred woman living; and by this practice may every man and woman arrive at that easy benevolence of temper, which the world calls Good-Nature, and the scripture Charity, whose natural and never-failing fruit is Happiness.



*A Dissertation on the Dignity, Benefit and Beauty of  
Ugliness. By a young Lady.*

‘**A**CCORDING to the assertion of things  
‘ that are doubtful in themselves, a man  
‘ must be forced to grant, that those things which  
‘ may be, may as well not be, provided a due re-  
‘ spect be had to the several differences and de-  
‘ grees.’ This was part of a speech from a worthy  
alderman, the oracular obscurity of which may pass,  
if comically considered, for a riddle, or if seri-  
ously, for a prediction. But be that as it may, I  
shall always be proud to introduce any thing of that  
worthy gentleman’s into my magazine, who is the  
greatest œconomist of meaning in the world, and  
whose parsimony of good sense must unavoidably  
render him acceptable to the present age. The a-  
bove-quoted extract is a happy prelude to my pre-  
sent theme, and I don’t doubt but I shall be able  
to prove the dignity, benefit, and beauty of ugly-  
ness, ‘ provided (as the alderman well observes) a  
‘ due respect be had to the several differences and  
‘ degrees’. And first then, let us see what is to  
be advanced with regard to the dignity of ugliness.  
That a great many of the best families in Europe  
have been distinguished by an hereditary ugliness  
from the rest of mankind, has been a matter of  
boast, not only to the house of Bourbon, but to many  
others of equal rank and distinction. The mag-  
nificence of pride, the fierceness of command, and  
many other attributes of great men, can be but ill  
sustained by a set of regular features. Look at the



Roman emperors, survey the busts of the ancient philosophers, and you will find, that they differed not more from the rest of mankind in their wisdom and greatness, than they did in a certain deform'd habitude of body, critically contrived to attract the attention of the people, and consequently to leave a strong impression of their doctrines upon their memory. Need I mention *Æsop*? Need I mention *Socrates*? or need I mention the more modern instances of *Heydigger* and *Scarron*? Secondly, let us consider the benefit of ugliness. This is almost infinite, but however, I shall confine my present speculations to those conveniencies that attend my own sex, from the aforesaid benefit. *Sir George Etherege* has the following judicious lines in his comedy, called *Love in a Tub*, which may serve me as a thesis.——

Had you less beauteous been, you'd known less  
care;

Ladies are happiest moderately fair.

Ugliness is the parent of that kind of virtue which depends not upon principle, and is a most effectual means of a lady's neither leading nor being led into temptation. Besides, it does not more protect the chastity of the females, than it advances their fame; it inclins all their own sex on their side, and is a sovereign preservative from envy. 'Tis true, madam, says *Flirtelinda*, *Mrs. Hoppertail* is hump-backed; but then she has all the prudence and discretion conceivable. *Miss Jingumbob* is, to be sure, very homely, but it is the charms of the mind that strike me, and tho' *Gorgonia* squints, has black teeth, bandy legs, and is not bellied;



yet all the world allows she is an exceeding good sort of a woman. When I view those unhappiest of all human creatures, the ladies of pleasure, and find so many fine women amongst them, I bless myself that I never was very eminent for my corporal charms, and that I am an example of the following precept, 'Be ugly, and be happy;' a very proper motto for a thousand coats of arms in this kingdom.

I COME now, in the third and last place, to consider the beauty of ugliness, which, though a seeming contradiction, is not less evident if duly attended to, than the foregoing proposition. When I see Tribadia kissing her pug-dog and the monkey, two of the most odious animals in nature, I am confirmed in the truth of this maxim. It may perhaps be objected, that beauty is a mere relative term, and (to use the common phrase) all fancy. Well, it is granted, and I insist this objection makes for me rather than against me; for if beauty is all fancy, why then you may fancy ugliness to be beautiful. Away with your symmetry and proportion, paltry eye-traps, empty shadows. There is an old English proverb, which has as much truth and good sense in it as any in the language, which points out the insignificancy of these things, and proves them to be no essentials, 'Joan is as good as my lady in the dark;' and to the same effect sings a very experienced poet:

Talk of blooming charms and graces,  
 All is notion, all is name;  
 Nothing differs but their faces,  
 Every woman is the same.



THE instability of beauty is a common complaint, but there is something immutable in the nature of ugliness, or if it should ever be subject to change, it can lose nothing by the bargain. In short, however paradoxical it may seem to my readers, I am sorry to say, that there is a great majority of the human species of my opinion, though they do not know it——‘For whoever forsakes virtue, and is captivated by the charms of vice, he is enamoured with the beauty of Ugliness.’



*The Mock-Doctor.*

HELVETIUS, physician in ordinary to the queen of France, had a coachman whose intellects did not very much exceed those of the beasts he drove. John, however, one day took it into his head to tell his master that he was weary of being no better than a coachman, at small wages, and hard work; and that he had a great mind to be a doctor of physic, which he observed was a much more easy way of getting money; and that possibly, with a little good luck, he might come to ride in a chariot of his own, instead of driving another's. A physician! John, says his master, but how are you qualified? Oh! as to that, master, you need never fear, replies John, if you will give me some of your instructions, teach me a dozen cramp words, and let me visit a few patients with you; I'll warrant you, I will do and say as you do, and I shall be bound to pray for you the longest day I have to live. Helvetius humoured the fellow's project, and told him, he would take him out



the next day upon a visit to one of his patients. Accordingly John, after providing an occasional coachman, and being equipped by his master with a voluminous wig, and all the formal exterior of his new profession, went with him to a patient, with whom the plan had been concerted the night before. Being admitted, the Doctor, after the usual process of feeling the gentleman's pulse, and the like, which was heedfully remarked by the candidate, desired to know how many stools he had had, and what was the condition of them. Upon this a pan was brought to him of Chantilly porcelain, virgin-ware out of the shop, when the doctor gravely called for a spoon, and by way of tasting, eat two or three spoonfuls, assuring his patient that it was very laudable matter; and so in fact it was, being no other than an excellent marmelade of apricots prepared for carrying on this jest. John, whose stomach had turned at first, recovered a little at seeing his master eat so favourily. The doctor touched his fee, and they took their leave. The next day John was sent alone to the same patient, where after mimicking as near as he could, what his master had done on the preceding day, he came in course to the state of the stools. The pan and spoon were then produced, and John, who had resolved to act his part throughout, took a spoonful, and was properly affected both by the taste and smell of the contents, being real, unadulterated, fecal matter. This disconcerted John's prescription so much, that the patient pretending to be affronted, dismissed him without the consolation of a fee. John returned home, cured of his ambition of being a doctor; and requested, as a great favour, to be re-instated in his coach-box.





*The genuine Memoirs and most surprizing Adventures of a very unfortunate Tye-Wig.*

**H**A VING some business to transact with a friend of mine in——, I was the other day tempted by a fine morning, to quit my house in Sackville-street, without my chariot, and fairly to tramp it for the benefit of my health. But before I had reached one third part of my way, I was overtaken by a shower, which obliged me to take shelter in a covered alley; where I saw a boy wiping a gentleman's shoes with a tye-wig, in order to prepare them for the operations of the brush. On this sight, I could not help contemplating what a multitude and variety of circumstances this same wig had passed through---and now was I to follow the example of the writers of the last century, I should walk home peaceably, go to bed, sleep soundly, and in the morning write a vision upon this occasion. But, as it happens, that I have a superlative contempt for those old canting visionaries; I shall fairly and squarely, without apology, preface or preamble, give my reader the memoirs of this tye-wig, which he very civilly, and without solicitation, delivered to me in the following form of words.

S I R,

**Y**OU see before you one of the most unfortunate pieces of hair that ever possessed the capitol of the human microccsm. Here I could not help interrupting his tyeship, and desired him to pro-



ceed in a more intelligible, and less pedantic manner, which he thus did accordingly. Sir, you would have excused my stile had you known my education, but for your more immediate satisfaction, I shall proceed with all the simplicity imaginable. At my first setting out in the world I was the property of a young physician, who may with the strictest propriety be said to have taken his degree, because it was given him by no university in the world: from the gravity which I lent him he got some repute, and being withal a very handsome fellow, he was often consulted by ladies of distinction. However, the little he had with his barber often threw me into very great and dangerous disorders, and had not my master been happily executed for poisoning an old citizen, who stood in the way of a young blood, my memoirs might have ended here. I was sold by my master's executioner to an eminent second-hand hair merchant, where I spent a long vacation in great tranquillity; but at the beginning of the term, I was purchased by a young templar, and called to the bar along with him. Had nature furnished the inside of my master's head, as well as art by my means did the outside, he by this time might have been a judge. But, alas! having nothing but me and impudence on his side, he was hissed out of court, laughed out of the coffee-house, and finally kicked out of the kingdom. As for me, I was left, with other effects, in the hands of Mr.\*\*\*\*, an eminent pawnbroker, in——, from whom I was redeemed by Mr. Bullock the player, who sold me to the wardrobe-keeper of one of the theatres. I may say, without vanity, that I have acted the principal parts both in tragedy and comedy, to the satisfaction of the pub-



lic; and have often, with the assistance of skilful barbers, gained an applause, in which the actor that wore me had no share; and from which I have sufficient reason to be convinced, that a certain quantity of hair, duly bedizened with perfumed powder and oil of sweet almonds, will do more upon the stage than gracefulness of action, propriety of pronunciation, or any other theatrical virtue whatsoever. You may judge, Sir, how long and how successfully I served the patentee, when I assure you I was fifteen times new mounted while I continued in his majesty's service. At length one---came in power, the pupil of art, the son of nature, and the cousin-german of Shakespear and the passions; coats and wigs which heretofore were primary qualities in acting, were now reduced to a secondary state. The theatre, rescued from jargon, rant, and senseless show, now became the temple of manly and rational mirth, and the vehicle of good sense and morality. On this fatal revolution I prudently abdicated, and was again sold to the hair-merchant. My next scene of life was a military one, for I was purchased by an officer in the—fusileers, when I experienced all the hardships of wind and weather, and served in the double capacity of caxon and night-cap. I went through a most surprising diversity of accidents, there was hardly an object in nature that did not occur to me, except a block, a powder-puff, and a comb; at length, in the fatal action of Fontenoy, I lost part of my fore-top and one of my tails; upon which my master presented me to an old serjeant, with whom I shortly went fellow pensioner to Chelsea hospital. Here I remained about two months, at length the serjeant happening to be drinking a pot



of porter, at the World's End, a person of very singular character came in, and after tipling pretty freely, swopt with my master for a brown bob and eighteen pence. My present possessor was a constant attendant at——coffee-house, and his profession was of a nature very extraordinary. His business was to assist the news writers in the vacation, and other times, when there was a dearth of events; he would make you a plague at Constantinople at a minute's warning, and for the consideration of half a crown, wou'd dethrone the grand Signior, or kill you a hundred thousand Tartars. He was perhaps the only man that knew the private conversations of all the foreign ministers at the Hague, and would publish you a letter, in the-----, in which he would unlock the cabinets of all the crowned heads in Christendom. But one night, chancing to speak disrespectfully of the grand monarch, a French dancing-master took him by the nose, and threw me into the fire: from this lamentable catastrophe, Sir, you may easily account for my present appearance. My master never thought it worth his while to attempt my rescue, and had I not offended the company with a disagreeable stink, should have inevitably perished in the flames. I was kicked about the coffee-house, and trod upon by people of all ranks and degrees for upwards of a week, when a country farmer, a great œconomist, one of whose maxims it was, that every thing had its use, took me up by half of my only remaining tail, and put me into his pocket. As soon as I arrived in the country I was stationed on a mop-stick, to fright the crows from a pea-field, in which office I served for about a fortnight, but a beggar-man coming by one day, who had discretion enough to



think half a loaf was better than no bread, and any thing of a wig better than a bald pate, took me from my grand post, and placed me upon his own ideapot; which, Sir, is a philosophical name for the head. This is the worthy gentleman, whom you now see condescending to amuse himself with cleaning the shoes of persons of quality, and who now employs me in the servile occupation of being the harbinger of the blacking-ball, and gentleman-usher to a brush.



*A Match for the Devil.*

By T. BROWN.

**W**HILE others idle tales relate,  
To fright men from the marry'd state;  
Do thou, my muse, in humble verse,  
The virtues of a wife rehearse.

A FARMER of much wealth possess'd,  
With friends too, while they lasted, bless'd—  
Kept open house, and lov'd to feast  
Those who deserv'd and wanted least.  
To pleasures he prescrib'd no bounds;  
He kept his hunters, pack of hounds.  
Somewhat lascivious, somewhat vain,  
Some gentleman had cross'd the strain.  
To try all joys and plagues of life,  
He boldly took a buxom wife.  
Now fresh expences, fresh delights,  
Attend the day, and crown the nights.  
His new acquaintance crowd the house:  
Some praise the fare, but most the spouse;



Each strove who should divert the most,  
 But still 'twas at the husband's cost.  
 He, thoughtless, prais'd th' expensive pleasure,  
 To please his dear domestic treasure,  
 All care was scorn'd, and bus'ness vanish'd;  
 The present joys, all future banish'd:  
 And being both of years but vernal,  
 They thought their wealth and love eternal.

BUT oh! how vain are all men's fancies!  
 Ill-grounded projects, mere romances!  
 What strange delusions fill our brain!  
 What whims the wisest entertain!  
 When we are eager to possess,  
 We smooth the road to happiness:  
 We level mountains, empty seas,  
 And reason's fierce desires obeys.  
 The greater danger we despise;  
 Our passions see, and not our eyes.

OUR pair now find, some seasons past,  
 Nor wealth, nor love, would always last,  
 Unless improv'd with application;  
 But that in one is out of fashion.  
 Gold indeed preserves its sway;  
 But love! who does thy power obey?  
 E'en women now profess to range,  
 And all their pleasure is in change;  
 Now seek the present joys t'improve,  
 Yielding to many they call love;  
 Artful new lovers to engage,  
 Then slight his love, and scorn his rage.  
 Thus they behold what they possess'd,  
 And wonder how they once were blest.  
 Their jars are thought on, and improv'd;  
 They hate themselves, that once they lov'd.



Thus lab'ring on in dirty road,  
They snarl, and curse the heavy load.

How happy were our mortal state,  
Were indolence but our worst fate!  
No sooner joys the place forsake,  
But racking pains dominion take!  
No sooner love had fled the pair,  
When enter'd meagre Want and Care.  
The house which had such vast resort  
When Riot seem'd to keep his court,  
Is now forsook, a lonely cell,  
Where Silence, undisturb'd, might dwell.  
Clean pans and spits the walls now grac'd;  
For ornament the pewter's plac'd;  
Bright dishes entertain the eye;  
No kitchen-smoke offends the sky.  
Hogheads with dismal sounds complain'd;  
Both hogheads, and the man are drain'd.  
His landlord stern his rent demands,  
Stray'd are his flocks, unplough'd his lands.  
The wife advises friends to try;  
Her's she was sure would not deny.  
A thousand vows she had receiv'd;  
Each vow repaid, for she believ'd.

BUT oh! how soon did they discover,  
'Tis wealth brings friends, the face a lover!  
His wants are heard without relief;  
Her eyes afford not joy, nor grief.  
His wasted fortune all affrights;  
Her faded beauty none invites.

OPPRESS'D with wants, to woods he flies,  
And seeks the peace his house denies.  
Roving, lamenting his condition,  
Fate kindly sent him a physician.



His habit, cane, and formal face,  
Shew'd he was of Geneva race;  
But cloven feet the fiend detect,  
And prov'd him author of the sect.  
With joy he spy'd the wretch's cares,  
And fawning, thus he spread his snares.  
My son! with pity I have seen  
(Tho' I've a foe to pity been)  
The sad disasters you endure,  
That of a wife admits no cure.  
I know your wants, and her's I guess;  
I cannot swear I'll both redress.  
The task, I fear, is too uneasy;  
But if possessions large will please ye,  
Behold this spacious tract of land,  
All that you see's at my command,  
I'll give it freely all to thee,  
If we on articles agree.  
I can perform, for I'm the devil,—  
Nay, never start man, I'll be civil.  
It shall be your's to plough and sow;  
All that above the ground does grow,  
Whate'er it is, shall be my due;  
The rest I freely give to you.

GLADLY the farmer does submit,  
For pinching want hath taught him wit.  
With roots he plants the fruitful soil,  
Which well rewarded all his toil.  
But to his landlord's jilted share,  
A weedy harvest does appear.

THE devil vext, new cov'nants makes,  
Next year all under ground he takes.  
Then golden wheat the land does bear,  
And useless roots are Satan's share.



The fiend resolv'd to spoil the jest,  
And thus the farmer he addrest.

BELIEVE me, friend, thou art a sharper;  
Satan himself has caught a Tartar;  
I've seen thy wit, but now at length  
I am resolv'd to try thy strength.

A scratching match we'll have together;  
Look to thyself, I'll claw thy leather.

If I submit, the land is thine;

If I o'ercome, thy soul is mine.

Think for your quiet, I conjure ye;

Should you to hell, you leave a fury.

Observe these talons, and away,

And Friday next shall be the day.

A MOD'RATE beauty will inflame,

'Till we have seen a brighter dame.

Rivers with wonder we survey,

'Till we behold the boundless sea.

So ev'ry little trifling care

Appears a load we cannot bear,

But if some horrid tortures seize us,

What late we dreaded, now would ease us.

THE wretched farmer homewards goes,

And dreads his future endless woes.

His cares, his duns, his wants, his wife,

And all the banes of happy life,

Would now afford him vast content,

Could he th' unequal match prevent.

His prying turtle quickly guest

Some care uncommon fill'd his breast.

Husband and wife sometimes relate

Their cares and bus'ness, tho' they hate.

Nor always nature's call deny,

And tho' both loath, yet both comply.



Her wheedling tongue soon found the means  
To make the wretch disclose his pains.

He tells the combat and the laws,  
And magnifies his monstrous paws.

PISH! is this all that plagues your mind;  
An easy remedy I'll find.

You to your wife's advice submit,  
And we'll the devil himself out-wit,

Come, turn about,—and leave your moans,  
These husbands are such very drones.—

He sigh'd, obey'd, and did his best;

His task perform'd, he went to rest.

Our happy hours are quickly past,

And time to misery makes haste.

Soon Friday comes, a dismal day!

When such a guest would visits pay.

The farmer dreads the approaching scuffle;

(The thoughts of hell the boldest ruffle)

But still his wife keeps up her spirits;

She knew her safe-guard, and its merits:

She bids him hide, whate'er should fall on't,

While she receiv'd the dreadful gallant.

He soon obeys th' adventurous dame;

The husband gone, the devil came.

Who knocks impetuous at the gate,

And angry grows, that he should wait,

Again for ent'rance loud he cries;

But screams and groans are the replies.

Love and the devil what can bind?

They stronger grow the more confin'd:

If they can 'spy the smallest hole,

One takes the heart, and one the soul.

So Satan, vex'd at the delay,

Whip'd thro' the key-hole to his prey;



But, to his great amazement, found  
 Th' indecent wife spread on the ground :  
 High as the waist, expos'd and bare,  
 And with her shrieks she pierc'd the air.

WHY, how now, woman! whence this passion,  
 This posture, and such exclamation?

AH! pity, Sir, my wretched case,  
 And quickly fly this horrid place.  
 You, by your grim, majestic air,  
 Your feet, your claws, your horns declare,  
 You with my husband come to scratch;  
 But thou, ah! thou, th' unequal match!  
 The cruel monster ready stands,  
 But hope not to escape his hands :  
 His nails are scythes, upon my life,  
 And for his horns, Sir—I'm his wife;  
 This morn, to try what he could do,  
 On me he would his prowess shew:  
 This chasm he made with's little finger;  
 Behold,—Sir, is it not a swinger?  
 With that she threw her legs aside.  
 And shew'd a hole surprizing wide—

ZOUNDS, quoth the devil, (quite amaz'd,  
 When on the deadly gulf he gaz'd)  
 What do I see! what makes that wound  
 Of such extent, and so profound?  
 If one nail such a wound could tear,  
 What can the force of ten claws bear  
 And by the stench, to show his spite,  
 With poison'd weapons he would fight.  
 My talons are not half so long,  
 Nor is my sulphur half so strong.  
 No, I'll submit, since my lot's hell;  
 At least I'll in a whole skin dwell.



The land is his, but be he bound,  
 Since he has made, to fill that wound.  
 With that he vanish'd from her eyes,  
 And sulph'rous stench and fumes arise.

THE farmer hastens to the place,  
 His great deliv'rer to embrace.  
 Well hast thou freed my tim'rous soul;  
 But what did e'er thy power controul?  
 The fiercest rage it soon disarms,  
 Tho' hell it frights, yet men it charms.  
 But be it on thy tomb engrav'd,  
 'Tis the first soul a wife e'er sav'd.'



*The History of the Platonic Ladies.*

THERE were, some years since, a set of ladies who were of quality, and gave out that virginity was to be the state of life during this mortal condition, and therefore resolved to join their fortunes, and erect a nunnery. The place of residence was pitched upon; and a pretty situation, full of natural falls and rises of waters, with shady coverts and flowery arbours, was approved by seven of the founders. There were as many of our sex, who took the liberty to visit the mansions of intended severity; among others, a famous rake of that time, who had the grave way to an excellence. He came in first; but seeing a servant coming towards him, with a design to tell him this was no place for him or his companions, up goes my grave impudence to the maid: Young woman, said he, if any of the ladies are in the way on this side of the house, pray carry us on the o-



ther side towards the gardens: we are, you must know, gentlemen that are travelling England; after which we shall go into foreign parts, where some of us have already been. Then he bows in the most humble manner, and kissed the girl, who knew not how to behave to such a sort of carriage. He goes on: Now you must know, we have an ambition to have it to say, that we have a Protestant nunnery in England. But pray Mrs. Betty—Sir, she replied, my name is Susan, at your service.—Then I heartily beg your pardon.—No offence in the least, says she, for I have a cousin-german whose name is Betty.—Indeed, said he, I protest to you that was more than I knew; I spoke at random. But since it happens that I was near in the right, give me leave to present this gentlemen to the favour of a salute. His friend advances, and so on, till they had all saluted her. By this means the poor girl was in the middle of the crowd of these fellows, at a loss what to do, without courage to pass through them; and the platonics, at several peep-holes, trembling, pale, and fretting. Rake perceived they were observed, and therefore took care to keep Suky in chat with questions concerning their way of life; when appeared at last Madonella, a lady who had written a fine book concerning the recluse life, and was the projectrix of the foundation. She approaches into the hall; and Rake knowing the dignity of his own mein and aspect, goes deputy from his company. She begins: Sir, I am obliged to follow the servant, who was sent out to know what affair could make strangers press upon a solitude which we, who are to inhabit this place, have devoted to heaven and our own thoughts? Madam (replies



Rake with an air of great distance, mixed with a certain indifference, by which he could dissemble dissimulation) your great intention has made more noise in the world than you design it should; and we travellers, who have seen many foreign institutions of this kind, have a curiosity to see, in its first rudiments, the seat of primitive piety; for such it must be called by future ages, to the eternal honour of the founders. I have read Madonella's excellent and seraphic discourse on this subject. The lady immediately answers, If what I have said could have contributed to raise any thoughts in you, that may make for the advancement of intellectual and divine conversation, I should think myself extremely happy. He immediately fell back with the profoundest veneration; then advancing: Are you then that admirable lady? If I may approach lips which have uttered things so sacred—He salutes her: his friends follow his example. The devoted within stood in amazement where this would end, to see Madonella receive their address and their company. But Rake goes on—We would not transgress rules; but if we may take the liberty to see the place you have thought fit to chuse for ever, we would go into such parts of the gardens, as is consistent with the severities you have imposed on yourselves. To be short, Madonella permitted Rake to lead her into the assembly of nuns, followed by his friends, and each took his fair one by the hand, after due explanation, to walk round the gardens. The conversation turned upon the lilies, the flowers, the arbours, and the growing vegetables; and Rake had the solemn impudence, when the whole company stood round him, to say, that he sincere-



ly wished men might rise out of the ground like plants; and that our minds were not of necessity to be fullied with carnal appetites for the generation, as well as support of our species. This was spoke with so easy and fixed an assurance, that Madonella answered, Sir, under the notion of pious thoughts, you deceive yourself in wishing an institution foreign to that of providence. These desires were implanted in us for reverend purposes, in preserving the race of men, and giving opportunities for making our chastity more heroick. The conference was continued in this celestial strain, and carried on so well by the managers on both sides, that it created a second and third interview; and without entering into farther particulars, there was hardly one of them but was a mother or father that day twelvemonth.



*The History of Elmira and Osmyn: or the Civil Husband.*

**I**T is now full fifteen years since the beauteous Elmira was given into the hands of the happy Osmyn, who, in the sense of all the world, received at that time a present more valuable than both the Indies. She was then in her early bloom, with an understanding and discretion very little inferior to the most experienced matrons. She was not beholden to the charms of her sex, that her company was preferable to any Osmyn could meet with abroad; for were all she said considered, without regard to her being a woman, it would stand the examination of the severest judges. She had all



the beauty of her own sex, with all the conversation and accomplishments of others. But Osmyn very soon grew surfeited with the charms of her person by possession, and of her mind through want of taste; for he was one of those loose sort of men, who have but one reason for setting any value upon the fair sex, who consider even brides but as new women, and consequently neglect them when they cease to be such. All the merit of Elmira could not prevent her becoming a meer wife a few months after her nuptials; and Osmyn had so little relish for her conversation, that he complained of the advantages of it. My spouse (said he to one of his companions) is so very discreet, so good, so virtuous, and I know not what, that I think her person is rather the object of my esteem than love; and there is such a thing as merit, which causes rather distance than passion. But there being no medium in the state of matrimony, their life began to take the usual gradations to become the most irksome of all conditions. They grew, in the first place, very complaisant; and having at heart a certain knowledge that they were indifferent to each other, apologies were made for every little circumstance which they thought betrayed their mutual coldness. This lasted but few months, when they shewed a difference of opinion in every trifle; and as a sign of a certain decay of affection, the word *perhaps* was introduced in all their discourse: I have a mind to go to the park, says she, but, *perhaps*, my dear, you will want the coach on some other occasion. He would very willingly carry her to the play; but, *perhaps* she had rather go to Lady Centaure's and play at ombre. They were both persons of good discerning; and soon found



that they hated each other, by their manner of hiding it. Certain it is, that there are some Genio's which are not capable of pure affection, and a man is born with talents for it, as much as for poetry, or any other science.

OSMYN began too late to find the imperfection of his own heart, and used all the methods in the world to correct it, and argue himself into a return of desire and passion for his wife, by the contemplation of her excellent qualities, his great obligations to her, and the high value he saw all the world, except himself, did put upon her. But such is man's unhappy condition, that though the weakness of the heart has a prevailing power over the strength of the head, yet the strength of the head has but small force against the weakness of the heart. Osmyn therefore struggled in vain to revive departed desire; and for that reason resolved to retire to one of his estates in the country, and pass away his hours of wedlock in the noble diversions of the field; and in the fury of a disappointed lover, made an oath, to leave neither stag, fox, or hare living, during the days of his wife. Besides that country sports would be an amusement, he hoped also, that his spouse would be half killed by the very sense of seeing the town no more, and would think her life ended as soon as she left it. He communicated his design to Elmira, who received it (as now she did all things) like a person too unhappy to be relieved or afflicted by the circumstance of place. This unexpected resignation made Osmyn resolve to be as obliging to her as possible; and if he could not prevail upon himself to be kind, he took a resolution at least to act sincerely, and communicate frankly to her the weak-



ness of his temper, and excuse the indifference of his behaviour. He disposed of his household in the way to Rutland, so that he and his lady travelled only in the coach for the conveniency of discourse. They had not gone many miles out of town, when Osmyn spoke to this purpose:

My dear, I believe I look quite as silly, now I am going to tell you I do not love you, as when I first told you I did. We are now going into the country together, with only one hope for making this life agreeable, survivorship. Desire is not in our power; mine is all gone for you. What shall we do to carry it with decency to the world, and hate one another with discretion?

THE lady answered, without the least observation on the extravagance of the speech:

My dear, you have lived most of your days in a court, and I have not been wholly unacquainted with that sort of life. In courts, you see, good-will is spoken with great warmth, ill-will covered with great civility. Men are long in civilities to those they hate, and short in expressions of kindness to those they love. Therefore, my dear, let us be well-bred still, and it is no matter, as to all who see us, whether we love or hate: and to let you see how much you are beholden to me for my conduct, I have both hated and despised you, my dear, for this half year; and yet neither in language nor behaviour has it been visible but that I loved you tenderly. Therefore, as I know you go out of town to divert life in pursuit of beasts, and conversation with men just above them; so, from this very moment, I shall read all the learned cooks who have ever writ; study broths, plaisters, and conserves, till from a fine lady I become a notable wo-



man. We must take our minds a note or two lower, or we shall be tortured by jealousy or anger. Thus I am resolved to kill all keen passions, by employing my mind on little subjects, and lessening the easiness of my spirit; while you, my dear, with much exercise, ale, and ill company, are so good, as to endeavour to be as contemptible, as it is necessary for my quiet I should think you.

AT Rutland they arrived, and lived with great but secret impatience for many successive years, till Osmyn thought of a happy expedient to give their affairs a new turn. One day he took Elmira aside, and spoke as follows:

MY dear, you see here the air is so temperate and serene, the rivulets, the groves, and soil so extremely kind to nature, that we are stronger and firmer in our health since we left the town; so that there is no hope of a release in this place: but if you will be so kind as to go with me to my estate in the hundreds of Essex, it is possible, some kind damp may one day or other relieve us. If you will condescend to accept of this offer, I will add that whole estate to your jointure in this county.

ELMIRA, who was all goodness, accepted the offer, removed accordingly, and left her spouse in that place to rest with his fathers.







*The Amorous Groom. A Tale.*

From LA FONTAINE.

A King, in youthful charms array'd,  
 Fair Lombardy's bright scepter sway'd.  
 The king of this same country gain  
 Frequent admittance to my brain,  
 But honest Boccace often shews 'em  
 So a-propos, one can't refuse 'em.  
 'Tis fit that you this hint should read,  
 Before we venture to proceed.

THE king, if we may credit fame,  
 Espous'd a soul-enchancing dame,  
 As chaste, as prudent, and as fair,  
 As queens in our romances are.  
 Her eyes no glance could ever dart,  
 But some poor gazer lost his heart;  
 New dawning charms each day discovers,  
 And half her subjects were her lovers.  
 You'll think, when these fine things are said,  
 She needs must bless her monarch's bed.  
 And certain 'tis, no royal sheets  
 E'er prov'd the scenes of softer sweets.

BUT Cupid, who delights in malice,  
 And lov'd to roam about the palace,  
 As he was whisking round his link.  
 Just where the floor disclos'd a chink,  
 Shook out a spark, 'tis far from fable,  
 And down it dropt into the stable;  
 And, still accustom'd to consume,  
 Fir'd the Præcordia of a groom;



Another would have said, his heart;  
 But surely if nice terms of art  
 Can sometimes happen to fall pat in,  
 They'll shew at once our wit and Latin.

THIS very groom, we'll call him Peter,  
 Since that's a name will suit our metre;  
 This groom, I say, with many a maid  
 Pass'd for a very dapper blade;  
 His well turn'd person and his parts  
 Had such a knack at stealing hearts,  
 That all the virgins where he came,  
 Were languishing to lose that name.  
 But what was more engaging yet,  
 My author says the youth had wit;  
 And well he made it soon appear,  
 As in the sequel you shall here.

THIS spark, when he beheld the queen,  
 Was ravish'd at her matchless mien;  
 Her eyes had shot him to the soul.  
 And his heart kindled like a coal.  
 He sigh'd, and gnaw'd his nails——What then?  
 Why then, he sigh'd and gnaw'd again.

CUPID was touch'd to see this pother,  
 As much as if he'd been his brother:  
 Obsequious to his aid he fled,  
 And perch'd unseen upon his head;  
 Where, in less time than lawyers hatch up  
 Some lucky lye, their cause to patch up,  
 He fill'd his brain with such vagaries,  
 As soon diminish'd his quandaries.  
 For Cupid disciplines so well,  
 He'll make an oaf a Machiavel,  
 And daily furnish up more fages,  
 Than schools can hammer out in ages.



You call for proof—why, if I need it,  
This tale's my voucher, please to read it.

OUR love-sick brother of the manger,  
Now hooted at the thing called danger,  
And yet he wisely thought it good,  
To be as cautious as he could;  
Tho' blest'd with Bronze, he thought it ruin  
To tell the queen what he'd be doing,  
Because he knew her majesty  
Would never yield extempore;  
But rather he might apprehend,  
His suit would haste his latter end,  
And, therefore, he could see no reason  
Why love should talk him into treason;  
Nor did he think it one jot better  
To scrawl his passion in a letter,  
For letters oft have caus'd the writers  
To curse the day they were enditers.

To such a situation drove,  
Between the gallows and his love,  
How did he this dilemma settle?  
Why, truly like a man of mettle:  
Thought he, my passion, if I falter,  
Will prove as fatal as a halter,  
And since 'tis very plain I may die,  
Or, by the hangman, or the lady;  
Cupid conduct me to her bed,  
To make me talk'd of when I'm dead.

THE god, who heard his pious prayer,  
Resolv'd to make the business bear,  
And how his pupil he did chear up,  
A paragraph or two shall clear up.

IN Lombardy, friend Boccace says,  
By the fixt custom of those days,



The king and queen lay oft afunder;  
 But this we think no mighty wonder,  
 Because, if fame the truth reports,  
 'Tis much the same in modern courts.  
 His majesty, 'tis likewise said,  
 Whene'er he took it in his head,  
 To chear his queen an hour or more,  
 Tript softly to the chamber-door,  
 Where a sage matron, plac'd in waiting,  
 Would often let the monarch late in,  
 Loose in his gown, as wisely gueffing  
 'Twould save some moments in undreffing.  
 The reader too must understand,  
 A taper glimmer'd in his hand,  
 Lest he should stumble on some plank ill,  
 And bruise an eye, or sprain an ankle;  
 But yet so feeble was the blaze,  
 The devil scarce could know his face.  
 The crone, who knew what he desir'd,  
 Receiv'd the taper and retir'd;  
 This was the practice, then well known,  
 And ev'ry nation has its own.

PETER, who manag'd not his wit ill,  
 Knew the whole custom to a tittle,  
 And; soon accoutred in this gear,  
 He at the portal did appear;  
 The monarch's rap he had so trim,  
 The good duenna thought 'twas him,  
 She op'd the door, and took his light,  
 Then wish'd the mimick king good night,  
 Blessing her stars for this kind hap  
 That gave her gummy eyes a nap.  
 Our wag had nothing now to dread,  
 But that the king might come to bed;



'Twas dangerous to be too heedless,  
But, for that time, his fears were needless.  
Last morn, the monarch rose at four  
To rouse with hounds and horn the boar;  
He ne'er had hunted down a bigger,  
And left himself so little vigour,  
That the kind reader may conclude,  
He thought his visit would be rude,  
At least, till midnight hours were past,  
Love's cheer he could not hope to taste.

AND now, what youth, so near the blessing,  
Would think of ought else but undressing?  
This Peter did, and had you seen him,  
You'd wonder how he could so clean him,  
His linen was so lily neat,  
And with essence made so sweet,  
That had you view'd him in the room,  
When he did first put off the groom,  
You would have sworn, to see the man dress,  
Venus herself had been his laundress.  
But not to tire you on that head,  
Peter we'll now suppose in bed.

BUT here, 'tis fit we tell our readers,  
One of the real king's procedures.

THE monarch, oft, when state-affairs  
Perplex'd his head with royal cares,  
When officers in trust were thievish,  
Or if his household made him peevish,  
Would clasp his comfort in his arms,  
And silently enjoy her charms,  
And tho' she made his spirits flutter,  
The devil of a word he'd utter.  
Th' obsequious queen, without much teaching,  
Could easily dispense with speaking;



A lover, right in other matters,  
May please the more, the less he chatters.

THIS lucky circumstance however,  
For Peter was compleatly clever,  
And he improv'd it to the best,  
Nor need the muse relate the rest;  
Only, that in those mystic cases,  
That have relation to embraces,  
Fame, if we dare to trust her, sings  
One groom is worth two brace of kings,  
The queen, it then may be believed,  
Some diff'rence, at that time, perceiv'd.

SURPRIZ'D at so much am'rous play,  
She thought her monarch strangely gay,  
And fancy'd that his choler might  
Make him exceed himself that night.

HEAV'N, in its gifts, is always just,  
Nor will, to one, all talents trust,  
An emperor of some great nation,  
Has virtues proper for his station.  
A lawyer too, has all his paces,  
And clears, and often puzzles cases;  
As to love's sports, without an oath,  
A single groom excels them both.

OUR gallant, having oft repeated  
His brisk attack, at last retreated;  
He thought it wisdom to be gone:  
E'er morn's bright pinnars were put on,  
And therefore, lighted on by no ray,  
Got out of bed before Aurora.  
Here love had taught his happy student,  
To be, what few are, blest'd and prudent,  
For had he stay'd five minutes more,  
He'd met the monarch at the door.



The monarch?—pray what's this you've said?  
 I thought he went fatigu'd to bed.  
 'Tis true; the reader there is right,  
 But he was not fatigu'd all night,  
 And therefore, e'er the dawn was seen,  
 He paid a visit to the queen.

HER majesty, who heard him enter,  
 Was much surpriz'd at this adventure,  
 And more to be so little cloying  
 That he was still inclin'd to toying:  
 My dearest lord, said she, it seems  
 Your fondness prompts you to extremes;  
 But tho' I own this kind proceeding,  
 Bespeaks the height of royal breeding,  
 I would not, for your kingdom's wealth,  
 Permit you to impair your health:  
 You're dearer to me than my eyes, Sir,  
 And six caresses will suffice, Sir;  
 Besides, your majesty well knows,  
 'Tis not ten minutes since you rose.

THE monarch now, as he lay moping,  
 Began to smoke some interloping,  
 But since he relish'd not the jest,  
 He thought that silence would be best,  
 And so, as fast as he was able,  
 He tripp'd directly to the stable;  
 Well judging, that no courtier beau,  
 Had in love's feats eclips'd him so.  
 I have, says he, much cause to fear,  
 My lusty rival may be here,  
 And, tho' no outward marks display him,  
 His palpitation will betray him.

It happen'd that the king this night,  
 Forgot to bring his waxen light,



And therefore grop'd along the gloom,  
And felt about from groom to groom.

PETER, who heard him in the hay,  
Sweat streams of *Affa Foetida*,  
And slept dog's sleep, as people say.

THE good prince hoping to discover,  
By his high pulse, the happy lover,  
Chose a good thought for his director,  
And was not cross'd in his conjecture,  
But quickly laid his hand on Peter,  
And felt him scorch like any heater.

THE monarch having found his man,  
A second scheme of thought began;  
He meant to know him in the morning,  
That grooms might by his fate take warning.  
He found, by stretching out his leg,  
A pair of scissars on a peg,  
Which fortune seem'd then to produce  
On purpose for his present use.

'Tis well, thought he, I'll mark the droll,  
So clipt a lock from Peter's poll.

THE king, thus having gain'd his aim,  
Pok'd off as softly as he came,  
Tho' short of what he had design'd,  
Because he left the lock behind,  
And Peter, to prevent disaster,  
Determin'd to out-wit his master;  
So crept to each companion's bed,  
And snipt a lock from ev'ry head.

Now morning shines, the king admires  
To see his grooms all cropt like friars;  
And has my spouse, thinks he, and raves,  
This night caress'd these sixteen slaves!  
No sure, for this would make my queen a  
Worse prodigy than *Messalina*.



Well, sirs, said he, with smother brow,  
 Whoe'er has done the deed, but now  
 Let him be silent, and refrain  
 From going he knows where again.



*The Adventure of an English Sailor in the City of  
 Constantinople.*

A Certain fond Mahometan, all possessed with European dreams of love and beauty, would neither marry a wife, nor take a concubine, that was not mistress of a tender nature; and, as he thought, accomplished in those bright perfections, which, in spite of fate, would make him happy. But oh! how vainly does deluded man depend on beauty as a means of bliss, when every frail misfortune of deficient nature robs him of his hope! It is a blessing ever subject to a thousand accidental shocks of ruin; and even in its longest and uninterrupted course of sun-shine, is but the transient shadow of a momentary satisfaction. The Turk of whom I am about to speak, was long an enemy to every thought that led him to a scene of matrimony; but he was caught at last; and I have ever found, that those who most inveighed against it, have been soonest tempted to its yoke, and often most galled by it. It was a witty observation of an old Greek poet, in the following epigram:

The man is curs'd, who takes a She  
 As partner of his bed:  
 This all men know as well as me;  
 Yet, who forbears to wed?



THIS Turkish nobleman (for fortune had enlarged his circumstances to a great and lofty pitch of splendor) kept a very large *Horam*, or chamber for his women: he possessed, I think, of wives and concubines no less a number than a quarter of a hundred: and so fondly doated on their amorous conversation, that he knew no pleasure greater than the enjoyment of their company; would pass whole days in their apartment, and chuse some one among them every night to carry to his bed and favour with the duty of his kind embraces.

HOWEVER, whether nature had not qualified him for the women's favourite, or whether every lady thought her turn too long in coming round, is not known; but this is certain, that the whole society were extremely melancholy, and would pensively retire to a large window, which looked out into a garden on the backside of their apartment, and by throwing up the lattice, let in air, which fanned, not cooled the warmth of their desires. Their lord, it seems, was very covetous; and finding eunuchs somewhat chargeable, maintained but one, and that an old and lazy fellow, who would always go to bed before the ladies, and by that means gave them favourable opportunities to open the above-named window, and look out in the garden; or divert themselves with any entertainment they thought fit to pass the night in.

'T WAS late one evening, and the family secure in their repose, when a brisk English sailor, who had lost his company, in coming not an hour before from drinking at a little hovel where a Greek sold wine, had rambled up and down from street to street, till he arrived in a small narrow lane, one wall whereof belonged to the above-named garden.



He was walking hastily along, not knowing where he was, when he was startled at the sudden noise of women's voices: and desirous to behold what sort of creatures the females were in Turkey†, he was led by wine and curiosity together, to ascend a sort of wooden scaffold, which he found there raised against the wall, and had been built in order to repair some breaches made by time.

THE art of his profession had instructed him to climb, by which means he with ease got up so high, that hanging by his hands and feet, he overlooked the ridge of the wall, and could perceive distinctly, by the favour of the moon-shine, several ladies almost in their shifts, and sporting wantonly together in a window on the other side the garden. He was wonderfully pleased to see a sight he had been long a stranger to; and not being able to express himself in Turkish, was resolved to shew his breeding in plain English, and called out aloud, Ha! my dear rogues, have I caught you, faith? e-gad I wish I was among you.

NOTHING could have been a greater surprize to the discovered ladies, than to hear a voice, at once appearing to be a man's, and a stranger to their language and acquaintance; but it was increased, if possible, when they beheld a head, chin high, looking over the wall, with short thick hair, and a hat of the English fashion. The fright at first obliged them to shriek, and drove them from the window for about five minutes; but perceiving none had overheard them in the house, they gathered courage, and returned again, believing providence had sent a man to gratify their wishes.

† The women are kept up very close in Turkey, and seldom permitted to go abroad; and when they are, they are always veiled.



THE sailor had by this time got astride upon the wall, and was beginning an old ballad in that merry posture, not remembering he had changed his Wapping residence for a short continuance in a Turkish city. But the ladies gathered in a knot about the window, and, by the cautionary motions of their fingers, hushed him to silence, and began to beckon him with smiling looks, and all the tempting invitations of an amorous deportment.

ENCOURAGED by their unexpected kind behaviour, the adventurous tar forsook his station, and leaping from the wall into the garden, expressed his satisfaction in their beautiful appearances, by all the awkward bows and apish cringes his marine accomplishments had made him master of. He came at last and stood directly under them, explaining by the motions of his head and eyes, and other signs, that he was sorry such an unaccessive height prevented him from reaching them. They talked awhile by signs and motions, but perceiving they could reap but little pleasure from so remote a conversation, the obliged ladies, loth to lose so rare an opportunity, began to make successful use of those amorous inventive qualities, which nature constantly bestows on a woman in her amorous exigencies; and certain of the company continued at the window smiling in a sort of wanton dalliance with the raptured sailor, while others ran and tied as many of the sheets together as would reach to the ground; which having done, they came again, and making fast the hither end to certain hooks within the chamber, threw the other down to him, and kindly beckoned to him to make a proper use of their inviting favours.

HE was not backward in performing their de-



fires, but never thinking on the consequences, made a shift to reach the window by the help of their contrivance; they received him joyfully, and had begun to stare upon the strangeness of his habit when he interrupted them, by roughly kissing all the company; imagining, that since he always used his English mistress in that familiar manner, it was the fashion so to do in every foreign place he came to. The Turkish husbands never kiss their women but in bed, and consequently this behaviour of our merry Briton wonderfully diverted them; they laughed exceedingly, and gathered round him; every one asked some particular question, but he could not understand one word they said; and finding more than he expected in the chamber, looked about him with great amazement; but began at last to catch them in his arms, embracing them by turns with so much zeal and rapture, that it was hard to tell which party knew most pleasure; he, in meeting such engaging, beautiful, willing creatures; or the ladies, in their accidental satisfaction of admitting to their arms a lover of so brisk and airy a deportment, and a man so full of mirth and vigour.

THE room wherein they lay was long and broad, with beds all laid in order along each side, and each desirous first to offer him a part of her's; they raised a sort of civil war among them, till it was resolved that all should draw a lot a-piece, and stand to the decision. This then at last they agreed to, and with scissars cut a crimson ribbon in twenty-five pieces, each a little longer than the former; these they made the sailor hold, and drew their lots in order. She who had the longest was that very night to have him for her bedfellow, and so pro-



portionably she who had unfortunately drawn the shortest lot, was doomed to be the farthest distant from his wished embraces.

THUS had they formed almost a month's task for the poor sailor, who never used to think on time to come, and therefore went contented to bed with his fair first-night mistress. We will not doubt of the satisfaction which he met with, but proceed to tell the reader, that an hour before the break of day, that lady who was next to be his partner, came and waked him from a pleasing slumber, lest he should unluckily, by oversleeping his security, be found as soon as morning broke by the eunuch, who was always used to walk his rounds about that time; and this was the concluded order they were all to take, for their assured security. I scarce believe our amorous Tarpawlin, when the cool reflection of his waking senses represented his condition, found himself so pleasant as the night before; but he had gone too far to think of going back, till he had done the duty they expected from him, and therefore wisely thought it best to seem transported with his present, past, and future happiness. In short, they led him to a very high and spacious press, or rather wardrobe, for it was the place wherein they used to hang their cloaths; in this repository he was forced to stand or lie all day; and had the door by chance been open, he had yet perhaps continued undiscovered, hid all over by the cloaths about him.

THE master of the house would often come and pass some hours every day amongst his women, so that all day long the sailor was confin'd to keep his station, yet wanted little else but liberty, for he had meat and drink far more than he required, which



the good-humoured ladies ordered to be set aside, pretending they would eat it at another time, and taking some opportunity, when all was safe, they carried it directly to their pounded Amoroso.

THEY pass'd about ten days and nights without the smallest fear or danger of discovery, when an unlucky accident fell out and ruined all: it happened that the lady whose turn it was to claim the sailor for her bed-fellow, was taken by the Turk, her lord and master, to the unexpected favour of his own enjoyment, so that she, whose lot came next, was sooner than she thought of mistress of her long-long hoped for happiness; but when the next turn came, the lady who the night before had lawfully possessed her husband's bed, renewed her title to the balked enjoyment of the sailor's person; which she who next expected it, denied with fervour, urging, that she having lost her turn, should stay till last of all, before she could in justice lay a second claim to what she aimed at.

WORDS were multiplied to noisy disputations, and from thence they fell to downright blows about the matter; till the house, alarmed by the disturbance, waked the eunuch, who came running to the chamber to demand the cause of their so sudden disagreement; and the first body he took particular notice of, was the poor sailor, who was got amongst the thickest of the fray, to interpose the best of his endeavours for appeasing their tumultuous violence. The eunuch, all amazed to see a man so strangely dressed among the ladies, came and caught him roughly by the shoulder; who, surprized as much to find himself discovered, struck the old and feeble eunuch such a blow upon the head, as beat him to the ground; and running to



the window, never staid to look for sheets, which if he had he would have missed, but venturing his neck to save his liberty, leaped nimbly down, and lighting on the soft and yielding mould, received no hurt; and made a shift to clamber up a gate which opened to the lane; and after half an hour's rambling up and down, came out upon the port where lay an English vessel half unladen, close upon the key. He got on board, and overjoyed at his escape, went next morning to the vessel he belonged to, which departed two days after, bound for England.

HE brought off ten or twelve considerable diamonds, of a greater value than the profits of a hundred of his voyages could possibly amount to, every lady gratefully bestowing one the night she bedded him. Had he but staid to have gone through the family, he had grown rich by their successive bounties; however, he had very good reason to be contented. What renders this adventure the more diverting is, that when the eunuch rose and looked about him, the ingenious ladies joined to tell him an amazing story, how the man he saw came in and frightened them; which passing for a truth, they saved their reputations, and perhaps their lives; while it was commonly reported round the city, that the devil of an infidel had entered the Haram of such a nobleman; nor was it known which way he had got in, or how he found means to get away again.





*The Water of Folly. An Oriental Tale.*

THE sage Aboul-casem, having discovered by his skill in astrology, that all the water of the town where he dwelt would fall the next year under the influence of such a strange planet, that whoever drank of it would become foolish; resolved to exempt himself from the common disaster, and proposed great pleasure and honour from being the only wise man in the town. Accordingly he provided a reservoir, which he filled with a sufficient quantity of the present year's water, that he might be in no necessity of drinking that of the fatal year. This prediction was at length verified, and the first appearances of the universal folly gave him great delight; but folly not being of a nature to amuse long, he soon grew weary of so inhuman a pleasure. He soon found himself deprived of all the joys and conveniencies of society. No creature could give a reasonable answer. He asked one what o'clock it was, who told him, that corn was at two sequins a bushel. He enquired what news of another; who answered, that salt was an excellent thing to butter fish with. He tried others, and found their replies equally remote from the question, which made him almost as mad as the water had made them. Yet he observed, that all lived easy and sociable with one another, and perfectly well satisfied with their own condition. Tired at length with the solitary state to which his singular wisdom had reduced him, he renounced the sublime advantages of it, in order to partake



of the common happiness, drank the water and mingled with the fools.



*The Jealous Husband outwitted.*

A CERTAIN great king had a minister who was blind of an eye, and had married a lady much younger than himself. The king had a very great regard for this lord, and scarce would ever be without him, either in town or country. This constant attendance at court prevented the nobleman from being as frequent with his wife as he could wish. The lady, who could not be well pleased with his absence, forgot her virtue and honour to that degree, that she fell in love with a young gentleman of the neighbourhood.

THIS amour began to be whispered about, and at last made so great a noise, that it came to the husband's ears, who, notwithstanding, could not give any credit to it; so great was the tenderness which his wife shewed him on all occasions, that he could not believe her guilty of any infidelity to him. However, one evening he resolved to look further into the matter, and to be revenged, if he could, on the author of such an affront, if any was given.

FOR this purpose, he took leave of his wife, and pretended to go into the country for two or three days, where the king's service required his presence. He was no sooner gone, than the wife sent for her gallant; and scarce were they half an hour together, when the husband arrived, and knocked at the door, as if he would pull the house down.



The lady being well acquainted with her husband's knocks, told her lover he was returned. The gallant was so surprized and astonished at this unexpected news, not being used to such alarms, that he wished he had never been born.

As he railed against his mistress, and against love, for exposing him to such danger; the lady desired him to bear up with courage, 'for that she would secure him a safe retreat, without any trouble, if he would but put on his cloaths quickly.' The husband all this while continued knocking at the door, and called to his wife several times; but she pretended not to know him. 'Why don't you rise, (says she with a loud voice to the footman) and drive them people from the door, who make so much noise? Is this a proper hour to come to my house? If my husband were at home he would soon silence them.'

THE husband hearing his wife's voice, called out, 'Wife! wife! let me in; will you make me wait at the door till morning?' When the wife saw that her gallant was dressed, and ready for a flight; 'O! my dear husband, says she to her spouse, how I rejoice at your return! My mind was full of a dream which gave me the greatest pleasure that I ever had. I thought that you had recovered the sight of your eye.'

As she thus cajoled her good husband, to complete the matter, she embraced him in a most affectionate manner; and holding him by the head, she laid her hand on the eye which had no blemish, and asked if he could not see with the other, as she had dreamt? While the husband's eye was thus closed by madam's hand, the gallant slipped out.

THE husband suspected the cheat, and told his



wife, ' That he would no longer make any obser-  
 ' vations on her conduct. I thought, added he,  
 ' to have deceived you; but I have been the dupe  
 ' myself, and you have played me the artfullest  
 ' trick that ever was invented. God grant that  
 ' you may see your errors, for the sake of your  
 ' conversion; for no man can reclaim a wicked  
 ' woman. But since my love for you has not been  
 ' capable of rendering you more sage and prudent,  
 ' perhaps the contempt with which I henceforward  
 ' shall look upon you may produce a better ef-  
 ' fect.

HAVING finished this mortifying speech, he  
 walked off, leaving the guilty lady almost speech-  
 less. However, by the interposition of relations  
 and friends, and the excuses and copious tears of  
 the wife, he, good-natured husband, consented to  
 live with her again.



*The Curious Wife. A Tale.*

THERE liv'd in Derby, near the Peak,  
 A parson fam'd for many a freak,  
 Who had no stomach to his work,  
 But cramm'd and guzzled like a Turk;  
 His comely paunch was swoln so high,  
 As if the very rim would fly:  
 Stuft, during Lent, as tho' he'd burst,  
 Nor car'd if Fish or Flesh came first;  
 No days of abstinence he kept,  
 But eat, and drank, and read, and slept.  
 To acts of Venery was prone,  
 Or with my Lady, or with Joan,  
 For Hag or Angel was all one.



HE had a sharp, and leering eye,  
 A blythe or buxom lass to spy.  
 His mother tongue could write or speak,  
 But fell in fits at sight of Greek;  
 Thought plays and novels dainty fare,  
 To Homilies, or Common Prayer;  
 And Bonifonius\* pleas'd him better  
 Than Nottingham's or Whiston's letter.  
 He'd talk of daggers, darts, and flames,  
 And forty other Pagan names;  
 Of lovers shrunk to skeletons,  
 With hardly skin to hide their bones;  
 But he took most especial care,  
 To keep his ribs from growing bare.  
 His stately jowls he thought no trouble;  
 His nose was rich, his chin was double;  
 His flushing cheeks with nature's paint,  
 Prov'd him a toper, tho' no saint.

THIS priest, as modern stories teach,  
 For a young doxy felt an itch,  
 A cockney, of no scanty fame,  
 Whose ev'ry grace her worth proclaim;  
 Was brisk and buxom, blythe and gay,  
 And pert as any Popping-jay;  
 Had wit at will, of tales was fond,  
 For ev'ry New Romance she conn'd;  
 Had all Curl's † Letchery by heart,  
 Which he in Tryals does impart:  
 O'er racy sack, and nut-brown ale,  
 Would sing like any Nightingale.  
 Chaunt all the tunes both new and old,  
 And drink her tea, or hot; or cold;

\* A Latin amorous Poet of the last century.

† A noted Vender of obscene books.



Cou'd heave her breasts, or roll her eye,  
 And softly breathe, and sweetly sigh:  
 And fundry other motions reach,  
 Without one syllable of speech,  
 All which were certain signs the dame,  
 Was a well-wisher to—that fame.

Soon was this nymph by Isaac won,  
 The knot was ty'd, the feat was done:  
 Here, might I sum up all the feast,  
 And tell the temper of each guest;  
 Who gave the bride, who carv'd the meat,  
 How long they drank, how much they eat;  
 But shorter bounds I mean to fix,  
 For fear my story prove prolix;  
 Else I should ramble in this stile,  
 And spin it out to half a mile.

BUT right as Matthew Prior sung,  
 A tale should never be too long.  
 And ne'er a bard from sea to sea,  
 Can tell a tale so well as he.

OUR bride, with vapours much cast down,  
 To leave the pleasures of the town;  
 Yet must to Derbyshire repair,  
 (For Isaac's vicarage was there.)  
 Who made the cunning gypsy know,  
 'Twas vain against the stream to row.  
 And let her for her heart contrive,  
 She needs must go, when spouse does drive;  
 So on they jog a market trot,  
 For each a sober palfrey got,  
 Still fondly calling duck and dear,  
 And chatting of their late good cheer,  
 'Till they arriv'd in Derbyshire;  
 Where madam first appear'd in public view,  
 In decent garb of fable hue,



A scarf to touch her very toe,  
Flounc'd with colour'd furbeloe,  
A diamond ring on finger worn,  
Such as a lady might adorn,  
A muff, and tippet, fine and neat,  
As soft as silk, as black as jett:  
The farmers' wives around her throng,  
And call her handsome, fair, and young;  
Applaud her charms, admire her tongue.  
Their chiefest humours they bestow,  
Wherever madam comes in view;  
And none presumes to make a feast  
But she's invited as a guest;  
Has the first slice, the largest share,  
The highest place, the elbow chair.

A HOARD of wealth her husband hath,  
Nor wants he aught but works and faith;  
Keeps bull and stallion, to dispense  
Large doles of due benevolence;  
His glebes were stock'd, his cellars fill'd,  
His lands the best of grain did yield;  
His barns were cramm'd, and a huge store  
Of poultry cackled at the door:  
Whom madam fed, with pleasing look;  
Yet still she wonder'd at the cock,  
That in his amorous career,  
On every hen bestow'd a share:  
Yet cou'd she never see the toys  
That made his crowing courage rise.  
Full oft she peep'd, full oft she view'd,  
When he his jovial game pursu'd:  
Her brains she beat, her wits she strain'd,  
Yet still the mighty doubt remain'd.

ONE night before they went to rest,  
In folded arms she closely prest,



And gave soft kisses to her spouse,  
As every married woman does,  
When first the fetters are put on,  
For this was all but honey-moon.

SAYS she, if tender love may plead,  
May my entreaties then succeed:  
One thing remains a mystery  
Far from my thoughts, as from my eye:  
Let me the naked truth discern,  
And teach me what I long to learn.

OUR sprightly cock gallants each hen,  
Although we keep no less than ten:  
Yet romps he o'er both great and small,  
Nor know I what he swinks withal.  
But on his legs two truncheons grow,  
With which he whims their gigs I throw.  
Can he with these maintain the freak?  
Or play so much at hide and seek?  
Can he so many hens run o'er?  
In troth there's work for half a score.

QUOTH Isaac, surely, by St. Paul,  
My duck, thou art a simple soul:  
Fowls, from the eagle to the wren,  
Are harness'd otherwise than men,  
For the males' engines of delight  
Lie in their bellies out of sight:  
Else all the goodly ware they boast,  
Among the thorns would soon be lost.  
Thus, ever warm, they much advance  
The pleasing sport of dalliance,  
Which in a month more courage rears,  
Than any man in twenty years.

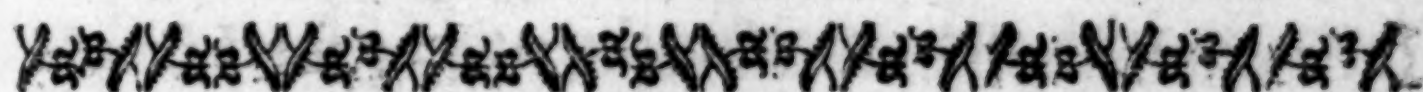
O GEMINI! says she, I'm blest,  
If there's the bottom of the jest;



By all the holy powers above,  
 If warmth so much engenders love,  
 High in thy bowels thrust thy gear,  
 And jewels eke, that dangle here.

THAT never can be done, I ween,  
 For as I hope to be a dean,  
 This Falstaff-belly round and big,  
 Was built for home-brew'd ale, and pig;  
 There's not one cranny left for these,  
 Not for a wheat-straw, nor two pease.

IF in thy belly there's no room,  
 Sweet Isaac, warm them in my womb.



*The Merry Escape.*

AT Coulon, not far from Niort in France, there was a woman, amongst a great many more of her sex, that plyed with a boat instead of a waterman; and did nothing else but carry passengers from one place to another, by day and night. One day she chanced to take two Cordeliers, who came together from Niort, for a fare. As the trip was very long, the Cordeliers, to divert the woman from being fatigued in a tedious passage, began to talk to her of love; to which she made a short answer, such as they did not expect.

NOTWITHSTANDING, the good fathers, who were not tired with the toil of the passage, chilled with the coldness of the water, nor dashed at the woman's refusal, resolved to commit a rape on her, or to toss her into the river, if she should prove a shrew. The woman, who was as sage and cunning, as they were foolish and wicked, told them,



‘ I am not so hard-hearted, gentlemen, as you may  
 ‘ think; but I beg of you to grant me two things,  
 ‘ and you shall see that I have a greater desire of  
 ‘ pleasing you, than you have of enjoying such plea-  
 ‘ sure.’

THE Cordeliers ‘ swore by their good saint  
 ‘ F——s, that there was nothing but what they  
 ‘ would grant to her, so they could obtain their  
 ‘ ends of her. My first request of you, says she,  
 ‘ is that you promise and swear, that no man liv-  
 ‘ ing shall know from you, what passed between  
 ‘ us.’ To this they very willingly agreed. ‘ In  
 ‘ the second place, I require of you, says she, that  
 ‘ you lie with me one after the other; for I should  
 ‘ be very much shocked, if the thing should be  
 ‘ done in the presence of you both. Agree a-  
 ‘ mong yourselves about the precedence.’ This  
 second request being very reasonable, it was like-  
 wise agreed to, and the young Cordelier made the  
 old one a compliment of running the first heat.

As they approached a little island that stood in  
 the middle of the river, the artful woman ‘ de-  
 ‘ sired the young levite to land there, and say his  
 ‘ prayers; while his comrade and she went to a-  
 ‘ nother island; and, continued this water nymph,  
 ‘ if he should not be pleased with my performance,  
 ‘ at our return, we will leave him here, and you  
 ‘ and I will march off together.’ The young Cor-  
 delier cheerfully followed her directions, and leap-  
 ed on shore, to wait for his companion’s coming  
 back, whom the woman had carried to the other  
 island; but were no sooner arrived there, than she  
 pretended to fasten her boat, and desired her com-  
 panion to look out for a suitable place to which  
 they might retire.



THE old Cordelier, who had not the least suspicion of treachery, went ashore, to search for a commodious place, but was no sooner landed, than she put off in her boat, leaving him and his companion on these desert islands, not without making loud cries at them, as she returned; and told them, 'That they must expect the arrival of an angel from God to comfort them, for that they should have nothing that day from her.'

THE Cordeliers finding themselves thus duped, threw themselves upon their knees, on the shore, and heartily begged of her not to affront them in that manner; and with many protestations assured her, that if she would carry them back, they never more should ask any thing of her. I must be very foolish, answered she, as she rowed along, without ceasing to listen to them, to trust myself once more into your hands, since I have so happily escaped from your designs on me.'

On her arrival at her own village, she acquainted her husband with all that had passed, and required the magistrates to go and secure these two wolves, whose teeth she had been in such danger of. The magistrates set out, so well accompanied on this expedition, that both great and small were desirous to have a share in the chase. The poor Cordeliers, on seeing the croud that approached them, hid themselves in their respective islands, as Adam did from God, after he had eaten the forbidden fruit. The heinousness of their crime flew in their faces; and the fear of punishment terrified them to that degree, that they looked as if half dead.

ALL this, however, did not move the magistrates to have the least pity for them: For they were seiz-



ed on, and as prisoners carried away; which afforded rare sport to all the company, men and women, who cried, 'These good fathers preach chastity to us, and yet would commit a rape on any of our wives, if they had an opportunity! They durst not touch money, says the woman's husband, whom they had offered to abuse; but they would handle the thighs and bellies of our women, though made of more dangerous metal. They are like tombs, says another, whose outside is white-washed; yet their insides are full of corruption. The goodness of the tree, says a fourth, is known by the fruit it bears.'

ALL the passages against hypocrites, in the scriptures, were cited against these poor prisoners. At last the guardian came to their relief, and demanded them of the magistrates, who surrendered them up to him; assuring the people that he would inflict a more severe punishment on them, than the secular justice could do. As to the reparation made to the parties interested, the guardian promis'd, that they should say as many prayers as should be required of them.



*Remarkable Account of three Prostitutes.*

LAmia, Flora, and Lais were the three most beautiful, and celebrated prostitutes, which Asia ever produced, or Europe ever saw, and which have most employed the pens of writers; likewise for whom most princes have plunged themselves into ruin. Of these three, it is written, that no



beauty was wanting in them, and that besides their personal allurements, they were incomparably skilled in music, had angelic voices, dressed with exquisite gracefulneſs, could vary their looks at pleaſure, into rage or tenderneſs, anxiety or wantonneſs, were perfect miſtreſſes of their paſſions, and what is ſeldom ſeen in their tribe, very reſerved in their requests; of theſe three, it is by way of excellence obſerved, that no prince attached to them ever left them; that they never aſked any thing which was reſuſed them, likewise that they never jilted any man, nor ever received injury or affront from man; that Lamia charmed with her look, Flora with her diſcourſe, Laiſ with her voice; and that a paſſion once conceived for them, and meeting with due return, was ſeldom or never got over; that whiſt they lived, they were the richeſt prostitutes in the world; and after their death, the memory of them was preſerved by ſtatues publicly erected to them, and in the entertaining hiſtories of writers. The moſt ancient of theſe three ladies, if it be no debaſement of that word, was Lamia, living in the time of king Antigonus, a general under Alexander the Great, and poſſeſſed of every military quality, though with little fortune; all the iſſue he left, was a ſon called Demetrius, not indeed of ſo martial a caſt as his father, though more fortunate, and would have made a very great figure, had he in his youth taken care to ſecure friends, and in his advanced age laid himſelf leſs open to vices. This king Demetrius became enamoured with Lamia, and publicly kept her as his miſtreſs, with boundleſs profuſion. His paſſion carried him to the moſt indecent extremities, complying with every humour of hers, and repudiating



his lawful wife Euxonia, a lady of the greatest merit; one day this Demetrius asked Lamia what was most prevalent with women? To which she answered, There is nothing which sooner hastens a woman's fall, than to see a man of merit really languishing for her; as to love insignificants, is the way to become the public jest; afterwards Demetrius put another question to her, tell me, Lamia, what is that which women most despise in men? here her answer was, A man never renders himself so despicable in the eyes of a woman, as when he praises himself for what he never performed, and does not fulfil what he promises: Again Demetrius said, What is that which most women value in men? There is no quality more endearing to our sex, than discretion in words, and secrecy in actions. Another time Demetrius asked her how men came so frequently to be ill married? To which she answered, There can be no happy marriage, if the woman has no fortune, or the husband no sense. Another question to her, was, why an amour is but short-lived? To this she answered, The reason is plain, the gallant is lavish, and the doxy rapacious; it is not in nature that violence should last. Now Lamia, what is the greatest torture of a person in love?—The greatest torture that can invade the heart of a man in love, is not to be able to obtain his desires; and to think that he may soon lose what he so eagerly enjoys. My last question shall be, what is that which goes nearest to a woman's heart? To this she answered, There is nothing more provokes a woman, than to be called ugly, and to know that both her person and character are despised.

THIS Lamia was mistress of a great deal of wit,



and a most insinuating tongue, that they who could withstand the charms of her person, she drew in by her ensnaring discourse; before giving herself up to Demetrius, who afterwards gave up all to her, she frequented the academies of Athens to her own immense advantage, but the ruin of many young gentlemen. Plutarch relates in the life of Demetrius, that the Athenians presented him with two hundred talents of silver, for the payment of his forces; he gave every drachm to his charmer Lamia, without reserving a single ounce for himself, to the great displeasure of the Athenians, that, after pleading necessity, he should make such a scandalous use of their donation. To express the excellence of any thing, he would compare it to Lamia, and instead of confirming any excellent transaction with the usual asseverations, as by the gods, his ancestors, his sons, his oath was, so may Lamia love me; so may she and I die together. However, about a year and two months before his demise, he lost his dear Lamia, and such was his grief at this event, that at Athens it was a disputed point, which was most astonishing, his grief, or the expence of her obsequies. This Lamia was a native of Argos, and of such mean parentage, that for some time, she wandered about Asia as a common strumpet, and no less noted for her effrontery, than her beauty; at length dying in Phœnicia, king Demetrius gave orders for her body to be buried under his chamber window; and a favourite of his taking the liberty to ask him the meaning of so extraordinary a proceeding, he made this answer: She was so true to me, and I so passionately fond of her, that I know no other way of



gratifying my passion, and making due returns for her fidelity, than by causing her to be deposited in a place which every day I can wet with my grateful tears, and the sight of it will renew her dear remembrance in my heart.

THE second of the three prostitutes mentioned above, was Lais, the place of her birth the island of Bithrita, on the coast of Greece; according to her historians, she had for father the high-priest of Apollo at Delphos, a person among other acquirements celebrated for his magic skill, and by this it was that he accomplished the wished-for destruction of his daughter. This famous wench was born in the days of the renowned king Pyrrhus, a prince as thirsty after military reputation, as he was unsuccessful in preserving it. At the age of only seventeen years, he transported an army into Italy against the Romans, and to him the authors of those times attribute the first plan of castrametation, drawing up of armies in regular array, and forming them into subordinate divisions; as before his time, it seems, the signal being given, they used to fall on in a body, and engage *pele-mele*. She for some time followed this prince's camp, both in his expedition to Italy, and in his return to Greece. And it is reported of her, that all who came up to her price were welcome to her, and that no offers could confine her to any single person. This Lais was so beautiful in her person, and of so enchanting a behaviour, that would she have been less general in her commerce, and attached herself to one paramour, she might have had her choice of several princes, who would gladly have purchased her favours, at the ruin of their finances. Lais, on her



return to Greece from the wars of Italy, took up her residence at the city of Corinth, whither the fame of her beauty drew not only private persons who abounded in wealth, but even princes and kings became her votaries. According to Aulus Gellius, the silver-tongued Demosthenes took it into his head, to go in disguise from Greece to Corinth, to see this celebrated creature, and harangue her into a compliance; but she before his admission over the threshold, sent a message requiring two hundred silver sesterces; Demosthenes, not a little out of countenance, but being never at a loss for words, answered, God forbid that Demosthenes should bestow his substance or person in what he will be sure to repent of! In this I fancy the disappointed orator alluded to the saying of the philosopher: *Quod omne animal post coitum tristatur*. A singularity is told of this same Lais, which as I never read of, so did I never see in any woman; which is, that she never shewed any love or fondness for any one man, yet no one admitted to a familiarity with her, ever gave her an ill word; sure this girl must have been very fortunate, that nobody hated her, and she loved nobody. If Lamia was discreet, Lais certainly was no fool, and if the former was acute, the latter was sharp, so as to exceed all of her trade, preserving her heart from the indiscretions of sensibility, and making the most of those of others. A young spark at Corinth, asking Lais, to instruct him how he should behave to a young lady whom he was desperately in love with; says she, Tell her that you are in love with her, and that as she will not be pleased to answer your passion, you request she will at least give you leave to go on loving her;



if she consents, depend on it she is your own, for such is the temper of us women, if ever we give a kind word to a lover, it is because we have before given him our hearts; one day as some company at her house were crying up the wisdom and virtue of the philosophers at Athens, *Lais* said, I know nothing of all the profound learning and the doctrines of these philosophers of yours; but this I know, and all Greece knows it, that, though I am a woman, and never was at Athens, yet those sages are here seen to dangle after me, and of philosophers I make them gallants, and not one of my gallants did they ever make a philosopher; a gentleman of Thebes asking *Lais*, what measures a man should take to gain a woman whom he exceedingly loved, and thought to be a woman of virtue? He must follow her closely, consult her inclinations, bear with her flights, and seem for some time to neglect her; for a woman of virtue, when once her heart has yielded, is infinitely more sensible of any neglect, than of all the respect, obsequiousness, and services in the world. Her knowledge of her sex rendered her as it were a chamber council for all cases of love and matrimony. A merchant of Achaia consulted her how he should act towards a wife whom he suspected?——Let her conclude by your behaviour that you have no such suspicion, and at the same time artfully deprive her of the opportunities of justifying your suspicion; for if she comes to know that you see into her wanderings, and dissemble, she will sooner die than mend; a youth of Palestine desired her to tell him what course he should take with a woman who rejected his love, and with whom any



services he did were not thought worthy of thanks? Should you, said Lais, drop your services or presents to her, do not let her perceive that you have given over loving her; for we women, as we are very fond in our love, so we stick at nothing in our revenge \*. Two female neighbours of her's visiting her, one desired her instructions for keeping her daughter in the right way; the best method I know, said Lais, is, whilst she is yet a child, to imprint in her a fear of going abroad, and a reservedness in talking; I, said the other, have an only daughter, who begins to give herself airs little becoming her, and to talk of sparks; The course, answered the sage Lais, to be taken with a flaunting forward lass, is to keep her perpetually busy, and in plain apparel. Lais died in the city of Corinth at the age of seventy-two; her residence had for a great number of years been a public benefit, by the great number of strangers she drew thither, and her own magnificent way of living. The third prostitute of whom you have a better picture than such a creature deserves, was known by the name of Flora: the æra of her birth is not so ancient as that of Lamia and Lais, nor were they of the same country, she being of Italy and they Greeks. Her native place was Nola in Campania, and she derived her lineage from Metelli, a family which had discharged the highest offices, both military and civil, with distinguishing reputation; Flora lost both her parents at the giddy age of fifteen, and besides

- \* What a fiend is passion, with what madness,  
 What tyranny untam'd, it reigns in woman?  
 Unhappy sex! each gust of inclination uncontroul'd,  
 Sweeps through their souls and sets them in an uproar,  
 And love in their weak bosoms is a rage  
 As terrible as hate, and as destructive.



her exquisite beauty, she was left with another attractive, great riches; but to her misfortune, without so much as a brother to protect her, or an uncle to check her; that poor Flora stepped into the world, with all the seducements of youth, freedom, riches, and beauty. She went to the camp destined for Africa, and initiated herself into the mysteries of love, by setting up her person to the best bidder. It was then the time of the first Punic war, when the consul Mamillus being sent against Carthage, squandered more money in his amours with Flora, than in the prosecution of the war; Flora afterwards settling at Rome, had the confidence to place over her gate the following inscription, King, prince, dictator, consul, censor, high-priest or questor may knock and be admitted; if she left out emperor and Cæsar, it was because those august titles were, at that time, unknown at Rome; this courtesan received visits only of persons of high rank, or of extraordinary wealth; it was her maxim, that a beautiful woman might fix her value, and be with the world what she pleased; 2. Lais and Flora observed a very different conduct, Lais would have the sum agreed on paid down, before she permitted so much as kissing her hand; whereas Flora indulged her gallants to the height of their desires without any previous mention of money or any other gratuity; and being asked whether that was the way to feather her nest? she answered, I deal only with persons of rank, and they never fail to act honourably with me; I protest by my patronness Venus, that never man gave me less than I expected, and twice as much as I should have asked. Embassadors who resorted to Rome from all parts of the world, at their



return, made the beauty and magnificence of Flora one of the chief subjects of their discourse, as indeed the lustre of her house, her numerous and splendid retinue, the train of votaries continually bringing their rich offerings to her beauty, were not equalled in any other part of the world; Flora may be said ever to have had an eye to the noble blood that run in her veins, and to the dignity in which she was brought up; for though her life was that of a prostitute, she observed the ceremonial of a princess; at any time when she rode about Rome, the whole city was alive, flocking to see the cavalcade, which afforded a month's talk afterwards; the great men who attended on her, the long suit of richly clad servants following her, the gallants about her, the splenetic faces of ladies looking at her, foreigners admiring her with uplifted hands, her beauty and dress were copious subjects for every tongue to descant on. Flora being in the decline of life, a young Corinthian gentleman made offers of marriage to her, but was dismissed with this answer, It is not Flora with her sixty years, whom you are for marrying, but with the two hundred thousand sesterces which she has at command; I ever knew when I was well, and my dotage is not yet come; a woman at my time of life is more respected for her money than for being married. The whole Roman empire never knew a courtesan comparable to Flora; she was of a noble birth, had a palace than which nothing could be more beautiful, her shape most elegant, her stature and carriage perfectly graceful, amorous without lewdness, and generous without profusion; Flora spent the greatest part of her youth in Africa, Germany, and Transalpine Gaul, and as her acquaintance lay en-



tirely among the noble and wealthy, she raised large contributions both on the civil and military classes. This patriotic lady reached her sixty-sixth year, and at her death left the Roman state her sole heir; and her jewels and other valuables being sold, the amount, together with her cash, sufficed to rebuild all the walls of Rome, and clear the public debts. The republic, in commemoration of this liberality, built at Rome a very superb temple, giving it the name of Florianum, and in it celebrated a yearly festival on the day of her death; Suetonius tells us, that the first festival the emperor Galba celebrated at Rome, was that of Flora; a festival indeed very suitable to such a deity; the men and women being permitted to commit all kinds of debaucheries, and they were held to observe the day best, who were the most profligate.



*Justice à la Mode. A Tale.*

**W**HOEVER has a cause dependant,  
 (Let him be plaintiff or defendant)  
 Must (though it is a cursed hardship)  
 Bribe, who wou'd think it? e'en his lordship.  
 For justice seldom can prevail,  
 A purse of guineas turns the scale.  
 In vain his right the plaintiff pleads,  
 In vain produces title-deeds,  
 If the defendant will disburse,  
 And sily tip my lord a purse,  
 He, learn'd in quibbles of the law,  
 In plaintiff's title finds a flaw;



Right, title, equity must fall,  
The weighty purse o'er-rules them all.

BUT lest you think I've got the trick  
Of scattering dirt where none will stick.  
That I lampoons and libels make,  
And scandalize for scandal sake:  
You who suppose the rev'rend tribe  
Of judges scorn to take a bribe,  
Pray listen, and a story hear,  
Which makes what I've asserted clear.

TWO neighb'ring gentlemen of late,  
Fell out about a small estate:  
As it appears the roll upon,  
One's name was Jones, the other John.  
Each claim'd a right against the other,  
Jones by the father, John the mother;  
'Tis true it was by most confest,  
That Jones his title was the best;  
But John had got the staff in hand,  
And took possession of the land;  
Possession, wisely he foresaw,  
Would make eleven points in law.

THE controversy soon grew high,  
In vain a few good neighbours try,  
That arbitrators may decide it,  
Or that the estate should be divided.  
Each, like two mastiffs for a bone,  
Insisted upon all, or none.

THUS terms of arbitration failing,  
The parson likewise not prevailing,  
Law must decide who's right, who's wrong;  
And so to law they go ding dong.

JONES to a lawyer put his case,  
And tells him how the matter was.

D



The lawyer (as all lawyers do,  
When they have got a cause in view)  
Tells him he's right; bids him go on,  
And get ejectment serv'd on John.

If so, says Jones, why then with speed,  
I authorize you to proceed,  
Don't hang me up too long, I pray,  
So took his leave, and went away.

THE lawyer having full instruction,  
With usual fee, the introduction  
To ev'ry cause (be't good or bad,  
The fee, Sir, always must be had)  
Wrote to his agent up to town,  
To send him an ejectment down.

THE ejectment comes, is serv'd on John,  
And all things properly went on.  
To tell, I hold it needless, Sir,  
How oft defendant did demur,  
How many tricks and quirks he play'd;  
(His lawyer, though, I should have said):  
For then my tale would be  
Long as a bill in chancery;  
And make the reader cry, I wish you  
Would bring your tale and cause to issue.

WELL—to the point (without digression,  
And all rhetorical expression)  
We'll now suppose th' assizes come;  
Judge usher'd in with beat of drum,  
By sheriffs-officers surrounded,  
Before the coach the trumpets sounded;  
Whilst every where the servile rout,  
Roar in an universal shout.  
So when of old from foreign war,  
Some Roman chief, in splendid car,



Return'd victorious, all around  
The expanded roar of mob wou'd sound.

To make my simile more fit,  
(For similies should always hit)  
Such were the shouts that fill'd the air,  
When the poor fidler and the bear,  
Cudgell'd, and beaten much, alas!  
Were forc'd to yield to Hudibras.

PRAY, with your families have done,  
Say you, and with your tale go on.  
The raree-show being past, the riot  
Made by the mob was hush'd and quiet,  
The judge took lodging, where d'ye think?  
Why where he best could eat and drink.

It seems the cause Jones *contra* John  
Stood first in paper to come on;  
When Jones, the case considering nicely,  
Came to a resolution wisely,  
A present to my lord to make;  
(Which judges seldom fail to take)  
For though, by right, th' estate was his,  
A present could not be amiss.

THUS fix'd, he to his lordship goes,  
And after many scrapes and bows,  
Thus he begins: "My lord, you see  
"Your humblest servant here in me;  
"I have an humble suit to move,  
"And hope you will indulgent prove;  
"Observing as through town you past,  
"Your coach, my lord, was not the best,  
"Seem'd to be old, and want repair,  
"I've one will fit you to a hair,  
"As good a one as hands can make it,  
"I hope you'll be so kind as take it."



BE seated, Sir, the judge replies,  
A very honest fellow this.  
Speak on——“ Why then (says Jones) my lord,  
“ I have a cause that must be heard  
“ By you in court to-morrow.”——“ What,”  
Replies the judge, “ wou’d you be at?  
“ What! bribe a judge! to me a bribe!  
“ No! justice only is my guide.”  
Says Jones, “ My lord, you quite mistake it,  
“ I as a present only make it.”

OH! quoth my lord, if so you give it,  
I as a present may receive it;  
All judges look on bribes as mean,  
And, heav’n be prais’d, my hands are clean;  
Yet, for your kindness, honest man,  
I’ll do you all the good I can.  
Your cause is right, I do believe,  
And I’ll for you a verdict give.  
Jones, well contented at the heart,  
Made a low bow, and did depart.

No sooner was the plaintiff gone,  
But in comes the defendant John.  
“ My lord——as through the town you rode,  
“ I thought your horses were not good,  
“ I’ve fix fine Flanders mares at home,  
“ Not better are in Christendom;  
“ For you, my lord, this year I’ve kept ’em,  
“ And humbly beg you’ll now accept ’em;  
“ But when in court, my lord, you see  
“ Your lowest slave, remember me.”  
Ay! quoth the judge, why since you proffer  
Thus kindly, I accept your offer.  
Go home, and sleep content to-night,  
The cause is yours, your cause is right.



THE trial came next morning on,  
My lord a verdict gives for John.

Jones straightway to his lordship goes,  
And enters now without his bows.

"My lord, says he, you've us'd me vilely,

"Who wou'd depend on judge so wily?

"When right was on my coach attendant,

"What! give a verdict for defendant?"

Hold! hold your breath! his lordship cries,

And thus in manner sage replies!

"'Twas not my fault, as God shall save me,

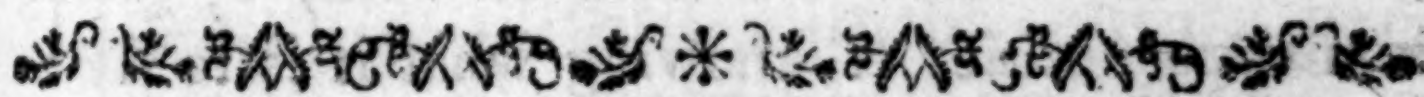
"Th' unruly mares, defendant gave me,

"(In vain your coach and justice cry'd, Sir,) "

"Drew coach and justice both aside, Sir."

THUS Jones (to law a great reproach,)

Was stript of both estate and coach.



*The History of Tom Wildair.*

**T**OM WILDAIR was a student of the Inner-Temple, and had spent his time, since he left the university for that place, in common diversions of men of fashion; that is to say, in whoring, drinking and gaming. The two former vices he had from his father; but was led into the last by the conversation of a partizan of the Myrmidons, who had chambers near him. His allowance from his father was a very plentiful one for a man of sense, but as scanty for a modern fine gentleman. His frequent losses had reduced him to so necessitous a condition, that his lodgings were always haunted by impatient creditors, and all his thoughts employed in contriving low methods to support himself



in a way of life from which he knew not how to retreat, and in which he wanted means to proceed. There is never wanting some good-natured person to send a man an account of what he has no mind to hear; therefore many epistles were conveyed to the father of this extravagant, to inform him of the company, the pleasures, the distresses and entertainments, in which his son passed his time. The old fellow received these advices with all the pain of a parent, but frequently consulted his pillow to know how to behave himself on such important occasions, as the welfare of his son, and the safety of his fortune. After many agitations of mind, he reflected, that necessity was the usual snare which made men fall into meannesses; and that a liberal fortune generally made a liberal mind; he resolved therefore to save him from his ruin, by giving him opportunities of knowing what it is to be at ease, and inclosed to him the following order upon Sir Tristram Cash.

“ S I R,

“ PRAY pay to Mr. Tho. Wildair, or order, the  
 “ sum of one thousand pounds, and place it  
 “ to the account of, yours,

“ HUMPHRY WILDAIR.”

TOM was so astonished at the receipt of this order, that though he knew it to be his father's hand, and that he had always large sums at Sir Tristram's; yet a thousand pounds was a trust of which his conduct had always made him appear so little capable, that he kept his note by him, till he wrote to his father the following letter.



“Honoured Father,

“**I** Have received an order under your hand for  
“a thousand pounds, in words at length, and  
“I think I could swear it is your hand. I have  
“looked it over twenty thousand times. There  
“is in plain letters, T, H, O, U, S, A, N, D; and  
“after it the letters, P, O, U, N, D, S. I have it  
“still by me, and shall, I believe, continue read-  
“ing it till I hear from you.”

THE old gentleman took no manner of notice of the receipt of this letter; but sent him another order for three thousand pounds more. His amazement on this letter was unspeakable. He immediately double-locked his door, and sat down carefully to reading and comparing both his orders. After he had read them till he was half mad, he walked six or seven turns in his chamber, then opens his door, then locks it again, and to examine thoroughly this matter, he locks his door again, puts his table and chairs against it; then goes into his closet, and locking himself in, read his notes over again about nineteen times, which did but increase his astonishment. Soon after he began to recollect many stories he had formerly heard of persons who had been possessed with imaginations and appearances which had no foundation in nature, but had been taken with a sudden madness in the midst of a seeming clear and untainted reason. This made him very gravely conclude he was out of his wits; and with a design to compose himself he immediately betakes himself to his nightcap, with a resolution to sleep himself into his former poverty and senses. To bed therefore he goes



at noon-day, but soon rose again, and resolved to visit Sir Tristram upon this occasion. He did so, and dined with the knight, expecting he would mention some advice from his father about paying him money; but no such thing being said, "Look ye, Sir Tristram (said he) you are to know, that an affair has happened, which"——"Look ye (says Sir Tristram) I know, Mr. Wildair, you are going to desire me to advance; but the late call of the bank, where I have not yet made up my last payments, has obliged me"---Tom interrupted him by shewing him the bill for a thousand pounds. When he had looked at it for a convenient time, and as often surveyed Tom's looks and countenance; look you, Mr. Wildair, a thousand pounds——Before he could proceed, he shewed him the order for three thousand more.——Sir Tristram examined the orders at the light, and finding at the writing the name, there was a certain stroke in one letter, which the father and he had agreed should be to such directions as he desired might be more immediately honoured, he forthwith pays the money. The possession of four thousand pounds gave my young gentleman a new train of thoughts: He began to reflect upon his birth, the great expectations he was born to, and the unsuitable ways he had long pursued. Instead of that unthinking creature he was before, he is now provident, generous, and discreet. The father and son had an exact and regular correspondence, with mutual and unreserved confidence in each other. The son looks upon his father as the best tenant he could have in the country, and the father finds his son the most safe banker he could have in the city.





*Surprizing History of an Ape that belonged to a Gentleman at Marseilles.*

**A**PES have an extraordinary knack at mimicking human actions, of which the following history affords many remarkable instances.

A GENTLEMAN of Marseilles having bought one to divert his children, it played several of the most comical tricks imaginable. Among others, having one day observed the maid giving pap to the children, it took a fancy to do the like.

ONE Sunday the whole family being gone to church, the maid having left a saucepan full of pap near the fire, the ape took it; and going to the child, so bedaubed its face, that it was impossible to distinguish its nose from its eyes. Then he took the child's cloaths in order to dress it, as the maid used; but this he did in a very aukward manner, putting the child's feet into the sleeves of the coat, and the arms where the legs should have been; so that nothing could make a more grotesque appearance, than the child thus dressed by the ape. The child being thus oddly muffled, cried out as loud as it could bawl, which made the unlucky animal leave it as it was.

JUST then the maid came from church, and seeing the child so accoutred, made more exclamations, and more signs of the cross, than would have been sufficient to drive the devil out of the body of one possessed. After having quieted the child a little, she asked it, who had dressed it in



that manner? The child, who was scarce three years of age, made the best answer it could.

SOON after the father and mother came home, and seeing the child in the same plight that the maid had found it, were as much amazed, as if they had dropt from the clouds. The father however, who had more sense than the mother, immediately concluded, that it was the ape's doings, and could not refrain from laughter; but the mother taking the thing seriously, was for having the ape killed without delay, for fear it should play her children some worse trick some other time. The husband however would not consent to this; but the ape lived to play more strange pranks, as will appear from the sequel.

ONE day the people of the house being gone to take a walk, the ape took a frolic to unty itself, and shave the cat, as he had seen a barber, who came every Sunday, shave a gentleman, who lived in the house. In order to effect this, he tied the paws of the cat to the arms of a chair with strings, which he took from the child's cradle; then he went and took a dirty dishclout, which he found in the kitchen, and put it about the cat's neck; then he took a dish full of black-ball, and throwing a little water upon it, went to wash the face of the cat, which set up a terrible howling, whilst the ape washed it to such purpose, that nothing appeared but the eyes: that done, he clipped her beard with a bad pair of scissars, which he found on the table: then he begun to play a thousand gambols about the room, overturning every thing that came in his way.

THE gentleman soon returning with his company, laughed till he was ready to split his sides,



upon seeing the cat in such a pickle, and called in his neighbours that they might partake of his pleasure, and see the surprizing feats of his ape.

THE gentleman however being at last apprehensive that this animal might occasion some greater disorder in his house, during his absence, set him, for a time, to the house of one of his tenants, who had no children, enjoining him to take particular care of the animal.

THE farmer had not kept him above a month, when he occasioned him the loss of above fifty livres; sometimes he pulled up the pease and beans in the garden; sometimes he broke his earthen ware, and sometimes he pulled the tiles off his house. In a word, he played all sorts of unlucky tricks.

BEING at last grown tired of his guest, he went to town on a market-day, in his cart, on which he placed a fat hog, a rundlet of wine, and the ape, which he intended to return to his master. The unlucky animal was constantly scratching the hog's hind parts with his fingers, and perceiving that he farted by the way, took a wisp of straw to cork him up; but finding that was not sufficient to prevent his farting, he pulled the spigot out of the tun, in order to do it effectually. In the meantime the wine ran out of the tun, without the farmer's ever taking notice of it, till he arrived in town, when he perceived that the vessel was quite empty; he did not, however, know how to account for it, not thinking that the ape had played him this trick; but when he came to sell his hog, he found the spigot still sticking fast where the ape had put it, which so enraged him, that if he had not been



afraid of disobliging his master, he would have killed him on the spot.

HAVING disposed of his hog, he went to the gentleman's, in order to return him his ape, and beg he would excuse him for not keeping him any longer, on account of the unlucky tricks he was constantly playing. The gentleman, concerned to find that his ape was so very vicious, was resolved to get rid of it at any rate.

HAVING caused it to be chained with an iron chain in his apartment, to prevent its doing any mischief; he happened soon after to be seized with a cholic, which tormented him very much: he therefore sent for a physician, who immediately caused a medicine to be prepared for him, ordering the apothecary to carry it to him next morning: the apothecary did as he was directed; but having found the gentleman in a sound sleep, he did not care to awake him, but left the medicine in a silver cup upon the table, and bid the valet de chambre give it to his master as soon as he awoke.

THE ape having got loose, mounted upon the table, and finding the medicine very palatable, swallowed it in a moment. The medicine being of a laxative nature, the ape began to let fly about the chamber, and to run about, overturning every thing that came in his way. The gentleman hearing the noise awaked, all of a sudden, and seeing the odd postures and strange grimaces of the ape, was seized with such a fit of laughing, that he found himself a great deal better the day following. The matter came to be known all over the town, and caused much laughter.

THE chief commander of the gallies, who was then at Marseilles, hearing of the pleasant feats of



this ape, bought it of the gentleman, but did not keep it a long time. For this extraordinary ape hearing the cannons fired upon Mr. Gulse's entering the harbour of Marseilles, got loose one day, and went upon the walls of the city with a fire-brand, and meeting with a large piece of cannon, immediately clapped the fire-brand to its touch-hole. Whilst the priming was taking fire, he ran to the mouth of the cannon, to see what would come out; but the piece then going off, the ape was blown away, and never heard of after.

SUCH was the end of the wonderful ape of Marseilles.



*The Character of a mighty good Kind of Man.*

THE good qualities of a mighty good kind of man (if he has any) are of the negative kind. He does very little harm; but you never find him do any good. He is very decent in appearance, and takes care to have all the externals of sense and virtue; but you never perceive the heart concerned in any word, thought, or action. Not many love him, though very few think ill of him: to him every body is his Dear Sir, though he cares not a farthing for any one but himself. If he writes to you, though you have but the slightest acquaintance with him, he begins with Dear Sir, and ends with, I am, good Sir, your ever sincere and affectionate friend, and most obedient humble servant. You may generally find him in company with older persons than himself, but always with richer. He does not talk much; but he has a Yes,



or a True, Sir; or You observe very right, Sir, for every word that is said: which, with the old gentry, that love to hear themselves talk, makes him pass for a mighty sensible and discerning, as well as mighty good kind of man. It is so familiar to him to be agreeable, and he has got such a habit of assenting to every thing advanced in company, that he does it without the trouble of thinking what he is about. I have known such an one, after having approved an observation made by one of the company, assent with What you say is very just, to an opposite sentiment from another; and I have frequently made him contradict himself five times in a minute. As the weather is a principal and favourite topic of a mighty good kind of man, you may make him agree, that it is very hot, very cold, very cloudy, a fine sun-shine, or it rains, snows, hails, or freezes, all in the same hour. The wind may be high, or not blow at all; it may be east, west, north, or south, south-east and by east, or in any point in the compass, or any point not in the compass, just as you please. This, in a stage-coach, makes him a mighty agreeable companion, as well as a mighty good kind of man. He is so civil and well-bred, that he would keep you standing half an hour uncovered in the rain, rather than step into your chariot before you; and the dinner is in danger of growing cold, if you attempt to place him at the upper end of the table. He would not suffer a glass of wine to approach his lips, till he had drank the health of half the company, and would sooner rise hungry from table, than not drink the other half before dinner is over, lest he should offend any by his neglect. He never forgets to hob or nob with the lady of the family, and by no means



omits to toast her fire-side. He is sure to take notice of little master and miss, when they appear after dinner, and is very assiduous to win their little hearts by almonds and raisins, which he never fails to carry about him for that purpose. This is sure of recommending him to mamma's esteem; and he is not only a mighty good kind of man, but she is certain he would make a mighty good husband.

No man is half so happy in his friendships. Almost every one he names is a friend of his, and every friend is a mighty good kind of man. I had the honour of walking lately with one of the good creatures from the Royal-Exchange to Piccadilly; and I believe he pulled off his hat to every third person he met, with a How do you do, my dear Sir? Though I found he hardly knew the names of five of these intimate acquaintances. I was highly entertained with the greeting between my companion, and another mighty good kind of man, that we met in the Strand. You would have thought they were brothers, that had not seen one another for many years, by their mutual expressions of joy at meeting. They both talked together; not with a design of opposing each other, but through eagerness to approve what each other said. I caught them frequently crying Yes, together, and Very true, You are very right, my dear Sir; and, at last, having exhausted their favourite topics of what news and the weather, they concluded, with each begging to have the vast pleasure of an agreeable evening with the other very soon; but parted without naming either time or place.

I REMEMBER at Westminster, a mighty good kind of boy, though he was generally hated by his



school-fellows, was the darling of the dame where he boarded, as by his means she knew who did all the mischief in the house. He always finished his exercises before he went to play: you could never find a false concord in his prose, or a false quantity in his verse: and he made huge amends for the want of sense and spirit in his compositions, by having very few grammatical errors. If you could not call him a scholar, you must allow he took great pains not to appear a dunce. At the university he never failed attending his tutor's lectures, was constant at prayers night and morning, never missing gates, or the hall at meal-time, was regular in his academical exercises, and took pride in appearing on all occasions with masters of arts; and he was happy beyond measure, in being acquainted with some of the heads of the houses, who were glad through him to know what passed among the undergraduates. Though he was not reckoned by the college to be a Newton, a Locke, or a Bacon, he was universally esteemed by the senior part, to be a mighty good kind of young man; and this even, placid turn of mind has since recommended him to no small preferment in the church.

WE may observe, when these mighty good kind of young men come into the world, their attention to appearances and externals, beyond which the generality of people seldom examine, procures them a much better subsistence, and a more reputable situation in life, than ever their abilities or their merit could otherwise entitle them to. Though they are seldom advanced very high, yet if such a one is in orders, he gets a tolerable living, or is appointed tutor to a dunce of quality, or is made companion to him on his travels; and then, on his



return, he is a mighty polite, as well as a mighty good kind of man. If he is to be a lawyer, his being such a mighty good kind of man, will make the attornies supply him with special pleading, or bills and answers to draw, as he is sufficiently qualified by his slow genius to be a dray-horse of the law. But though he can never hope to be a chancellor, or an archbishop; yet if he is admitted of the medical college of Warwick-lane, he will have a good chance to be at the top of their profession, as the success of the faculty chiefly depends on old women, fanciful and hysterical young ones, whimsical men, and young children, among the generality of whom nothing recommends a person so much as his being a mighty good kind of man.

I MUST own, that a good man and a man of sense, certainly should have every thing that this kind of man has: yet, if he possesses no more, much is wanting to finish and compleat his character: many are deceived by French paste: it has the lustre and brilliancy of a real diamond: but the want of hardness, the essential property of this valuable jewel, discovers the counterfeit, and shews it to be of no intrinsic value whatsoever. If the head and the heart are left out in the character of any man, you might as well look for a perfect beauty in a female face without a nose, as to expect to find a valuable man without sensibility and understanding. But it often happens, that these mighty good kind of men are wolves in sheep's cloathing; and that their want of parts is supplied by abundance of cunning, and the outward behaviour and deportment calculated to entrap the short-sighted and unwary.

WHERE this is not the case, I cannot help



thinking these kind of men are no better than blanks in the creation: if they are not unjust stewards, they are certainly to be reckoned unprofitable servants.



*Character of a good Sort of Woman.*

THE uncertainty and defects of language have produced very frequent complaints among the learned; yet there still remain many words among us undefined, which are very necessary to be rightly understood, and which produce very mischievous mistakes, when they are erroneously interpreted.

I LIVED in a state of celibacy beyond the usual time. In the hurry first of pleasure, and afterwards of business, I felt no want of a domestic companion; but becoming weary of labour, I soon grew more weary of idleness, and thought it reasonable to follow the custom of life, and seek some solace of my cares, in female tenderness, and some amusement of my leisure in female cheerfulness.

THE choice which has been long delayed is commonly made at last with great caution. My resolution was to keep my passions neutral, and to marry only in compliance with my reason. I drew upon a page of my pocket book a scheme of all female virtues and vices, with the vices which border upon every virtue, and the virtues which are allied to every vice. I considered that wit was sarcastic, and magnanimity imperious; that avarice was economical, and ignorance obsequious; and having estimated the good and evil of every quali-



ty, employed my own diligence, and that of my friends, to find the lady in whom nature and reason had reached that happy mediocrity which is equally remote from exuberance and deficiency.

EVERY woman had her admirers, and her censurers, and the expectations which one raised were by another quickly depressed; yet there was one in whose favour almost all suffrages concurred. Miss Gentle was universally allowed to be a good sort of woman. Her fortune was not large, but so prudently managed, that she wore finer cloaths, and saw more company, than many who were known to be twice as rich. Miss Gentle's visits were every where welcome, and whatever family she favoured with her company, she always left behind her such a degree of kindness as recommended her to others; every day extended her acquaintance, and all who knew her, declared that they never met with a better sort of woman.

To Miss Gentle I made my addresses, and was received with great equality of temper. She did not in the days of courtship assume the privilege of imposing rigorous commands, or resenting slight offences. If I forgot any of her injunctions, I was generally reminded; if I missed the minute of appointment, I was easily forgiven. I foresaw nothing in marriage but a halcyon calm, and longed for the happiness which was to be found in the inseparable society of a good sort of woman.

THE jointure was soon settled by the intervention of friends, and the day came in which Miss Gentle was made mine for ever. The first month was passed easily enough in receiving and repaying the civilities of our friends. The bride practised with great exactness all the niceties of ceremony,



and distributed her notice in the most punctilious proportions to the friends that surrounded us with their happy auguries.

BUT the time soon came when we were left to ourselves, and were to receive our pleasures from each other, and then I began to perceive that I was not formed to be much delighted by a good sort of woman. Her great principle is, that the orders of a family must not be broken. Every hour of the day has its employment inviolably appropriated, nor will any importunity persuade her to walk in the garden, at the time which she has devoted to her needle-work, or to sit up stairs in that part of the forenoon, which she has accustomed herself to spend in the back parlour. She allows herself to sit half an hour after breakfast, and an hour after dinner; and while I am talking, or reading to her, keeps her eye upon her watch, and when the minute of departure comes, will leave an argument unfinished, or the intrigue of a play unravelled. She once called me to supper when I was watching an eclipse, and summoned me at another time to bed when I was going to give directions at a fire.

HER conversation is so habitually cautious, that she never talks to me but in general terms, as to one whom it is dangerous to trust. For discriminations of character she has no names; all whom she mentions are honest men and agreeable women. She smiles not by sensation but by practice. Her laughter is never excited but by a joke, and her notion of a joke is not very delicate. The repetition of a good joke does not weaken its effect: if she has laughed once, she will laugh again.

SHE is an enemy to nothing but ill-nature and



pride, but she has frequent reason to lament that they are so frequent in the world. All who are not equally pleased with the good and bad, with the elegant and gross, with the witty and the dull, all who distinguish excellence from defect, she considers as ill-natured; and she condemns as proud all who repress impertinence or quell presumption, or expect respect from any other eminence than that of fortune, to which she is always willing to pay homage.

THERE are none whom she openly hates; for if once she suffers, or believes herself to suffer, any contempt or insult, she never dismisses it from her mind, but takes all opportunities to tell how easily she can forgive. There are none whom she loves much better than others; for when any of her acquaintance decline in the opinion of the world, she always finds it inconvenient to visit them; her affection continues unaltered, but it is impossible to be intimate with the whole town.

SHE daily exercises her benevolence by pitying every misfortune that happens to every family within her circle of notice; she is in hourly terrors lest one should catch cold in the rain, and another be frightened by the high wind. Her charity she shews by lamenting that so many poor wretches should languish in the streets, and by wondering what the great can think on that they do so little good with such large estates.

HER house is elegant, and her table dainty, though she has little taste of elegance, and is wholly free from vicious luxury; but she comforts herself that no-body can say that her house is dirty, or that her dishes are not well dressed.

THIS I have found by long experience to be the



character of a good sort of Woman, which I have sent you for the information of those by whom a good sort of woman and a good woman, may happen to be used as equivalent terms, and who may suffer by the mistake.



*Eudamidas: or, Friendship after Death.*

**I**T is true the ancients were enthusiasts in their friendships; they carried the benevolent principle very high; and, if we may credit either Cicero or Theophrastus, they carried it too far. Even Chilo, one of the seven wise men, thought it no crime to make the laws give way to friendship; on his death-bed he seems to have been dubious whether he had not been criminal in his decision; but he stills his remorse with an evasion, which even a pettifogger would blush at. Let the reader judge whether I have been censorious, when he has perused the following speech which he made with his dying breath: "Through the course of a long life, I cannot, says he, look back with uneasiness upon any single instance of my conduct, unless perhaps on that which I am going to produce; wherein I am still doubtful whether I acted as I ought.—I was once trying a cause in conjunction with two other judges, when my most intimate friend was arraigned. According to the due course of the laws, he must inevitably have been condemned to die. After much deliberation and suspense, I resolved upon the following expedient. I voted myself according to my conscience, but at the same time employed all



my eloquence to prevail upon the other judges to acquit the criminal. Now I cannot reflect upon this without concern for persuading others to act contrary to what I myself deemed to be right."

DOES every judge among the moderns think upon his bed of the sentences he has given? Or at the time of giving them, does he think whether they are such as he may reflect upon with comfort, when he arrives at that awful period, which will waft him to the tribunal of the Almighty? I should be sorry to find many christian judges, who could not answer this question in the affirmative; and I am equally concerned to say, it is not at all improbable that Christian judges cannot. It would be very hard that the Gentiles should surpass us as well in integrity as in friendship; but it would be neither rash nor presumptive to say that they do. Modern friendship, like modern buildings, have not the durability of those of the ancients; their cement is different, that which the moderns use is easily crumbled with the finger; that which the ancients have left is as hard as the stones which it joined. The following narrative will both illustrate and confirm the observation; and, as it is not less singular than improving, may not be deemed unentertaining.

EUDAMIDAS, of Corinth, though a person of low circumstances, had contracted an intimate friendship with Charixenus and Aretheus, who were both very rich. Eudamidas, finding his death approaching, made his will, which was in the following terms: "I leave my mother to the care of Aretheus, to be maintained and protected by him in her old age. I bequeath to Charixenus the care of my daughter: desiring him to see her



disposed of in marriage, and at the same time to give her as ample a portion as his circumstances will admit. And in case of the decease of either of these my friends, I substitute the survivor in his place."

THE will, when published, was pronounced to be extremely ridiculous, but each of the legatees accepted of his charge, and executed it with the greatest fidelity. It happened however that Charixenus died soon after Eudamidas, and Aritheus being the survivor, he not only assumed the care of his friend's mother, in compliance with his will, but likewise divided his estate equally between Eudamidas's orphan and his own daughter, and solemnized both their marriages on the same day.

Is not this instance of the fidelity of a friend sufficient to make even a Christian blush? If it raises admiration in the reader, it at the same time says, Go thou and do likewise.



*The Leaky Vessel.*

**H**IRCO, an old, but am'rous blade,  
Had sometime kept a pretty maid,  
Whom to debauch he oft had try'd,  
But had as often been deny'd;  
Fair promises at first were us'd,  
But first with scorn the girl refus'd;  
Nor could his coin prevail upon her,  
To sell her love, or wound her honour.  
Old Hirco thought he ne'er could do't,  
And so gave o'er the vain pursuit.



HIRCO had all his life been one,  
They call a boon companion;  
And in his house had always liquor  
To entertain the 'squire or vicar,  
From bottled ale to good French claret,  
And stout so stale, no head could bear it;  
Man's greatest sin he often said,  
Was sneaking soberly to bed;  
Believ'd that parting dry-lips was  
Of Sodom's fire the fatal cause;  
Hell's torments he did really think,  
Not scorching flames, but want of drink:  
He made it plain from sacred writ,  
That wine was for the stomach fit;  
And therefore he, for conscience sake,  
A hearty dose would often take.  
But when inflam'd with generous liquor,  
His pulse beat high, and blood mov'd quicker:  
Then fancy brought into his arms,  
His wench dress'd up in all her charms;  
Her ruddy cheeks, her well-turn'd nose,  
Her little mouth, her eyes like floes;  
Her less'ning shape, her swelling bubbies,  
Her lily hand, and lips of rubies;  
A thousand beauties yet unseen,  
That might have tempted saints to sin;  
Made Hirco wish he durst renew,  
Th' attack he once had made on Sue:  
What pity 'tis, he often said,  
So sweet a wench should die a maid;  
That Sukey should) and who can tell  
But that she might) lead apes in hell:  
But Sue most bravely had withstood  
His first attacks, and call'd him lewd



And filthy beast, and often swore,  
 She would not stay a moment more,  
 For all his gold beneath his roof,  
 If e'er he talk'd his foolish stuff.  
 Aw'd by her threats old Hirco strove  
 To banish his ill-fated love.

It happen'd on a certain night,  
 That Hirco did some friends invite;  
 About the time when o'er the nation,  
 Roast beef and minc'd pies were in fashion.  
 The sparkling glafs went briskly round,  
 Each toper bravely stood his ground;  
 And swore, he wish'd that heaven's thunder,  
 Wou'd strike him dead, if he knock'd under.  
 The godly p—r—n, who was there,  
 Said Amen to the hearty prayer.  
 T' expel the rawness of the beer,  
 And keep from phlegms their stomachs clear;  
 Each made a chimney of his nose,  
 And clouds of smoke around them rose.  
 The smoke the upper regions gain'd,  
 And round the brain the cloud remain'd.

BUT now 'twas late, the watchful cock,  
 Had long since crow'd it twelve o'clock.  
 And each man thought, though none had grace  
 To own it, bed the proper place.  
 Here one extended on the floor,  
 In liquor swam, yet call'd for more;  
 A second swallow'd whilst he cou'd,  
 But at the last went out and spu'd;  
 Another roar'd and hoop'd aloud,  
 A fourth reel'd round the room, and vow'd,  
 In spite of Hirco's old October,  
 G—d da-da d—mn him he was sober.



Most of the rest to sleep began,  
 Amongst 'em there was scarce a man  
 Had strength, but Hirco and the p—rf—n,  
 Their stools upright to set their arse on.  
 With grief the master of the feast  
 Beheld the state of ev'ry guest;  
 He wish'd he could with all his heart,  
 New vigour to 'em all impart;  
 My friends, said he, come let us cheer up,  
 And briskly take the other cup;  
 A plague, what makes you all so dull?  
 I han't got half a belly full;  
 Rouse up for shame, my jolly boys,  
 Be merry, sing, and make a noise;  
 I've in my cellar now a tub,  
 Believe me, friends, of charming bub;  
 To keep it longer would be folly,  
 I'll pierce it now, and we'll be jolly;  
 He said, and rising on his legs,  
 Takes up a piercer, cuts with pegs,  
 Seizes a tankard; thus equipt,  
 Down stairs into the cellar slipt.

OLD Hirco's maid, 'twixt hope and fear,  
 Her master's last discourse did hear.  
 For though she kept her body chaste,  
 And love unlawful would not taste,  
 Yet the poor girl was often dry,  
 And lov'd good liquor by the bye;  
 And when old Hirco was without,  
 She'd to the tub, pull vent-pin out;  
 And with a straw the cunning gypsy  
 Would sometimes suck, 'till she was tipsy;  
 And as she never chose the worst,  
 This tub had often quench'd her thirst.



But now she found the time was come,  
 'T'acquit her, or pronounce her doom:  
 Her master now must miss his drink,  
 Or else, to-morrow, he would think  
 His crew had, what was missing, drank,  
 And ne'er mistrust his Sukey's prank:  
 Not dreaming, that by frequent vent,  
 The spirit of the beer was spent;  
 And that 'twould be but poor and flat;  
 But she, poor soul, ne'er thought of that.

MEAN while the busy honest drunkard,  
 Had with it fill'd a swinging tankard;  
 And from the cellar making haste,  
 Return'd to give his friends a taste.  
 By right divine, the learned as  
 Must on the ale his judgment pass;  
 He drank a bumper, cry'd, a pox,  
 This curst beer e'nt orthodox;  
 Took t'other glass, and shook his head,  
 O fye, said he, 'tis flat and dead.  
 As Hirco's faith was very little,  
 He never could believe each tittle;  
 Not ev'n of what was given out  
 To be damnation, but to doubt;  
 Much less he credited a tale,  
 Which so disgrac'd his choicest ale.

ON sanctity he cast a frown,  
 Then fill'd a glass and soak'd it down.  
 But how bewilder'd did he look,  
 To find that Roger truth had spoke;  
 He fretted, rav'd, the compass swore,  
 And curs'd 'till he could curse no more.  
 The p—rf—n cries, why here's a clatter,  
 Will swearing, pray now, mend the matter?



The beer I do believe well brew'd,  
 The fault's the vessel where it stood;  
 Or else the bung-hole is in fault,  
 By not being stop'd up as it ought.  
 Cry'd Hirco, I am either blind,  
 Or in a moment's time I'll find  
 The fatal cause of this disaster——  
 Sukey went down to light her master:  
 But, Lord! how silly did she look!  
 Like aspen leaves each member shook,  
 And she was in such piteous fright,  
 She scarce had pow'r to hold the light.

MEAN while the don b' his nuckle found,  
 The barrel gave an empty sound:  
 Surpriz'd, he cries, I am undone,  
 Good God! why, half my beer is gone.  
 The p—rf—n from above reply'd,  
 Look under, and on ev'ry side;  
 I'll hold a crown, if you but seek  
 About the tub you'll find a leak.  
 Whilst thus the crafty p—rf—n said,  
 Hirco by chance look'd on his maid:  
 Disorder'd and confus'd she stood,  
 Her cheeks were red with flushing blood,  
 And from her master quick she turn'd.  
 Cry'd Hirco, Sukey, I'll be burn'd,  
 If you han't someway been the ruin  
 Of this my last October brewing;  
 She trembling on her knees did fall,  
 Begg'd his pardon, and told him all.  
 Said he, this tale will make my friends,  
 For want of liquor, some amends;  
 I'll up and tell them all, I swear;  
 For G---d's sake, Sir, said she, forbear;



Lord! is there no way to atone  
 For such a fault? There is but one  
 That I can think of, he reply'd;  
 I've often ask'd, and you deny'd,  
 A little favour, if you'll grant it,  
 (And now I really think I want it)  
 I'll hold my tongue; if you refuse,  
 I'll up, and out it the story goes.  
 She paus'd, she blush'd, she cry'd, but knew  
 Not either what to say, or do.

MEAN while of kissing he'd his fill,  
 Nor could he keep his fingers still;  
 One hand upon her bosom lay,  
 Whilst t'other took a different way;  
 Then on a faggot pile he laid  
 The tender, yielding, lovely maid:  
 The wench was buxom, plump, and fappy,  
 And fit to make a lover happy.

WHILST they in am'rous transports lay,  
 The p---rf---n wonder'd at their stay;  
 And ask'd them what they were about.  
 Cry'd Hirco, z---ds, the leak's found out,  
 Through which my nectar daily flows:  
 Be sure, said Roger, stop it close.  
 I'll try, said he, but, on my soul,  
 It is a dev'lish swinging hole.





*The Circle of Human Life.*

**T**HE seven stages of man, from the first dawn of life, to the gates of death, are thus described by Gratian, under the influence of the seven planets.

CHILDHOOD is governed by the Moon, and with her influences receives her imperfections. Its light is faint and watery, without heat enough to produce distinct ideas. It is changeable too, and neither knows what angers or what appeases it. Yielding like wax to all impressions, and mouldable as paste, it passes gradually from the darkness of total ignorance, to a twilight of apprehension.

FROM ten to twenty Mercury succeeds to the charge, inspiring that docility with which the boy takes the learning that is given him, and too often that which he will wish to unlearn. He rises in the school, and fills his understanding with truth or falsehood, as chance determines the place of his education.

AT twenty Venus takes the sceptre and reigns with tyranny till thirty, making cruel war against the youth, breathing unto him her hottest fires, and feasting his imagination with ideas of gallantry and love.

AT thirty the Sun rises, and diffuses that light and heat, which warms and irradiates the meridian man, and makes him pant for worth, fame, and distinction. He undertakes honourable employments with spirit, becomes the solar orb to his fa-



mily and country, and illuminates, ripens and perfects every thing.

AT forty Mars owns him for his subject, infuses into him courage rightly tempered, and gives him command in the field. He is punctilious, mettlesome, haughty, fierce, and boisterous; apt to quarrel, and ready to repel or revenge an injury.

AT fifty Jupiter succeeds the lord of his ascendant, conferring state and sovereignty. Man is now master of his actions, he speaks, and acts with authority, does not take it well to be controuled by others, but aspires after universal dominion; takes his resolutions upon himself, and executes his own suggestions. In this stage reason and virtue are triumphant.

AT sixty, the melancholy Saturn makes it night with man; his morning returns no more; but disease and fullness succeed. He sees his own end near, and he wishes that the world may end with him. He lives tired by, and tiring every body, peevish and snarling like an old cur, gnawing the present and licking over the past. Languid and faltering in his speech, slow to undertake, and ineffectual in his endeavours, sordid and narrow in his expences, disgustful in his person, careless of his dress, destitute of sensibility, complaining at all hours and of all things. Thus he lives on till seventy, and may perhaps sometimes languish till eighty; but from thenceforward all is pain and misery, not life but living death.

AFTER the expiration of the reign of Saturn, the Moon resumes her influence over his second childhood. Now returns the drivelling, tottering, helpless condition of infancy, with all the pains of decrepitude. His time is come round like a



wheel to the same point; and ending as he began, he may be figured by the serpent biting his tale, ingenious hieroglyphic of the circle described by human life.



*The Humorist.*

**W**HAT is this that has befallen Melanthus? Nothing without, it is all within; his affairs go to his desire; every body strives to please him. What then? Has he got the spleen? He went to bed last night the delight of men; this morning one blushes for him, one should conceal it: in getting up, the fold of a sock displeased him, the whole day will therefore be stormy, and every one must suffer for it: now he strikes with terror, now he excites compassion; sometimes he cries like a child, sometimes he roars like a lion; a wild, a malignant vapour troubles and clouds his imagination, as the ink of his ink-horn daubs his fingers; do not venture to speak to him of the things he loved most but a moment ago; for the very reason that he loved them, he can no longer endure them; the parties of pleasure he so much desired are now grown irksome to him, they must be broken; he strives to contradict, to complain, to pique others; he is mad to see they will not be angry; oft-times he will push at the air like a mad bull, who, with whetted horns, rushes on to fight against the winds; when he wants a pretence to attack others, he will fall upon himself; he blames himself, he finds himself good for nothing, he discourages himself, and takes it very ill.



if any one attempt to comfort him; he chuses to be alone, and cannot bear solitude; he returns to company, and frets at them; do they hold their peace, their affected silence offends him; do they speak low, he imagines it is against him; do they speak loud, he finds them noisy, and too merry while he is dull; are they dull, that dulness appears to him a reproach of his failings; do they laugh, he imagines it is at him; what should one do? Why, even be as firm and patient as he is insupportable, and wait peaceably till to-morrow, that he recover the wits he had yesterday; this odd humour goes as it comes; when it seizes him, one might say it is a movement of a machine, which runs itself down all at once; he is such as they describe possessed people; his reason is in a manner inverted, it is downright madness itself; vex him, and he will tell you at noon that it is night; for there is no longer either day or night to a head disordered by its caprice: sometimes he cannot help being surprised at his outrageous mad fits; in spite of his moroseness, he will smile at the extravagant expressions that have escaped him: but what method is there of foreseeing those storms, and of conjuring the tempest? None; there are no good almanacks to foretel this bad weather: beware of saying, to-morrow we shall go and divert ourselves in such a garden; the man of to-day will not be the man of to-morrow; he who promises you just now, will, by and by, disappear, and you shall not know where to lay hold of him, to remind him of his promise; in his place you will find an I don't know what, which has neither shape nor name, which can have neither, and which you could not define two moments together after the same manner;



study him well, then say of him what you please; it will not be true the moment after you have said it; this inconsistent entity would and would not; it threatens, it trembles, it blends ridiculous haughtiness with base meannesses; it weeps, it laughs, it plays, is mad in the most whimsical and foolish fit of fury; he is pleasant, eloquent, subtle, full of new turns, though he has not even a shadow of reason remaining: take good care to say nothing to him that is not just, precise, and exactly reasonable; he would well know how to take his advantage of it, and would artfully turn the chace upon you; he would pass forthwith from his own error to attack yours, and would become reasonable for the sole delight of convincing you that you are not so: it was a mere nothing that made him fly up to the clouds; but what is become of that nothing? It is lost in the fray; it is no more in question; he knows no longer what enraged him; he knows only that he is angry, and that he will be angry, and even this he knows not always; he frequently thinks that all who speak to him are in a passion, and that himself is the only calm person, as a man who has the jaundice thinks all he sees yellow, though the yellow be only in his own eyes. But perhaps he will spare certain persons, to whom he owes more than to others, or whom he seems to have a greater regard for. No; his extravagant humour knows no body; it falls indifferently on all it meets; the first comer is as good as any to discharge his spleen upon, all is alike to him, so he be but angry; he would abuse the persons he ought most to regard; he loves them no more; he is no more loved by them; he is persecuted, betrayed; he owes nothing to any what-



foever: but stay a moment, see another scene! he has occasion for every body; he loves, he is beloved again; he flatters, he insinuates himself, he bewitches all those who could no longer bear him; he owns his fault, he laughs at his own oddities, he mimics himself, and you would think you saw him really in his crazy fits, he does it so much to the life. After this farce, acted at his own expence, you think surely that he will at least never more play the Demoniac. Alas! you deceive yourself; he will do it again this very night, and laugh at it again to-morrow, without the least reformation.



*The Ephesian Matron.*

**T**HERE was a lady at Ephesus, in so high a reputation for her chastity, that even the women of the neighbouring countries came out of curiosity to see her, as a miracle. This Prude having lost her husband, was not content, as the custom then was, to assist at the funeral rites, with her hair dishevelled, and to beat her breast before the people; she resolved to follow the deceased even to his monument; and having laid him in a sepulchre, after the Grecian manner, she watched the body, and wept incessantly over it; abandoning herself to all the excesses of grief and despair, and so obstinately determin'd to destroy herself by hunger, that neither her relations nor friends were able to conquer this fatal resolution. The magistrates of the place, who met with no better success, were the last that took their leaves of her; and in



this manner, our illustrious matron, lamented by all the world as a dead person, had already passed five days without eating. A faithful and affectionate maid bore this unfortunate lady company, mingling her tears with those of her mistress, and renewing the light as often as there was occasion. Nothing was talked of in the city, but this unprecedented adventure, and every one agreed, that this was the first example of conjugal love and chastity, which the world had ever beheld.

IT happened that, at this very time, the governor of the province ordered certain robbers to be affixed to crosses near the dismal vault, where this virtuous lady bewailed herself over the body of her dear husband. The following night, a soldier who was appointed centinel to watch the crosses, lest the bodies should be stolen, perceiving a light in the monument, and hearing the sad complaints of a person in affliction, was led, by a curiosity common to all men, to see what the matter might be. With these intentions he went down into the sepulchre, and surprized at the sight of a very beautiful woman, he continued for some time frightened, as if he had seen some fantom; then earnestly beholding the dead body, which lay stretched out before his eyes, considering the lady's tears, her face disfigured with her nails, and all the other marks of solemn woe, he imagined, at last, what the matter was: That a poor disconsolate woman gave herself up to sorrow, and could not bear, without despair, the death of him she had lost. Upon this, he went back, and brought his small supper with him to the monument, and began to exhort her not to persevere any longer in an unprofitable sorrow, and insignificant complaint; that all men have



one common Exit out of this world, and must go to the same place: not omitting any of the arguments that are usually employed to cure the most distempered minds. But the lady being still the more provoked by so unexpected a consolation, redoubled her lamentations, beat her breast with more violence than before, and tore off her hair, which she threw upon the miserable body.

THE soldier was not at all discouraged by this, but with the same exhortations endeavours to persuade her to take some nourishment, till the maid, who was undoubtedly conquered by the delicious smell of the wine, as well as by his discourse, stretched out her hand to the person, who invited them both in so obliging a manner; and having recruited her spirits by what she eat and drank, began herself to combat the obstinacy of her mistress. And what will you be the better, said she, by thus starving yourself, burying yourself alive and giving up to fate a soul he does not yet demand back again:

‘Think you these tears, this pompous train of woe,  
‘Are known, or valu’d by the ghosts below?’

WHAT! do you imagine you can bring the dead to life again, contrary to the order of nature? for once be advised by me; lay aside this weakness, which none but women are capable of; and enjoy the advantages of life, while heaven gives you leave to do it. This very body which you see before you, sufficiently shews you the value of life, and warns you to manage it better. Few people listen with regret, when they are pressed to eat on the like occasions: and we easily suffer ourselves



to be perswaded to live. Thus our matron, famished by so long an abstinence, suffered her obstinacy to be overcome, and took her victuals with the same greediness as her maid, who had yielded before.—You know that temptations generally follow after meals: therefore, with the very same arms that the soldier employed to combat her despair, did he now attack her chastity; and as this young fellow appeared neither disagreeable, nor destitute of wit; the maid was not wanting on her part, to do him all the good offices she could, saying to her mistress;

‘Why will you still resist a pleasing flame?’

IN short, not to hold you any longer in suspense, the virtuous matron observed the same abstinence as to the other part of her body; and the soldier compleatly victorious, succeeding in his attempts upon both. Thus they continued together, not only the first night of their enjoyment, but the next day also, and the next after that. The doors of the monument being so carefully shut that whoever had come thither, whether a friend or stranger, would, without doubt, have concluded, that the most pious wife in the universe had expired over the body of her husband.

THE soldier perfectly charmed with the beauty of his fair mistress, and the secrecy of his good fortune, laid out all the little stock he had upon provisions, and as soon as night came on, he carried them to the monument. In the mean time, the relations of one of the men that were hanged perceiving that nobody looked after them, carried off the body in the night, and buried it. But the



poor soldier, who suffered this scurvy trick to be played him, while he was too busily pursuing his private pleasures, finding on the morning one of these crosses without a body, repaired immediately to his mistress, in the greatest apprehensions of punishment; and acquainted her with what had happened to him; adding, that as to himself he was fully resolved not to wait his condemnation, but to execute a piece of justice upon himself, and punish his fatal negligence with his own hand; that the only favour he begged of her, was, to take care of his burial; and to put him in the same tomb, fatal both to her husband and her lover. At this, our matron, who had an equal share of charity and discretion, heaven forbid, said she, that I should ever behold at the same time, the funerals of two persons who are so very dear to me: I will rather choose to hang the deceased than to occasion the death of the living. According to this fine speech, she drew her husband's corps out of the coffin, in order to fasten it to the cross, from whence the body was stolen. The soldier immediately put in execution the seasonable advice of so discreet a lady: and next morning every one wondered how a dead man should be able to find his way to the gibbet.

*Richard*





*The Merry Monarch; or Knighthood a Jest.  
A Tale.*

**W**HEN good king Jemmy wore the British crown,

A pleasant jest for highest wit went down:

A pun, a quibble, a conundrum quaint,

Oft made a bishop of a man no faint.

Smart repartees pass'd all for sterling coin,

And wit was then as unrefin'd as wine,

The king himself, so rest his merry soul,

Could crack his joke——nor would his mirth controul;

But laugh full hearty if the jest was keen,

Nor could the care of kingdoms give him spleen.

THUS story tells——as he rode out one day,

To chase the stag, he lost, by chance, his way:

The courtiers eager, scour the spacious field,

While duty there did unto pleasure yield.

Alone king Jemmy, with his usual grace,

Kept stepping onward in a common pace,

'Till near two clowns he came, who work'd full hard,

Hedging a close, behind a farmer's yard.

They spy'd the king, and from his awkward mien,

Thought he some needy northern laird had been.

Goed men (quoth he)——and then he made his bow,

Ken ye the way the nobles rode just now?

My business leads me unto our king James.

I know him not in troth (quoth one)——It seems



He only minds his countrymen, while we  
 Labour thus hard to furnish out their glee.  
 Ride on (quoth t'other) man, you'll find him out,  
 Surrounded by a gaudy Scottish rout:  
 Fear not thy fortune, Jemmy loves a loon,  
 And thou'rt some starving knight that wants a boon.

WEEL fare ye (quoth the king) and o' my  
 weard,

Geud character ye to your prince affeured;  
 And Ie wat weel, it all gangs to his ear;  
 Why then (quoth Dick) for once the truth he'll  
 hear.

So saying, to a grove that lay in sight,  
 On rode the king, and there thought fit to light;  
 Out-stretch'd his royal limbs upon the place,  
 And slept full sweetly on the verdant grafs;  
 No policies of state disturb his mind,  
 But that good prince snor'd loud as any hind.  
 Until the chace was o'er, a stag was dead,  
 When duty found a place in courtier's head:  
 Nor had the noble train long fought their lord,  
 Ere fast they found him on the gay green-sword,  
 Hasty they then from reeking courses spring,  
 While, with a smile, up-rose the jocund king.

My lords (quoth he) as you rid yonder by,  
 Did you not, hedging, twa auld Carles spy,  
 In leather doublets clad?—My liege, we did  
 (Quoth one)—See then (said he) them hither  
 lead.

Strait they obey'd, and, as they dragg'd each clown,  
 Ods me (quoth Dick to Ralph) we're both undone,  
 Yon man we took for some poor begging knight,  
 Is the king's grace.——Ods fish (quoth Ralph)  
 you're right.



We shall be hang'd—what will become of Sue!  
She'll pine to death!—And so will Marg'ry too.

THEM at a distance when the monarch spy'd,  
He took the whynward from his martial side;  
Behind him on the ground its point he stay'd,  
As not much caring to survey the blade.  
Low on their knees the trembling wretches crawl,  
And sweat with fear their heads should lower fall.  
Your names (quoth Jemmy) in an angry tone;  
Mine is poor Dick—Mine Ralph, a sorry clown!  
Weel (quoth the king) and gave their necks a strap,  
Sir Ralph, Sir Richard, ye may both get up:  
Now knights ye are, and o' my soul I ween,  
Twa peurer knights in Scotland ne'er were seen.  
A loud applause the fawning crowd express'd,  
To see two titles go to make one jest.



*A good Example for married Ladies.*

AMANDA was the only daughter of Sir Jasper Traffick, a merchant of London, whom fortune and industry from small beginnings had made rich. She was a lady rather of a sedate than gay disposition, and rather an agreeable than a complete beauty. Her goodhumour and her great fortune were sufficient charms to recommend her to any one for a wife, tho' her person might not be so engaging as to procure many lovers for the sake of love. Among several gallants who made their addresses to her, Mr. Rover, whose father was intimate with Sir Jasper, was the best received. The old gentleman soon agreed on the match, and the nuptials were consummated; Amanda bring-



ing her husband 20,000*l.* and he settling an equivalent jointure upon her. As this match was rather a kind of Smith-field bargain than an union of two persons who were the most dear to one another, it is not to be wondered if there was a great difference in their tempers. Rover was all gaiety, looseness, and extravagance; she was all gravity, prudence, and parsimonious. Nor did she obey her father only in accepting him as her husband, but taught her heart to love him with a perfect tenderness. Her husband, on the contrary, looked on the match as a necessity, not choice; therefore, as he had no love before marriage, he could scarce force himself to the rules of common decency after it. Within a few months after they were married, the fathers of Rover and Amanda both died, and left their children to behave to one another as they thought proper, without any farther controul over their actions and conduct.

HERE was the beginning of Amanda's hard trials, which her husband's foregoing indifference gave her too certain promise of. He now plunged headlong into all the fashionable vices and extravagancies of the age; his life was one continued scene of revels and riots. He was seldom sober, and as seldom retained from gaming. He was a cully to all the sharpers about town; and when he had lost his money abroad, he constantly came to take his revenge at home. His wife was generally thought the most proper object, and he constantly used her with all the inhumanity that his brutal temper could inspire him with. Amanda bore it with patience, and never returned him an ill-natured word, nor complained to her relations who



visited her; but, on the contrary, she disguised his faults, and gave him that good character which she hoped he would deserve.

GAMING and drinking were not vices expensive enough, but he must run into that polite one of Keeping. From the most infamous part of the town he selects a mistress, whom he maintained in the most publick and genteel manner: she appeared like a lady of the first quality, and shone at the play and opera in jewels once Amanda's. But by her nature this creature was insolent, proud and wanton; she was false to him, yet he was fond of her; she quarrel'd with him only to make him buy his peace with some extraordinary present or other; for so bewitched was he to this profligate, that he could not forsake her; he would have sacrificed every thing that was dear to him to her will. Whatever regret, whatever sorrows Amanda in private knew, she never troubled her husband with her reproaches, nor contradicted his humour in its utmost extravagance. When he came home, she received him with open arms, and with the utmost gentleness repaid his brutality.

By this extravagant course of life his estate was mortgaged and encumbered; debts were every day contracted till they grew so numerous, and his means of discharging them so small, that his goods were seized, himself arrested and flung into prison. Amanda's relations would have taken her home to them, but she would not desert her husband. She made herself a voluntary prisoner, cherished him with kind endearing expressions, and strove to pacify his rage at his present misfortunes. The prison, and despair of ever being



freed from it, threw him into a violent fit of sickness, in which she attended him with indefatigable diligence, and shewed the same concern as if it had been for the most endearing of husbands. She wept over him, grasped his hand, and wished with the utmost fervency he might recover: tho' it would be only to give new proofs of his hatred and dislike to her. This indeed made him somewhat relent; he owned his indiscretions in his conduct to her, but at the same time owned he was convinced of his folly when too late.

THE physicians told Amanda, his life might be saved, but it must be by moving him into the air, otherwise he would inevitably die. This was enough for the love of Amanda to work on, she immediately caused his debts to be enquired into, and found, that if she could part with her jointure, it would entirely pay them off, and leave them about 50*l.* a year to live on. She takes no notice of any thing to her husband, but disposes of her jointure, and sets him at liberty. Immediately he is removed into the country, attended with his wife, and only one maid servant, in order to recover his health.

IT was now that he reflected on the falshood of his friends and mistresses, and the constancy and affection of his wife, who, notwithstanding all his barbarities, retained her endearments and good-nature; who nursed him, and supported him in prison; who preferred a dungeon and obscurity with him, to pomp and plenty with her relations. Convinced with these reflections, he tenderly embraced his wife, assured her he was by her conduct made a perfect convert, and all the proof he could give her of his sincerity was to make their narrow



circumstances as easy as possible. I am well repaid, my Rover, replied Amanda, for all that's past, by this tender kindness; by what I have done, I shall not suffer at all, if it may only make you think I am worthy of your love. Then embracing, from that moment their mutual happiness began. He had gratitude to love her as the best of wives, she had good-nature enough to esteem him the best of husbands. Heaven was not long before it rewarded such a reformation in him, and so much virtue in her. Rover within the year, had an estate of 2000 l. per annum left him by a relation, who was charmed at his new manner of life, and a son about the same time given him to inherit it. By this unexpected acquisition of so plentiful a fortune, he shewed his gratitude to Amanda, by settling a much larger jointure on her, than she had disposed of to relieve him. Thus they now live in perfect unanimity and concord; he as an example of gratitude to the men, she a strong recommendation of patience and good-humour to the women.



*Who breaks the Ice. A Tale.*

**V**ULGAR errors maintain their ground, because men have not spirit enough to detect them. It is common for us to praise or condemn against our own conviction; and to adopt idle opinions, lest we appear to have less taste and discernment than those who invent or propagate them. Imposture, however, has but its day, and perhaps it may be a long one; but it must give



way at last, and truth will shine out with redoubled lustre.

THREE sharpers, having found means to be introduced to a king, told him that they could weave a brocade of exquisite workmanship; and of so rare a property, that it would be invisible to any person who was either base-born, dishonoured by his wife, or had been guilty of any villainy: the king, desirous to possess so great a rarity, gave them a kind reception, and allotted them a palace to carry on the manufacture. He furnished them with money, gold, silver, silk, and all other materials. They fixed up their looms, and reported that they were employed all day upon the web. After some time, one of them waited upon the king, and acquainted him that the work was begun, and that the brocade would be the most beautiful in the world, as his majesty might be convinced, if he would condescend to come and see it alone. The king, to prove the reality of their pretensions, instead of going himself, sent his chamberlain, but without dropping any hint of the danger of an imposition. The chamberlain went; but when the weavers told him the property of the brocade, he had not courage enough to say that he did not see it, but told the king that the work went on, and that the piece would be of unparalleled beauty. The king sent another nobleman, who, from the same motive made the same report. After that he sent many others, who all declared that they had seen the piece. At length the king went himself, and upon his entrance, observed that all the weavers were diligently employed, and that their whole conversation turned upon the success of their work, one saying, here is a noble foliage!



another, what a grand design! a third, how beautiful is this colour! But as he could see nothing all this time except the loom, and as he could not suspect the report which had been brought him by so many courtiers without any variation, he was struck to the heart, and began to doubt of the legitimacy of his own birth. However, he thought it most prudent to disguise his sentiments; and when he returned to court, he began to express himself highly pleased with the goodness and beauty of this master-piece of art. At the end of three days, he sent the steward of his household, who, that he might not lose his honour, praised the work even more extravagantly than the king had done. This redoubled the king's vexation; and he and all his courtiers remained in the utmost doubt and perplexity, no one daring to confess, that this famous piece was a non-entity to him. In this state the affair continued, till upon occasion of a great festival, some courtiers pressed his majesty to have a robe made up of this silk in honour of the day. When the weavers came to the presence-chamber, and were acquainted with the king's purpose, they insisted that none could make up the brocade so well as themselves, pretended that they had brought it with them curiously wrapped up, and busied themselves as if they were unfolding it. They also took measure of his majesty, handled their scissars, and practised all the motions of persons busy in cutting out. On the festival day they returned, pretended they had brought the robe, made as if they were trying it on, and at length told his majesty that it fitted and adorned him beyond imagination. The king, credulous and confounded, walked down stairs,



mounted his horse, and began the solemn cavalcade, in which he was to shew himself to his people; who having heard, that he who did not see the brocade must be a villain, a bastard, or a cuckold, unanimously declared, that they saw it, and extolled the magnificence of it. At length a Moor, who belonged to the king's stables, could not help crying out, The king is in his shirt, the king is naked. The ice was now broke. The next person to him said the same, and the confession of not seeing this imaginary brocade was soon made by every mouth; till at last the king himself, and all his courtiers, encouraged by the multitude, divested themselves of their fears, and ventured to own the deception. Upon this, orders were given to apprehend the sharpers; but they had very wisely taken care of themselves, and made off with the money, gold, silver, silk, and other valuable materials, with which the king had supplied them. Thus many erroneous opinions prevail in the world, from the dread of incurring the censure of singularity, though that singularity should be ever so reasonable.







*The Pig. A Tale.*

SOME husbands on a winter day,  
 Were met to laugh their spleen away;  
 As wine flows in, and spirits rise,  
 They praise their comforts to the skies.  
 Obedient wives are seldom known,  
 Yet all could answer for their own,  
 Acknowledg'd each as sovereign lord,  
 Abroad, at home, in deed, and word;  
 In short, as absolute their reign, as  
 Grand Signor's over his Sultanas.  
 For pride, or shame to be outdone,  
 All join'd in the discourse, but one.  
 Who vex'd so many lies to hear,  
 Thus stops their arrogant career.

'Tis mighty strange, sirs, what you say,  
 What! all so absolutely sway?  
 In England! where Italians wife  
 Have plac'd the women's paradise?  
 In London! where the sex's flow'r  
 Have of that Eden fix'd the bow'r?  
 Fie! men of sense to be so vain,  
 You're not in Turkey nor in Spain,  
 True Britons all; I'll lay my life,  
 None here is master of his wife.

THESE words the general fury rouse,  
 And all the common cause espouse;  
 Till one with voice superior said,  
 (Whose lungs were sounder than his head)  
 I'll send my footman instant home,  
 To bid his mistress hither come;



And if she flies not at my call,  
 To own my pow'r before you all,  
 I'll grant I'm henpeck'd, if you please,  
 As Sh——k, or as Socrates.

HOLD there——replies th' objector fly,  
 Prove first that women never lie;  
 Else words are wind—to tell you true  
 I credit neither them nor you;  
 No, we'll be judg'd a surer way,  
 By what they do, not what they say.  
 I'll hold you severally that boast,  
 A supper at the loser's cost,  
 That if you'll but vouchsafe to try  
 A trick I'll tell you by and by;  
 Send straight for every wife quite round,  
 One mother's daughter is not found,  
 But what before her husband's face  
 Point blank his orders disobey.  
 To this they one and all consent,  
 The wager's laid, the summons went.

MEAN while he this instruction gives,  
 Pray only gravely tell your wives,  
 Your will and pleasure is t'invite  
 These friends to a boil'd pig to-night.  
 The commoner the trick has been,  
 The greater chance you have to win;  
 The treat is mine if they refuse,  
 But if they boil it then I lose.

THE first, to whom the message came,  
 Was a well born and haughty dame;  
 A faucy independent She,  
 With jointure, and with pin-money,  
 Secur'd by marriage-deeds from wants,  
 Without a separate maintenance.  
 Her loftiness disdain'd to hear,  
 Half thro' her husband's messenger,



But cut him short—with, How dare he,  
 'Mong pot-companions mention me?  
 He knows his way (if sober) home,  
 And if he wants me, let him come.——

THIS answer, hastily return'd,  
 Pleas'd all, but him whom it concern'd,  
 For each one thought his wife, on trial,  
 Would brighter shine by this denial.

THE second, was a lady gay,  
 Who lov'd to visit, dress and play,  
 To spark it in the box or ring,  
 And dance on birth nights for the king;  
 Whose head was busy wont to be  
 With something else than cookery.  
 She hearing of her husband's name,  
 Tho' much a gentlewoman, came;  
 When half inform'd of his request,  
 A dish, as he desir'd it, drest,——  
 Quoth madam, with a serious face,  
 (Without enquiring what it was)  
 You can't sure for an answer look——  
 Sir, do you take me for your cook?  
 But I must haste a friend to see,  
 Who stays my coming for her tea.  
 So said, that minute out she flew——  
 What could the flighted husband do?  
 His wager lost, must needs appear;  
 For none obey that will not hear.

THE next, for housewifery renown'd,  
 A woman notable was own'd,  
 Who hated idleness and airs,  
 And minded family affairs;  
 Expert in every thing was she,  
 At needle-work, or surgery:



Fam'd for her liquors far and near,  
 From richest cordials to small beer;  
 To serve a feast she understood,  
 In English or in foreign mode  
 What e'er the wanton taste could choose,  
 In kickshaws, sauces, or ragoes;  
 She spar'd for neither cost nor pain,  
 Her welcome guest to entertain.  
 Her husband fair accosts her thus:  
 To-night these friends will sup with us.  
 She answer'd with a smile, my dear,  
 Your friends are always welcome here.

—But we desire a pig, and pray  
 You'll boil it;—boil it! did you say?  
 I hope you'll give me leave to know  
 My business better, Sir, than so:  
 Why, ne'er in any book was yet  
 Found such a whimsical receipt:  
 My dressing none need be afraid of  
 But such a dish was never heard of.  
 I'll roast it nice, but shall not boil it,  
 Let those who know no better, spoil it.  
 —Her husband cry'd, for all my boast,  
 I own, the wager's fairly lost.  
 And other wives, besides my love,  
 Or I'm mistaken much, may prove  
 As chargeable as this to me,  
 To shew their pride in housewifery.

Now the poor wretch that next him sat,  
 Felt his own heart go pit-a-pat:  
 For well he knew his spouse's way,  
 Her spirit brook'd not to obey;  
 And never yet was in the wrong—  
 He told her with a trembling tongue,



Where, and on what his friends would feast,  
And how the dainty shou'd be drest.

—To-night, quoth (in a passion) she?

No, Sir, to-night it cannot be;

And was it a boil'd pig you said?

You and your friends sure are not mad.

The kitchen is the proper sphere,

Where none but females should appear,

And cooks their orders, by your leave,

Always from mistresses receive.

Boil it! was ever such an ass?

I pray, what wou'd you have for sauce?

If any servant in my pay

Dare dress a pig that silly way,

In spite of any whim of yours,

I'll turn her quickly out of doors.

For no such thing, (nay never frown)

Where I am mistress, shall be done.

Each woman wise her husband rules;

Passive obedience is for fools.

THIS case was quickly judg'd; behold!

A fair one of a softer mould;

Good humour sparkled in her eye,

And unaffected pleasantry;

So mild and sweet she enter'd in,

Her spouse thought certainly to win;

(Pity such golden hopes should fail)

Soon as she heard th' appointed tale,

My dear, I know not, I protest,

Whether in earnest or in jest,

So strange a supper you demand,

Howe'er, I'll not disputing stand,

But do it freely as you bid it,

Prove but that ever woman did it.



THIS cause, by general consent,  
 Was lost for want of precedent.  
 Thus each deny'd a several way;  
 But all agreed to disobey.

ONE only dame did yet remain,  
 Who downright honest was, and plain.  
 If now and then her voice she tries,  
 'Tis not for rule, but exercise.  
 Unus'd her lord's commands to flight,  
 Yet sometimes pleading for her right.  
 She made her little wisdom go,  
 Farther than wiser women do.  
 Her husband tells her, looking grave,  
 A roasting pig I boil'd would have;  
 And to prevent all pro and con,  
 I must insist to have it done.  
 Says she, my dearest, should your wife,  
 Get a nick name to last for life?  
 If you resolve to spoil it, do;  
 But then I hope you'll eat it too.  
 For tho' 'tis boil'd to hinder squabble,  
 I shall not, will not sit at table.  
 She spoke, and her good man alone  
 Found he had neither lost nor won.  
 So fairly parted stakes: The rest  
 Fell on the wag that caus'd the jest,  
 "Would your wife boil it? let us see."  
 Hold there you did not lay with me.  
 You'll find in spight of all you've boasted,  
 Your pigs are fatted to be roasted.  
 The wager's lost, no more contend;  
 But take this counsel from a friend:  
 Boast not your empire, if you prize it;  
 For happiest he who never tries it.



Wives unprovoked best obey,  
 And that you'll find the safest way.  
 But if your dear once take the field,  
 Resolve at first to win or yield;  
 For heaven no medium ever gave,  
 Between a sovereign and a slave.



*The Loves of Ludovico and Honorio.*

THE city of Genoa has been always famed above any town in Europe for the refinement of its gallantry. It is common there for a gentleman to profess himself the humble servant of a handsome woman, and wait upon her to every publick place for twenty years together, without ever seeing her in private, or being entitled to any greater favours than a kind look, or a touch of her fair hand. Of this sighing tribe, the most enamoured, the most constant, and the most respectful, was Seignior Ludovico.

HIS mistress, Honorio Grimaldi, only daughter to a senator of that name, was the greatest beauty of the age in which she lived, and at the same time the coyest and most reserved. So great was her nicety in the point of love, that altho' she could not be insensible to the addresses of Seignior Ludovico, yet she could not bring herself to think of marrying her lover, which, she said, was admitting him to freedoms entirely inconsistent with the respect that character requires. In vain did he tell her of the violence of his passion for her; she answered, that her's for him was no less violent; but that it was his mind she loved, and could en-



joy that without going to bed to him. Ludovico was ready to despair at these discourses of his mistress: he could not but admire such fine sentiments, yet he wished she had not been quite so perfect. He writ her a very melancholy letter, and she returned him one in verse, full of sublime expressions about love, but not a word that tended to satisfy the poor man's impatience. At last he applied himself to her father, and, to engage him to make use of his authority, offered to take Honorio without a portion. The father, who was a plain man, was mightily pleased with this proposal, and made no difficulty to promise him success. Accordingly he very roundly told his daughter, that she must be married the next day, or go to a nunnery. This dilemma startled her very much. In spite of all her repugnance for the marriage-bed, she found something about her still more averse to the idea of a cloister: an absolute separation from Ludovico was what she could not bear, it was even worse than an absolute conjunction. In this distress she did not know what to do; she turned over above a hundred romances to search for precedents; and, after many struggles with herself, resolved to surrender upon terms. She therefore told her lover, that she consented to be his wife, provided she might be so by degrees, and that after the ceremony was over, he would not pretend at once to all the rights and privileges of a husband, but allow her modesty leisure to make a gradual and decent retreat. Ludovico did not like such a capitulation, but rather than not have her, he was content to pay this last compliment to her caprice. They were married, and at the end of the first



month, he was very happy to find himself at full enjoyment of her lips.

WHILE he was thus gaining ground, inch by inch, his father died, and left him a great estate in the island of Corsica: his presence was necessary there, but he could not think of parting from Honorio. They embarked together, and Ludovico had good hopes, that he should not only take possession of his estate, but of his wife too at his arrival. Whether it was that Venus, who is said to be born out of the sea, was more powerful there than at land, or from the freedom which is usual aboard a ship, it is sure, that during the voyage he was indulged in greater liberties than ever he had presumed to take before; nay, it is confidently asserted, that they were such liberties, as have a natural and irresistible tendency to overcome all scruples whatsoever. But while he was sailing on with a fair wind, and almost in the port, fortune, who took a pleasure to persecute him, brought an African corsair in their way, that quickly put an end to their dalliance, by making them his slaves.

WHO can express the affliction and despair of this loving couple at so sudden and ill-timed a captivity! Ludovico saw himself deprived of his virgin bride on the very point of obtaining all his wishes; and Honorio had reason to apprehend, that she was fallen into rougher hands than his, and such as no considerations could restrain. But the martyrdom she looked for in that instant was unexpectedly deferred till they came to Tunis. The corsair seeing her so beautiful, thought her a mistress worthy of his prince, and to him he presented her at their landing, in spite of her own and her husband's tears.—O unfortunate end of all her pure and



heroical sentiments! was it for this that her favours were so long and so obstinately denied to the tender Ludovico, to have them ravished in a moment by a rude Barbarian, who did not so much as thank her for them? But let us leave her in the seraglio of the Dey, and see what became of Ludovico after this cruel separation.

THE Corsair finding him unfit for any labour, made use of him to teach his children musick, in which he was perfectly well skilled. This service would not have been very painful, if it had not been for the remembrance of Honorio, and the thoughts of the brutalities she was exposed to: these were always in his head night and day, and he imagined she had by this time killed herself, rather than submit to so gross a violation. But while he was thus tormenting himself for one woman, he gave equal uneasiness to another. His master's wife saw him often from her window, and fell violently in love with him.—The African ladies are utter strangers to delicacy and refinement. She made no scruple to acquaint him with her desires, and sent her favourite slave to introduce him by night into her chamber. Ludovico would fain have been excused, being ashamed to commit such an infidelity to his dear Honorio; but the slave informed him, if he hoped to live an hour, he must comply with her lady's inclinations; for that, in Afric, refusals of that kind were always revenged with sword or poison. No constancy could be strong enough to resist so terrible a menace; he therefore went up to the rendezvous at the time appointed, where he found a mistress infinitely more complying than his fantastical Italian. But in the midst of their endearments they



heard the Corfair at the door of his wife's apartment: upon the alarm of his coming, the frightened lover made the best of his way out of the window, which not being very high, he had the good fortune to get off unhurt. The Corfair did not see him, but by the confusion his wife was in, he suspected that somebody had been with her. His jealousy directed him to Ludovico, and tho' he had no other proof than bare suspicion, he was determined to punish him severely, and at the same time secure himself for the future. He therefore gave orders to his eunuchs, to put him in the same condition with themselves, which inhuman command was performed with a Turkish rigour, far more desperate and compleat, than any such thing had ever been practised in Italy. But the change this operation wrought upon him, so improved his voice, that he became the finest singer in all Afric. His reputation was so great, that the dey of Tunis sent to beg him of his master, and preferred him to a place in his own seraglio. He had now free access to his Honorio, and an opportunity of contriving her escape: to that end, he secretly hired a ship to be ready to carry them off, and did not doubt but he should find her very willing to accompany his flight. It was not long before he saw her, and you may imagine the excess of her joy, at so strange and agreeable a surprize.

CAN it be possible, cried she, can it be possible that I see you in this place? O my dear Ludovico, I shall expire in the pleasure of your embraces! but by what magic could you get in, and deceive the vigilance of my tyrant and his guards?

My habit will inform you, answered he in a softer tone of voice than she had been used to; I



I am now happy in the loss which I have sustained, since it furnishes me with the means of your delivery. Trust yourself to me, my dear Honorio, and I will take you out of the power of this barbarian, who has so little regard to your delicacy. You may now be happier with me than you was before, as I shall not trouble you with those coarse solicitations which gave you so much uneasiness. We will love with the purity of angels, and leave sensual enjoyments to the vulgar, who have not a relish for higher pleasure.

How! said Honorio, are you really no man? No, replied he, but I have often heard you say, that your love was only to my mind. Alas! said she, I am sorry mine is altered: but since my being here I am turned Mahometan, and my religion will not suffer me to run away with an Unbeliever. My new husband has taught me certain doctrines unknown to me before, in the practice of which I am resolved to live and die. Return to your country, good seignior Eunuch; but do not think of carrying me with you, for you have no need of a wife in your present circumstances. Adieu, I tell thee; my conscience will not permit me to have a longer conversation with such an infidel.

THUS ended the loves of Ludovico and Honorio.







*An extraordinary Instance of Gratitude in a Lion,  
(from Appian's History.)*

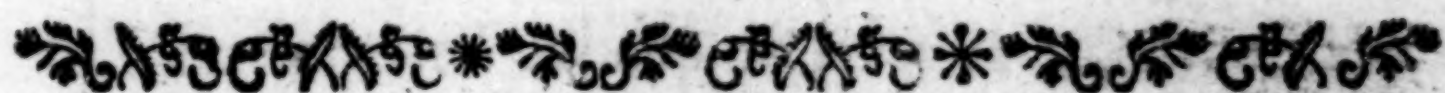
ONE day at Rome the people were entertained with the sight of a combat between criminals and wild beasts, particularly lions of an unusual size: there was one among the rest, who by his furious deportment, by the strength and largeness of his limbs, and by his loud and dreadful roaring, attracted the eyes of all the spectators. Amongst other slaves that were presented in this combat of beasts, there was one Androdus of Dacia belonging to a Roman lord of consular dignity: this lion having seen him at a distance, first made a sudden stop, as if it were in a wondering posture, and then softly approached near in a gentle and peaceable manner, as if he wanted to enter into acquaintance with him. This being done, and being now assured of what he sought for, he began to wag his tail, as dogs when they flatter their masters, and to kiss and lick the hands and thighs of the poor wretch who was almost dead with fear. Androdus being, by this kindness of the lion, a little come to himself, and having taken so much heart as to consider and know him; it yielded singular pleasure to see the joy and caresses that passed between them; at which the people breaking into loud acclamations of joy, the emperor ordered the slave to be called to know from him the cause of so strange an event: the slave thereupon told him this new and very strange story: My master, said he, being proconsul in Africa, I was constrain-



ed by his severity and cruel usage to run away from him; and, to hide myself securely from a person of so great authority in the province, I thought it my best scheme, to fly to the sandy and uninhabitable parts of that country, resolving, that in case the means of supporting life should fail me, to kill myself. The sun being excessively hot at noon, and the heat intolerable, I accidentally found a private and almost inaccessible cave, and went into it; soon after, this lion came into me with one foot wounded and bloody, groaning with the pain he endured: at his approach I was exceedingly afraid; but he having spied me hid in the corner of his den came gently to me, holding out and shewing me his wounded foot, as if he demanded my assistance in his distress; I then drew out a splinter he had got there, and growing a little more familiar with him, squeezed the wound, thrust out the dirt and gravel that had got into it, and cleansed it in the best manner I could; he finding himself something better, and much eased of his pain, laid himself down to rest, and presently fell asleep with his foot in my hand.—From that time forward he and I lived together in this cave three whole years upon the same diet; for of the beasts he killed in hunting he always brought me the best pieces, which I roasted by the heat of the sun for want of fire, and so eat it: at last growing weary of this wild and brutish life, I escaped from thence one day while the lion was hunting for our ordinary provision, and the third day after was taken by the soldiers, who brought me from Africa to my master in this city: immediately afterwards I was condemned to die, and to be thus exposed to the wild beasts; and by what I see I understand



that this lion was also taken soon after, who would now have recompenced me for the benefit and cure that he received at my hands. This is the story that Androdus told the emperor, which he also conveyed from hand to hand to the people.—Wherefore, at the general request, he was absolved from his sentence and set at liberty, and the lion was by order of the people presented to him. We afterwards (says Appian) saw Androdus leading the lion from tavern to tavern at Rome, and receiving what money any body would give him: the lion was so gentle as to suffer himself to be covered with the flowers that the people threw upon him, and those that met him would say, There goes the lion that entertained the man, there goes the man that cured the lion.



*The Lyar: An Heroic Tale.*

REMOTE from cities in a country town,  
 There liv'd an honest, but an hapless clown,  
 Hap'less indeed! for if report is true,  
 Th' unhappy man was wedded to a shrew,  
 And what perplex'd th' ill-fated spouse the more,  
 He fear'd from reason, that she was a whore.  
 How hard his lot! who thus a wife doth wed,  
 At once to stun his ears, and load his head.  
 How many worthy heads deserve our pity;  
 But custom smothers evils in the city.

BUT to our tale——The muse each name contrives,

The husband's Jasper, Dorcas was the wife's:  
 Each day gallants came swarming to his house;  
 Each day she riots her unansw'ring spouse;



Who feels he suffers by th' unruly dame,  
 At home in substance, and abroad in fame.  
 He strives to guard his honour, and his cost;  
 But gentle admonition is but lost;  
 Good words he finds are thrown away in vain,  
 Then bad he uses, then but bad again.  
 Now fully bent to stop this growing evil,  
 He plots to undermine this wily devil;  
 Each lover at th' accustom'd hour he watches,  
 Fix'd to dismember ev'ry one he catches.  
 Fruitless resolve! his bus'ness he neglects,  
 And strives in vain to track the wary sex.  
 She sends to each gallant her private reasons,  
 Why love must be deferr'd to proper seasons.  
 Thus all the husband's labour'd schemes dis-  
     jointed,  
 And thus his cunning aims are disappointed.  
 Yet so it is, that time or chance betrays  
 A hundred luckless things, a hundred ways.  
 'Twas on a day, when bus'ness call'd the clown  
 Twenty long miles t' a distant market town,  
 Abroad he goes, at early morning light,  
 And bid her not expect him home at night.  
 Dorcas could ne'er let slip such fair occasion,  
 But sends a kind gallant an invitation.  
 He comes, he treats, when she for fresh delight,  
 Dismiss'd one lover, for a new at night.  
 Mean time jogg'd Jasper, on his hobbling jade,  
 A second Rosinante, a sorry steed!  
 Against whose sides full oft the spur was play'd  
 And cross his buttocks lash repeated laid.  
 But e'er on's journey he had rode half way,  
 Tir'd on the road the panting courser lay:  
 His easy amble having quite forgot,  
 Nor lash cou'd make him re-assume the trot.



Here then he leaves him, not too good to lose,  
 And then his journey on his feet pursues.  
 Now Jasper was on neighbour's errand sent,  
 To pay his landlord certain sums of rent:  
 Full fifteen pounds were in his pocket told,  
 No matter which, in silver or in gold.  
 True says the proverb, as myself have known,  
 That one misfortune seldom comes alone.  
 'Twas so with Jasper, scarce his horse was spent,  
 But robbers came and robb'd him of his rent.  
 He would have fought, but thinking, as I'm told,  
 His bones were his, and that was not the gold:  
 He gave it calmly up, nor further car'd;  
 But homeward somewhat pensive back repair'd.  
 Thus as he travell'd, dusky night came on,  
 Or dark it was, or lighted by the moon.  
 But to the muse indulgent pardon show,  
 She cannot tell you—what she does not know.  
 But this we're told, that e'er he reach'd his home,  
 The doleful midnight hour of twelve was come:  
 Much he's surpriz'd, at such a time to catch  
 The door unbolted, shutting on the latch.  
 Dorcas too busy with her lover's charms,  
 Ne'er thought of doors, but slept within his arms:  
 Now fell suspicions dart in Jasper's brain,  
 Tho' glad so opportune he's home again.  
 He creeps, and listens at the chamber door,  
 And overhears two sleeping noses snore:  
 Then from his pocket drew a swinging knife,  
 Resolv'd to stab the lover, or the wife.  
 But stopt to think before he ventur'd on,  
 If aught could better in the case be done.  
 Now fear usurp'd a place in Jasper's breast,  
 And thus returning reason doth suggest.



Suppose I wreak my vengeance, then may I  
 Perhaps for murder on the gallows die;  
 Or on the lover only, then my wife  
 Would sooner take away than spare my life.  
 Or if on both, I know not how to doubt  
 That proverb, Murder some odd time will out.  
 Thus reas'ning, vengeance he deferr'd till morn,  
 Softly retir'd, and stroak'd each budding horn.  
 At neighbour's house he spends the latter night,  
 Home to return before the morning light.  
 At early day he thunders at his door,  
 But the gallant was ris'n, and gone before:  
 From her soft sleep the treach'rous Dorcas wakes,  
 And thro' the broken pane i' the casement speaks;  
 As tho' so chaste, in th' absence of her spouse  
 She could admit no soul into the house.  
 Who's at the door! pray tell me who you are?  
 'Tis I, quoth Jasper, I your husband dear.  
 Then up she gets, seems glad that he is come,  
 And with a Judas kifs he's welcom'd home.  
 Jasper most men in temper did excel,  
 But when provok'd, could wield a cudgel well:  
 Enrag'd to see his spouse her treachery,  
 Cries, Dorcas, who to night did with you lie?  
 None, jealous monster, with a tofs she cries.  
 And all her temper lightens in her eyes.  
 Aha! cries Jas. (regardless of her brow)  
 My loving, faithful spouse, I've caught you now.  
 Thus fully bent on taming of the shrew,  
 His words were scarce precedent to a blow.  
 In's hand he held a knotted taper crab,  
 With which he smartly lac'd the jilting drab.  
 Aloud she bawl'd, and begg'd him to refrain,  
 But still he lash'd, and still she begg'd in vain:  
 When as it hap'd, in middle of the fray  
 A brother clown (that chanc'd to pass that way)



Ben was his name, came in to part the strife  
 And ask'd why Jasper thus abus'd his wife?  
 Why? Ben, cries Jasper, dost thou ask me why?  
 Then lash'd again, I've caught her in a lie.  
 Is lying then alone? quoth Ben, the cause  
 Of all this noise, and wond'rous waste of blows?  
 No---not alone, quoth Jasper, honest Ben,  
 It is because she lies with----other men.



*The terrible Effects of immoderate Joy.*

**A**BOUT one hundred years since there was in France one Capt. Coucy, a gallant gentleman, of ancient extraction, and governor of Coucy Castle, which is yet standing, and in good repair.

HE fell in love with a gentlewoman, and courted her for his wife. There was reciprocal love between them; but her parents understanding it, by way of prevention, shuffled up a forced match between her and one Monsieur Faiel, who was heir to a great estate. Hereupon Capt. Coucy quitted France in discontent, and went to the wars in Hungary against the Turks, where he received a mortal wound near Buda.

BEING carried to his lodgings, he languished four days: but a little before his death, he spoke to an ancient servant, of whose fidelity and truth he had ample experience, and told him, he had a great business to entrust him with, which he conjured him to perform; which was, that after his death, he should cause his body to be opened, take out his heart, put it into an earthen pot, and bake



it into powder; then put the powder into a handsome box, with the bracelet of hair he had long worn about his left wrist, which was a lock of Mademoiselle Faiel's hair, and put it amongst the powder, together with a little note he had written to her with his own blood: and after he had given him the rites of burial, to make all the speed he could to France, and deliver the box to Mademoiselle Faiel.

THE old servant did as his master commanded him, and so went to France; and coming one day to Monsieur Faiel's house, he suddenly met with one of his servants, who knowing him to be Capt. Coucy's servant, examined him, and finding him timorous, and to falter in his speech, he searched him, and found the said box in his pocket, with the note which expressed what was in it; then he dismissed the bearer, with menaces that he should come no more thither, and delivered the box to his master.

MONSIEUR Faiel going in, sent for his cook, and delivered him the powder, charging him to make a little well relished dish of it, without losing a jot of it, for it was a very costly thing, and commanded him to bring it in himself, after the last course at supper.

THE cook bringing in his dish accordingly, Monsieur Faiel commanded all to avoid the room, and began a serious discourse with his wife, telling her, That ever since he had married her, he observed she was always melancholy, and he feared she was inclined to a consumption; therefore he had provided a very precious cordial, which he was well assured would cure her. And for that reason obliged her to eat up all that was in the dish;

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who, after much importuning him to know what it was, he told her, at last, She had eaten Coucy's heart; and so drew the box out of his pocket, and shewed her the note and the bracelet. In a sudden exultation of joy, she, with a far-fetched sigh, said, This is a precious cordial indeed; and so licked the dish, adding, It is so precious, that 'tis a pity ever to put any thing upon it. When this was done, she soon went to bed, and in the morning was found stone dead.

THIS sad story is painted in Coucy Castle, and remains fresh to this day.



*A young Gentleman tricked by a Whore.*

THE count de Montalto sent monsieur de Jardin, one of his gentlemen, to Naples, with five hundred pistoles, to buy horses; being arrived there, as he was standing the next evening in the gate of the inn, playing with his purse of gold out of one hand into the other, he was observed by a young courtesan, who wanted neither wit nor beauty: the next morning she sent one of her spies privately to enquire who such a gentleman was? his business? and what other circumstances related to him or could advantage her design. Being informed of particulars whereon to found her plot, she dispatched away one of her emissaries, a cunning gypsy, to acquaint him, that a lady of quality, and a relation of his, intreated the favour of a visit from him; the crafty decoy hovered at a distance till de Jardin came out, who, as his custom was, standing in the gate alone, she with a



modesty as counterfeit as her innocence, asked if monsieur de Jardin was within? Yes, Belle Demoiselle, says he, my name is so. Seignior, says she, my lady commands me to let you know she has the honour to be related to you, and if it is not too great a condescension, she begs you would spare half an hour from your more important affairs, and bestow it upon her. De Jardin was not much surprized at so obliging an invitation, for though he knew of none of his relations, who either wore the title of lady or lived in Naples, yet presuming upon the comeliness of his person, and taking mein, imagined it was some lady of quality who was enamoured of him, and with this pretence courted an opportunity to discover her passion: Madam, says he, I could wish myself worthy of so great a blessing as I now receive; and since a ready submission to your lady's commands is the best proof I can give of my zeal and affection to her service, I will this very minute pay my devotion to her. De Jardin without going into his lodging, went directly along with her, who led him through several cross streets and by-ways, till they came to the house, which in the front appeared fair and reputable; at the door a person attended, who conducted de Jardin into a room richly furnished both for pleasure and state. As soon as the lady was acquainted that monsieur de Jardin was below, she descended with a grace portly and majestic, which, lest it should strike too great an awe and distance upon her tender kinsman, she sweetened with an affectionate familiarity and respect. The wily courtesan wove her net so fine, his dull eye could not discover the least thread, she displayed his pedigree with so much artifice, that his obscure name



was now derived from one of the most noble houses of all Italy, of which she had the honour to be no inconsiderable branch; all which his pride and folly easily credited. Variety of discourse, with mutual congratulations for so happy an interview, had now spent a good part of the evening, when the lady was whispered in the ear that supper was ready, which she ordered to be brought in, which, tho' it wanted neither for cost nor art, she thought herself obliged to excuse, as too mean and slender an entertainment for so worthy a guest. Supper being done, de Jardin considering it grew late, and he a stranger to the streets, was ready with a large harangue of thanks to take leave of so honourable a kinswoman; who preventing his compliment, told him, she was very sorry the rudeness of her education did not give her leave to express the sincerity of affections with a better grace to so critical a courtier; but she hoped the transports of joy for this day's good fortune would apologize for any indecorum she was guilty of. De Jardin replied with an humble cringe; when taking him by the hand, nay, cousin, says she, though I am well assured your reception has been too ordinary for your merit, yet I must flatter myself so far that my house can afford you equal accommodations with your inn; and if you rob me of your company to-night, you have not that esteem for me I am so ambitious of. De Jardin, whose better genius was then out of the way, accepted of it.

THE lady called for a flask of Florence, and recommended the glass to him, titled with some magnifico's health, all within the circle of his own relations. It now grew bed-time, and de Jardin was attended to his apartment by the lady and two



of her servants, who, after a solemn good-night, withdrew to her own. De Jardin being undressed, as he was stepping into bed, the wine began to rumble in his guts, which was physically prepared for that purpose, asking one of the servants for a convenient easement, he was directed into a little room adjoining: his business required haste. Boldly stepping in, a board, which lay designedly loose, gave way, and down he fell to the bottom, which had certainly bruised him into the same jelly, had not the softness of the carpet prevented the danger of the fall. As soon as he had recovered himself from the fright (for hurt he had none, but what was above stairs) he cried out for help, but no body answered, tho' he heard his kinswoman's voice very merry and loud; they were too busy in ransacking his pockets, where they found the prize they wanted, with bulk unbroken. In this great distress he at last discovered a wall which parted it from the street, this he endeavoured to scale but with often slips mired himself over head and ears. But good fortune had not quite forsaken him, at last he conquered it, and found himself in the middle of the street. By the light of the moon he guessed at the house, and with the clapper rung so loud a peal upon the door, that a grim fellow opened a window, and asked, what drunken royster gave that unmannerly alarm? I am, Sir, says he, the lady's cousin; Sirrah, says he, you are an impudent liar; I know no such person: begone in time, or you will too late repent this saucy affront. At this de Jardin heard the watch a-coming, which forced him to break off the dialogue and secure himself: as he was looking for a shelter, he spied an open bulk, where, in the day-time a cobbler and an herbwoman kept their shop:



creeping in as far as he could to conceal himself whilst the watch was going by. Three fellows who that night designed to rob a cardinal's tomb, who was lately buried in the great church, had here hid their tools, and now came for them. De Jardin hearing them talk, lay close, when one of them groping for the instruments, and often complaining of a horrible stink, at last caught de Jardin by the leg; the fright was equal on both sides, but the fellow had the courage to pull him out, and examine what sort of a creature lay dormant there. De Jardin's shirt was so offensive that they forced him to strip; and considering he might be of use to them in their present design, and had possibly overheard some of their discourse, they obliged him to go along with them. Notwithstanding he was now as naked as ever he was born, yet the filth was thick crusted upon his skin, and the smell so noisome they could not endure it. For this one of them thought of a proper remedy: hard by there was a deep pond, with a long sweep and a bucket at the end of it, hither brought they de Jardin, and put him into the bucket and let him down into the pond, and told him as soon as he had washed himself clean, he must pull the rope, and they would draw him up. Whilst they staid for de Jardin, the watch came, it being very hot, to refresh themselves with water, the only element that could be had at that hour; his companions were forced to run for it, and the watch had now laid down their cloaks and halberts and drew up the bucket. De Jardin with a sudden spring leapt ashore, which struck such a panick fear upon them, that they fled, and left the pillage of the field, their cloaks and halberts to de Jardin and his comrades. Having



now closed company again, they went directly to the cardinal's tomb, and raised up the heavy marble, but a dispute arose who should go in: one said he would not. Nor I, says de Jardin: No, says one of them, won't you? But you shall, what did we bring you here for else? By consent they forced de Jardin to go in, who reached them out his mitre, his crozier, and pulled off his gold-fringe gloves, which were richly embroidered; he had heard them talk much of a diamond ring of great value, this he slipped off, and put upon his own finger, to secure something for fear of the worst: they still bid him look for the ring, he told them he could find none, they must come in (if they either suspected his honour or honesty) and look for it themselves; I am sure, says one, it was said, he had a very rich ring, feel upon the other hand. As they were thus arguing the case, they heard a sudden noise in the church, which they suspected might be some of the officers; this frightened them so, that away they ran, and let the stone fall down, and left poor de Jardin intombed with the dead cardinal. This was a misfortune a thousand times worse than any had yet befallen him; it was not possible for him to raise up the stone, and if he made a noise to discover himself, he should certainly be executed for sacrilege and robbing the dead, or else lie there and starve, or be poisoned with the stench of the corrupting body. It happened that the noise which frightened his companions, was from some persons then breaking into the church upon the same design. When they came to the tomb they raised up the marble, and strongly underpropped it, and putting the same question that was put before, each person was unwilling to go in. What, says



a bold fellow, are you afraid the dead cardinal should bite you? I will go in.

As he was letting himself down, de Jardin caught fast hold of his legs; the fellow frightened out of his wits, cried out, Help, help! the cardinal has caught me by the legs; and struggling, got out, and followed his companions, who every step he made, expected the cardinal should catch him by the pole. This gave de Jardin an opportunity, who immediately quitted the church the same way he came in, and with one of the watchmen's cloaks walked about till morning. When it was light, he enquired out his inn, where he borrowed some cloaths, and gave them a relation of his misfortune, but not a word of the ring. That evening he left Naples, and set forward for France, without the purchase of a horse's tail; and though he had lost his money and cloaths, he had a ring, whose value balanced the account.



*Strange Effects of Imagination in a Cuckold-maker,  
or the horned Gallant.*

**A**N Irish gentleman having some years ago put up at an inn, on the road between Chester and London, and having prevailed on his good-natured landlady to lie with him: the thoughts of clapping a pair of horns on her churlish husband's forehead, who, notwithstanding he was a very honest man, was so intensely impressed on his depraved imagination, that in the very act the horns grew on his own forehead to such a length, and at the same time so insensibly, that he did not perceive them.



till he had thrust out one of his dear mistress's eyes with them, which caused her to cry out lamentably, and to catch hold of his horns with both her hands. This having pained his forehead, he suddenly put up his hand, and to his inexpressible mortification, found out, what he had intended for her husband, had befallen himself; this spoiled their sport, and so chagrined him, that without waiting, either to comfort or afford the least assistance to his dear jewel, and although it was past twelve o'clock, and a foggy cold night, he got up, without a candle, or even calling his servant, groped in the dark to the stable, took out his horse, rode off, and was never heard of since.

It were to be wished that all Irish gallants met the same fate, for then our wanton damsels must of necessity be chaste, and the isle would be deprived of one valuable branch of their trade with us, which they boast of carrying on exclusively; for they impudently complain, that the only two free trades we allow them are, that of furnishing us with linen and horns; and which, they say, they cannot be deprived of, so long as they are permitted to set foot on English ground, which liberty we cannot deny them, so long as we are in want of their linen to make smocks for our wives; so that these two branches of commerce have such an affinity with each other, that they must stand and fall together.





*The Country Justice.*

SIR John, a country magistrate,  
 Of good round belly, hob'ling gait,  
 Well known at ev'ry merry meeting,  
 Fam'd both for justice and for eating;  
 Was most severe, as stories tell us,  
 Against the younger, sprightly fellows:  
 When frolicsome (for boys are wild)  
 They chanc'd to get the maids with child;  
 Would sternly take the cause in hand,  
 And beth the parties reprimand,  
 With utmost rigor would enforce  
 The rigid laws that came in course,  
 Nor ever in the least excuse  
 That slight *faux pax* so much in use;  
 And yet by some 'twas shrewdly thought,  
 That he himself was sometimes naught;  
 For by the neighbours was it said,  
 He was familiar with the maid;  
 But strangely time brings things about,  
 As murder some odd time will out:  
 And so it hap'd, one luckless night,  
 When love unusual fir'd the knight;  
 His post so boldly he maintain'd,  
 The fatal proofs of it remain'd;  
 For scarce four months were gone and past,  
 E'er Betty swell'd about the waist;  
 But warn'd before of this disaster,  
 The fearful wench inform'd her master;  
 Who (as it is the sinner's way  
 To put far off the evil day)



Neglects her till so large it made her,  
 That to the neighbours it betray'd her.  
 Now good Sir John began to stir,  
 And tremble for his character;  
 Advises Betty, full of care,  
 The bastard not on him to swear;  
 That if she'll put disgrace aside,  
 He'll for the child and her provide.  
 Betty, whose conscience wond'rous nice is,  
 Was puzzled in this shameful crisis:  
 But truth beyond her virtue prizes,  
 And th' offer secretly despises;  
 Yet, as her circumstances lay,  
 Conjectur'd 'twas the wisest way,  
 Resentment and her thoughts to smother,  
 And say she'll lay it on another.  
 The knight thus eas'd, commits each whore,  
 And scolds with justice as before;  
 And though oft told of Betty's failing,  
 Pretends to disbelieve their railing,  
 'Till time run on, and Betty grew,  
 So large to each impartial view,  
 That now the danger was the same,  
 Against the cautious knight's good name;  
 When now, to keep his fame, he thought  
 And order'd Betty to be brought.  
 The quorum sat, the blushing wench,  
 In public stood before the bench.  
 Sir John, who thought himself secure,  
 Began to thunder out his pow'r,  
 Demands aloud, who had beguil'd  
 Th' unhappy maid, and got the child:  
 The book's held out, who stoops to kiss it,  
 And if I must disclose whose is it,



She cry'd, that hath my truth beguil'd,  
 Sir John was father to the child.  
 Now sudden grief, surprize, and shame,  
 O'erwhelm the knight, and blast his fame,  
 The tale each fland'rous tongue reveals,  
 And swells the story as it tells;  
 To truth they add a thousand lies,  
 And shame increas'es as it flies.  
 Girls now unpunish'd stain the gown,  
 And bastards swarm throughout the town.



*The Story of a Clergyman promoted in a very extraordinary manner.*

**I**N queen Anne's reign, the British Augustan age, few made a more illustrious figure than Butler, duke of Ormond, who, for his attachment to the cause of the court of St. Germain's, was a particular favourite of the queen, and of the Tory party, who then held the superiority in the court. Once it happened, that as his grace (who had been chosen to be lord lieutenant of Ireland) was on his passage to undertake his government, he was forced in, by contrary winds, upon the then almost barren island of Ila: There was no place in this small and bleak island where his excellency could find tolerable accommodation, but a poor clergyman's house, in which were two or three small rooms, and these but very poorly furnished; however, these inconveniencies were amply compensated by the chearful and happy disposition of the landlord, and the frugal, but decent, hospitality, with which his excellency was particularly charmed. The wind.



some days after shifting about, the duke and his retinue prepared for setting out again on their passage; but before he went on board, being at breakfast, he asked his landlord what his living was? Only 22 l. replied Joseph: (for that was his name.) At which his excellency being surprised, asked again, How he came to have things so decent and neat, on such a small salary? Why, replied he, my wife Rebecca is an excellent housewife, and as we have two cows, she sells the milk and cheese, and almost supports the family; whilst we reserve my 22 l. for cloaths, and our children's education, which, at all events, I am determined to give them, and then the world is before them, let them shift for themselves.——Ormond was charmed at the sight of so much contentment, and genuine felicity, which this poor, but generous, clergyman, enjoyed: And therefore having made the frugal wife a handsome present, he promised to do still something more for Joseph, her husband, and immediately went on board.

JOSEPH having waited with anxiety, from time to time, to hear of something being done in his favour, in vain, he at last took the resolution of going to Dublin, and pushing his fortune, for which he seemed to have had only this single chance in his whole life. Fully bent on his design, he set out, and soon arrived at Dublin. Being a man of some abilities, he imagined the only way to attain his end, would be, if possible, by preaching before his excellency, and using every stroke of address to make the duke recollect who he was, and what he had promised: he thought if he could gain his end this way, it would be more successful, than by an



indelicate bluntness to come to his excellency's lodgings, and put him in mind of his promise.

UPON this he applied to the dean, to be permitted to preach in the cathedral next Sunday. The dean, who knew nothing about him, and never heard of him before, seemed a little surpris'd at the request, and being of a humane and gentle disposition, he did not peremptorily refuse it; but judging it necessary to be somewhat acquainted with the abilities of the person to whom he was to grant this favour, he artfully entered into a conversation with this stranger, upon various subjects, and found him to be a man possessed of no incontestible share of both natural and acquired abilities: he permitted him to preach next Sabbath forenoon before his excellency, and both houses of peers and commons. Having mounted the pulpit, he chose that remarkable text——“ But the chief BUTLER (his grace's name was Butler) remembered not JOSEPH, but forgot him.”——Here he used his utmost efforts to paint out the unhappy tendency that high life has upon the great, to make them overlook beneficent actions done them on some occasions, by those that even tread in the humblest paths of indigence and obscurity; and having described the inhumanity and injustice of this negligence towards their generous benefactors, he observed, “ that this negligence often rather took its rise from the multiplicity of business in which they were laudably employed, or from having their ear poisoned with the fascinating adulation of that servile crowd of flatterers that never fail, on all occasions, to seduce their attention from the most noble of all pursuits—of humanity, benevolence, and compassion—for those of sensuality, intemperance, riot, and debauchery,



than from any innate depravity of heart." Having delineated this unhappy tenor of conduct at some length, and with the most pathetic, lively, and animated address, so that almost every person hearing him, felt what he said: he fully accomplished his design, by making this striking application:—"And now, my honoured hearers, let us turn our thoughts inward, and question ourselves—Did ever I get a kind office done me by one of an inferior station of life, and to whom a bountiful providence had not been so liberal, as to worldly affluence, but had bestowed more valuable favours----those of a kind, generous and open heart; and, like the poor widow in the gospel, that freely gave a mite to the poor, although it was all her living----And have I overlooked such generosity, and basely forgot to reward it seven fold---- Have ever I, in my life, been in such a situation, exposed to the inclemencies of the storm, and where conflicting elements seemed to conspire for my ruin-----And did ever any of a low, but contented, station of life, with open arms receive me, and my weather-beaten attendants, into his house, while, perhaps, his equally kind spouse was busy in heaping on plenty of fuel, to recall the heat into our chilled and benumbed limbs; and with the utmost solicitude preparing a repast of decent, plain, and comfortable food, to revive our exhausted spirits, and to cherish our hearts, now secure from the impetuosity of the roaring storm; nor would the kind pair permit us to venture away from their frugal, but happy abode, till serener weather, and milder skies invited our departure, although they had no hopes, or, at least, no certainty, of retaliation on my part—And have



I, with a baseness of soul, unworthy of my station, allowed such true benevolence to pass unrewarded, and, ashamed to acknowledge my benefactors, have suffered them to languish under the iron grasp of poverty, and, possibly, to solicit charity's cold hand in vain?"——

HERE the duke, who was all along attentive to the sermon, could not help examining his own conduct, and, upon recollection, found that he himself was guilty of some pieces of negligence, equally criminal, and perfectly similar to this, which had just now been described in so affecting colours; but he was still more affected, when, upon a thorough examination of the parson, he found that he bore a striking resemblance to the figure and features of his own hospitable landlord in the island of Ila; and whom, till brought to recollection by this affecting discourse, he had inhumanly forgot; upon which he turned to one of his lords, and asked him if this was not their old landlord in Ila? To which he replied, Please your excellency, I think it is. Cause him after service to come and dine with me. Joseph being brought in, and set down, the duke asked him if he did not come from Ila, and was not his design to put him in mind of his promise to provide for him? Here Joseph blushed, and, with that ingenuity natural to a generous mind, confessed that it was he, and that it was his sole intention, as he imagined his excellency's neglect of him did not arise from a contempt for his meanness in life, or from a dishonourable shame of acknowledging a good office when done by an inferior, which a great soul like his excellency's disdained, but from the vast and important con-



cerns of the government, with which he was intrusted, he would account it no matter of surprize, that this, like a small receipt amidst a heap of papers, was fallen aside and lost.—To which the duke replied, you are a worthy man! and immediately after dinner he ordered some of his clerks to look over the vacancies of the church. The clerks after searching, told his excellency there was none but a living of 400 l. per annum. His excellency answered, there is none more deserving of it than this generous, worthy man, and immediately preferred Joseph from his poor 22 l. a-year to 400 l.—But mark the quick transition of fortune! The Whig interest getting the superiority, (for jarring interests and faction will always be joined in a free state) the duke of Ormond was divested of all his dignities, and escaping a trial by retiring to France, he was fugitated, and his large fortune was forfeited to the crown. The generosity of his friends for some time supplied him; but alas, these aids were soon withdrawn, and the once great duke of Ormond, lord lieutenant of Ireland, lieutenant general of her majesty's armies, &c. &c. now found himself treading in the lowest paths of fortune, and surrounded with all the horrors of indigence, contempt, and death.---But how agreeably was he surprized to find a comfortable supply from a very unexpected channel, viz. his old friend Joseph!----That generous-hearted man hearing of his great patron and benefactor's misfortunes, thought the least part of his duty was to spare as much as he could out of his benefice, to supply the necessities of that great and good man, from whom he had all his living; and therefore one day taking his wife aside, says to her, "Becca, my dear, you hear what



has happened to the duke of Ormond, who liberally put us into our present affluent situation; and you know very well we can as easily live upon 100l. a-year as 1000l. what would you think of settling 300l. a-year upon our generous patron, for life; for I hear, to the disgrace of his friends, he is in danger of perishing for real want." Becca readily consented to so noble a proposal, and immediately Joseph modestly remitted to the duke the first quarter of his annuity. Struck with this second act of kindness, his grace wrote a full account of it to a great personage at court, who, although in different interests, yet still preserved the laws of friendship, amidst all the commotions of state, inviolable and secure. Being charmed with such true generosity in a poor man, the courtier got Joseph preferred to a second living, which made them worth 800l. a-year; but prior to this second preferment, the duke of Ormond died in exile, so that Joseph had it now no more in his power to relieve the wants, and alleviate the misfortunes of his noble benefactor; for he was now secure from the blustering storms of adversity, in that land of silence, where the weary be at rest.

EVERY circumstance of this story is founded on reality, which enhances the value of entertainments of this kind.----Some years ago an officer in the army declared that he was the grandson of the hero of our history, and used to divert himself and friends with relating these particulars respecting his benevolent progenitor Joseph from Illa.





*A Story of a Miser.*

**A**T Villa Vecchia, a few miles from Pisa, lived Lorenzo de Paolo, a younger brother, who during the war with the Venetians, from the lowest station in the army had raised himself upon the ruins of many an honest man, and by some lucky hits of fortune, joined with the churlish niggardliness of his disposition, acquired in time a ministerial estate: in the turn of his age he married Donna Isabella de Mazarine, a lady of fine parts and noble birth, and as far above a wretch of his abandoned character as, through the false generosity of her father, she happened to be below his fortune. She died some years after her marriage, leaving behind her a son equally accomplished in mind and body, and a daughter who inherited every amiable qualification of her mother: they had all the advantages of education that were suitable to the riches of the family, though indeed they owed them rather to their own good fortune than to the prudence or paternal liberality of the old man; for being called to Paris about some necessary affairs, and unwilling to double his daily expence by leaving them behind him, he thereby afforded them an opportunity of finishing in France, what they had so well begun in Italy. Antonio had now arrived at the age of twenty one, and Eleonora (for so they were called) was about four years younger: as he gained the esteem and affection of all who knew him by his manly affable behaviour, and by his knowledge in every branch of polite literature,



so the sweetness of her temper and her sprightly wit won as many admirers; amongst the rest the marquis de Montfocone, colonel of a regiment of guards, and second cousin to her father, made proposals of marriage: he was a compleat gentleman, and had distinguished his bravery in a late campaign, which, together with his being reckoned the best made man in the kingdom, recommended him much to the favour of the court: and though he was not possessed of any personal estate besides his commission, yet his rising merit and finished character sufficiently qualified him for his pretensions to Eleonora. Souls of a superior frame look down with scorn upon the low attachments of vulgar minds, and happy in the mutual enjoyment of each other's perfections, disdain the mean considerations that are of so much weight with other mortals. His designs were too honourable to be affected by the old man's parsimony, who refused to advance during his lifetime one farthing of her portion: in short they married, and lived in the most solid and undisturbed felicity, contented in the circle of a few chosen friends, and in the tender union of their own affections; till one fatal evening it happened, that the marquis, heated a little with wine beyond his custom, unluckily engaged in game with the duke de Lira and some other sharpers; they led him on by degrees, cunningly feeding him from time to time with hopes of recovering his losses, that so he might be tempted to hazard the deeper stakes, until by a long run of bad fortune on his side, and perhaps something of foul play on theirs, he found his honour in pawn for ten thousand livres more than he was worth. What should he do? It was a debt, that, as a gentleman,



he was obliged to pay, and the tyranny of fashion had even rendered preferable to every other; but he had no funds except one, and that a doubtful one, to which he could have recourse in this exigency; he writes to old Lorenzo in the most humble and moving terms, begging that he would assist him in this last extremity, and remit the sum wanted, even in full discharge of his daughter's portion; considering the relation that was between them, the pressing circumstances of the affair, and that the only favour was in giving him his own a little before it was due, he thought he had some reason to expect being indulged in his demand; however, the old gentleman, it seems, was of a different opinion, and not only returned a positive refusal, but added what ill language his surly humour could dictate. The marquis had been brought up in all the over-refined notions of military honour, and looked upon the smallest blot there as worse than death, or than any thing that could ensue; great minds are aptest to fall into the extremes of a mistaken virtue; upon the receipt of his father-in-law's answer he retired to his closet, wrote his last adieu to his dear wife, and then, with a bravery and calmness of spirit, which would have graced his exit, had it been in a better cause, after decently composing himself in his night-gown, on the bed, as the last remedy he fired a bullet through his heart: Amidst the confusion of so tragical an end the letter was imprudently put into the hands of the forlorn Eleonora; nor had she sooner read the melancholy reason, than the wild hurricane of passion and despair seized upon her soul, and the throws and agonies of grief put her delicate frame into such an agitation, that she was



delivered of a dead child in the last month, and expired herself the moment after. The dreadful news was soon transmitted to the unhappy brother; but what language can express the emotions which he felt for the loss of so lovely a sister and of so loving a friend?——At first he stood, like weeping Niobe, struck motionless with silent horror; he again surveyed the bloody scene, and straight his passion broke out into rage and madness; he loads a pair of pistols, and concealing his anguish as well as he could, goes directly to his father's: He found the old miser in his closet over his bags, counting out a sum to lend at usury, one half of which might have prevented the horrid misfortune, and saved the two nearest relations he had in the world, and the two most accomplished persons in France; the old fellow, seeing a visible confusion in his son's countenance, asked hastily what he meant by intruding so rudely upon his privacies: Antonio, unable to speak, presents him only with the fatal letter, which he glanced over without any great emotion or change of looks, and adding this cool reflexion, that he never thought his son-in-law could have been so wicked, he turned to apply himself again to his former occupation: But the poor young gentleman, highly exasperated at his unnatural insensibility, stopped him short, and, wretch that thou art, says he, thinkest thou, tho' the justice of man cannot lay hold upon thee, even to escape from that of God? No, rather my own hand shall take the necessary vengeance, and thy fall shall be pitied only in as far as I was obliged to be the executioner: So saying, he discharged one of his pistols through the guilty, trembling Lorenzo's head, and with the other prevented the



consequences of the law upon himself, dropping dead by his father's side, and leaving to the world a singular instance of the instability of human grandeur, and the vanity of all earthly things. The immense estate which the insatiable miser had spent all his life in scraping together, and to which he had at last sacrificed himself and posterity, descended to the nearest surviving relation, a brother of the deceased marquis, who by his unworthy and inconsiderate lavishness in squandering away so vast a fortune reflects a double insult upon the odious memory of his predecessor; for at the same time that he testifies an utter abhorrence of his miserable principles, he remains a flagrant example of the real insignificance of his overgrown riches, by their being thus bestowed upon the next worthless of all mankind.



*The Power of Scolding, a wonderful Tale, by  
Jack Lovefun.*

**O**N reading o'er your proclamation,  
My pate was fill'd with expectation,  
Th at something vastly odd would follow,  
Penn'd by the scribblers of Apollo;  
Your book I bought, cut leaves afunder,  
Thought each contain'd some mighty wonder,  
Something poetic and uncommon,  
As how to tame the tongue of woman;  
But after all my plague in hunting,  
The wish'd-for wonder still was wanting.  
Friend Benedict has got a wife,  
Whose hand he took to sweeten life,



Her father gave her store of gold,  
 Her mother learnt her how to scold,  
 In this she has such progress made,  
 To be quite mistress of the trade:  
 Betty one day was washing up  
 The china, and she broke a cup,  
 Her lady heard the pieces clatter,  
 And straight ran in to know the matter;  
 The broken cup, the mischief showing,  
 Soon set her wond'rous clack a-going,  
 It went so very loud and clear,  
 The servants left the room for fear.  
 But as they frighten'd ran away,  
 One touch'd her little lap-dog, Tray,  
 The cur shriek'd out, she heard the noise,  
 With double fury rais'd her voice;  
 The tables, china, chairs and glasses,  
 All animated, left their places;  
 Things scarcely mov'd from year to year,  
 Skipp'd through the room, as if for fear;  
 The scene was mighty odd and droll,  
 To see one after t'other roll:  
 The room near empty, she still scolding,  
 Stun'd Benedict awhile beholding,  
 Who begg'd, at last, her tongue she'd stay,  
 For fear the house should run away:  
 Just then were stalking through the room,  
 The mops, the brushes, and long broom,  
 She took the latter, broke his head,  
 And laid poor Benedict for dead.  
 He, motionless, in bloody plight,  
 Soon put his Peggy in a fright,  
 Not because she'd her husband lost,  
 But lest her neck should pay the cost;



Security was needful next,  
 For which she on this project fixt:  
 Just o'er his head a ham there hung,  
 Which had kept motion with her tongue;  
 On seeing that suspended swing,  
 And only fasten'd by a string,  
 She thumpt it till it tumbled down,  
 And laid it by him on the ground.  
 Then, throwing by the guilty broom,  
 She ran distracted round the room,  
 Wringing her cap from off her head,  
 And screaming out, "He's dead, he's dead!"  
 The servants heard her speak of death,  
 Came running in, all out of breath——  
 Just then to his she laid her cheek,  
 And, bubbling, cry'd, "My heart will break,  
 "Ah! cruel ham, thus to destroy,  
 "My dear, dear husband, life and joy;  
 "Where is the wretch; O tell me where,  
 "That plac'd the ham to kill my dear?  
 "Oh! could I bring him back to life,  
 "I'd be the kind indulgent wife.  
 "But that's a wish the gods deny,  
 "Nor will they with him let me die.  
 "Since tears of grief for ever must  
 "Flow from my eyes, I will be just  
 "To this dear man, nor ever name  
 "A foible that shall hurt his fame.  
 "I cannot now a loss sustain,  
 "That e'er will give me cause for pain;  
 "Since he is gone I lov'd most dear,  
 "There's nothing left that merits care."  
 This spoke, she from the room was led,  
 And straight conducted up to bed;



There fell into a sound repose,  
And in the morning early rose;  
Sent John to call the mantua-maker,  
The mercer, taylor, undertaker:  
They soon obey'd the message sent,  
Got orders, and away they went,  
To make all ready, that were fit,  
To lay her husband in the pit.  
All things were finish'd in great haste,  
And in the coffin he was plac'd;  
His wife had fix'd morrow day,  
To put his carcase in the clay;  
Which certainly had been his fate,  
But for the thing I'll now relate;  
She told her boy (whose name was Page)  
To feed poor Poll, and clean the cage;  
He, with the parrot went to play,  
And let the pris'ner fly away.  
When this was to his mistress told,  
She did so stamp! so rave! so scold!  
With'd things inhuman to the boy,  
And vow'd she wou'd the house destroy!  
The servants, goods, and what were near,  
Abconded, as before, for fear;  
The house it shook, the fires blaz'd,  
Her husband wak'd, like one amaz'd;  
Forc'd from his wooden trunk its lid,  
And frighten'd from the prison fled,  
Down stairs he ran, got to the door,  
His Peggy saw him, scream'd the more,  
And quickly would the house have split,  
Had not she fell into a fit:  
The scolding ceas'd, the servants came,  
Wond'ring what had got their dame,



Greatly frighten'd when they found  
 Her stretch'd and silent on the ground;  
 Some took her hands, some rais'd her head,  
 But all concluded she was dead!  
 Poor Benedict, tho' in his shroud,  
 Was busiest of the frighten'd crowd,  
 He ran for water for her face,  
 But tumbled down and broke the glass!  
 Whilst this mischance, he was supplying,  
 His wife reviv'd, and fell a-crying;  
 Astonish'd to behold again,  
 A man she had so lately slain,  
 Guilt, conscious guilt, now touch'd her heart,  
 For acting the tyrannic part;  
 Her husband saw her inward pain,  
 And said, "My dear, your tears refrain."  
 This tender speech so strongly wrought,  
 It from her this confession brought,  
 "If you, my patient, injur'd love,  
 "Will not a guilty wife reprove,  
 "My former errors I'll repent,  
 "And henceforth be a penitent,  
 "As *wife* I'll ever stand in awe,  
 "And your commands shall be my law."  
 This vow she keeps, has left her airs,  
 And *now* her spouse the breeches wears.







*The History of Selim.*

**A**gainst the inclination, yet not without consent of my parents, I quitted Armenia and embarked on board a Genoese trading vessel, purposing to study the civil and military discipline of Emanuel Victor, the great prince of Sardinia. While I was in daily expectation of seeing Genoa, our ship was taken by a Spanish vessel navigated by Corsairs.-----We were soon loaded with irons, and though I was treated more favourably than others on a religious account, yet I was robbed of the money which I had designed for the expences of travelling, excepting only a few sequins that lay concealed in my cloaths. As soon as we arrived at Oran, we were thrown into a loathsome dungeon, guarded by Spaniards, and the little lenity that appeared, was now shewn to the Christians; their cloaths were restored, while I was stripped of my outer garment; their allowance of victuals was usually greater, and I was often compelled to labour, while my fellow-prisoners were indulged with ease.---In this state I continued seven months, and then I was, with five others, sold to a young Moor, and conveyed with my companions, to a spacious house two miles distant from Oran, near a little village called Arzew, where the uncle of this young Moor had laid out a plan of spacious gardens, the labour of which was reserved for me and my companions. As soon as we arrived, our fetters were removed, for our escape was impossible, the house and intended garden being enclosed in



Some places by a wall twenty feet high, and in others by a broad trench, and keepers were constantly employed to watch us; here I continued labouring three months, without any hopes of redemption, sometimes amusing myself with the flowers and fruit trees, and at others conversing in the Arabic tongue, of which from the knowledge I had before my captivity, and my intercourse with some captives in the prison, I had now attained an easy pronounciation. My country dress being permitted to me, the native slaves were kinder to me than to the Christians; and becoming an interpreter among them, I acquired a sort of pre-eminence, that gave me opportunities of doing my fellow-captives little offices, which society, in distress, will extort from the most savage.----But the severe labour, to which we were daily confined, began to waste my strength; our keepers remitted nothing of their watchfulness over us, nor the young Moor of his care over them. Not an hour of the day passed wherein his eye was not upon our labour; he delighted in seeing us faint beneath our loads, and once, when I tottered beneath a heavy burden, he ordered fifty lashes to a Christian who ran to support me.

AFTER three months toil in the midst of an inclement winter, the spring began to open, and brought with it a sweetness and beauty that would have relieved any but slaves, who had once been happy, and now, by no crime were condemned to misery. Sometimes I had thoughts of telling the Moor who I was, and exciting his pity by a recital of my misfortunes: but he appeared so avaricious, that, should he know that I was the son of a Turkish aga, his demands would be greater than



my friends could satisfy; wherefore, I resolved to bear my afflictions in silence, and leave the event to God. As soon as the year began to blossom, news was brought me by the native slaves, that the uncle of the young Moor and his family were arrived at his country seat, and that in three days, the young Moor would set out for Oran, to inspect the affairs of his uncle in that city. The joy which I felt for a few moments, was little short of what freedom would have given; but the natives soon informed me, that the uncle was more avaricious, cruel, and perfidious than his nephew; that having no sons, he had preferred this nephew to the inheritance of his large possessions, and that he had one favourite daughter, whom he designed for his wife. The hopes conceived from a change of masters now vanished; and I considered myself as one of those unfortunate wretches destined to walk thro' peril and toil, without any ray of comfort to cheer them in their passage. Two days passed, and the uncle had not set his foot in the garden, being troubled with a disorder common in that country to men of his age and sedentary life; yet he was carried to a window, where, as our keeper said, he constantly observed us, and indeed the keeper often raised his voice, and exercised the lash, to demonstrate his strict attendance of us. Four days after, the old man's disorder so increased, that, being no longer able to approach his window, he was confined to his bed. During this time the severity of our keepers somewhat abated, the daughter of the Moor also, who came at her father's request to oversee the garden, would bring fruits and other pleasing refreshments to the native slaves, of whom she enquired concerning us, and frequently would



recommend to them to treat us tenderly. As the Moors rise early, no morning passed whereon she did not visit the house of the native slaves, and never went unprovided, so that she became their idol. When she had visited the natives, she was often seen to pass thro' a shady walk into a greenhouse, near the dwelling of the captives, where some conjectured she paid her devotions, and others that she watched the labourers. But whatever might be the cause it was observed, that when the natives carried no part of their extraordinary provisions to us unhappy captives, the next day she omitted her kindness to them. Thus our captivity was lightened. I once more indulged hopes of escape, and laboured more cheerfully than ever. On the 20th of March, just as our labour was begun, our young benefactress surveyed the whole garden, and having passed the Moors, approached where the captives were employed; drawing her veil entirely down, and wrapping herself in a huke of blue sattin, she spoke to them as she passed, and coming near to me, who was last in the lot of ground, and then had a heavy burden on my shoulders, she turned her face, still covered towards mine, and laying her right hand on her breast, which is the Moorish salutation, said, in a gentle tone, Holy Alla relieve thee, stranger. Many days passed, and some of my fellow-captives became so reconciled to captivity, that if the uncle and nephew had been removed, they would have been easily persuaded to serve Zaida while they lived. But the indulgence we received, only gave me more time to reflect on my hard fortune, and one night, while I was stretched on a grass-plot along the side of the Moor's palace, singing a mournful history of my



misfortunes, I was surprized by a loud knocking at the gate, and the neighing of horses; and instantly a soft disordered voice from a window above, said, trembling and hastily, To thy apartment, stranger; Morat! Morat! Alla guard thee. I fled, blessing the voice that warned me, and spent a tedious night in broken dreams, and waking expectations of cruelty from Morat, by whom such expectations were never disappointed. In the morning, long before the sun, he had surveyed the garden, and finding our labour had not equalled his desire, with his first salutation he struck me to the ground, and before I recovered, three of my companions were lying speechless. While he was proceeding in his cruelty, a slave came pale and breathless from the house, and faltering, could only pronounce, Zaida, Zaida——No more——Morat persevered, and having given each captive his blow, returned to the house. Bruised and neglected we groaned through the day's fatigue; but neither the bruises nor the toil preyed on my mind, so much as a fear and desire to know what had befallen our young benefactress. Weariness brought with it no rest; I lay all night sleepless, and before day-break heard my keepers relating, that Zaida, having beheld the first mark of her cousin's cruelty to the captives, had fainted, and continued some moments lifeless; that a cry that she was dead had reached Zeleben's, her father's ear, and so afflicted him, that even her recovery added little to his, the sudden joy rather oppressing him the more; and lastly, that Morat was gone to Oran, being called thither by sudden business. I rose overjoyed, and informed my fellow-prisoners that the storm was over. The next day Zaida walked twice thro' the garden, carefully ob-



serving us thro' her veil, and as she passed by me, twice repeated the *Aslemash*, pressing her hand more closely to her breast, and saying, *Alla guard thee*. Zelebin's disorder increased, and the fright had occasioned a fever, which was likely to prove fatal. On the 28th of March, it was my lot to be employed under the green-house, to which Zaida usually paid her morning visit; nor did she fail that day; for I had scarce taken the spade in my hand, when I saw her veiled at the window. When the course of my spade had brought me under the window, she dropped a tulip, with which she had been playing, at my feet; I took it up and ran round the building to present it to her, but before I could reach the entrance she was gone; I returned, admiring the largeness and colour of the flower, and was struck by characters like letters in the inside; examining more attentively, I found the tulip lined with two folds of fine paper, which I took out, and hardly had conveyed to my pocket, when one of the keepers approached, and took the flower from me. With what impatience did I labour through the day! evening came, and being alone in my cell I read the following letter.

*HOLY Alla protect thee, stranger: I have enquired much concerning thee, and feel a sharp pain when I see thee treated cruelly. If thou seekest thy freedom, I will contrive to give it, for I am loved by my father's servants, who will not betray me. I have provided for thee a Moorish turban, and a rich huke, in which thou mayest pass concealed. There is another present which I would give thee, but thou shalt see it first, for it may be burdensome to thee. If thou wilt be early with thy spade at*



*the green-house, I will shew thee what I would give thee. Be cheerful, stranger, for if Alla will permit, I will do thee much good.*

ALL the impatience of the day equalled not the restlessness of the night. I was up before the birds, and at day-break the spade was in the earth; Zaida came with the sun, and observing none near but me she drew back her veil, and looking on me with a sweet confusion, dropped another tulip and retired. It was the first time I had seen her face, and some moments passed before I could take my eyes from the window. I conveyed the flower to my pocket-book, and worked through the day in a hurry of joy that was painful to support. The burden of the tulip was this:

*STRANGER, thou hast now seen what I would give thee; but then I would have thee ask it. I will consent to be thy wife, if thou wilt take me with thee to thy own country. There is a French ship now near Arzew, and the French will carry us any where for money. But say not, thou wilt take me, if thou hatest me. Speak thy mind, for I will do thee good in whatever way thou desirest. Holy Alla watch over thee.*

WITH my pencil I wrote the following answer at the back of the letter:

*GREAT Alla reward thee, gentle Moor; I will not only ask what thou shewedst to me this morning; but I call our prophet to witness that I will have no other wife but thee. Whatever thou desirest I will.*



*do; but there is one captive who hath been kind to me, and I would free him too.*

THIS she received from the window, and retiring a few minutes, returned, and said, in her native tongue; *Be thou and thy captive friend at the garden door to-morrow at nine of the night.*

THE wished for evening came, and Zaida with her own hands opened the door, attended by a faithful servant, and informed me that her father could not live another night; that horses and dresses were ready, and she had sent by her servant to a hut on the water-side, all the money with which her father had entrusted her; and that a French privateer was preparing to sail in less than two hours. I urged her immediate departure, and she gave me a turban, and a fatten hike, and my fellow captive the coarse dress of a slave, covering herself in the like garment, that all might pass as my servants. Thus prepared we walked silently from the house before ten, and at a small distance mounting our horses, arrived in a short time at the hut. The captive Swede, whom I had released, immediately went on board the privateer to learn her destination, and was informed that she had orders to cruise near Malta, in order to take a bold Englishman called Fortunatus Wright; and if the winds would permit, we should be landed in that island. In a few minutes we sailed, and the next morning were many miles distant from Afric.—Ten days were passed, before we obtain'd a sight of Malta, and we had scarce dreamed of landing there when a signal was made for standing out to sea in pursuit of a ship, which upon a nearer view was found to be the very privateer which the French captain had



orders to take. Instantly I ran down, took Zaida in my arms, and supported her courage with all the animating words I was master of. Once she sunk upon my breast, and I had but just recovered her, when signal was made for engagement. The fire became hot, and the conflict bloody. I continued comforting Zaida till the event became doubtful, when pretending to her we were victorious, I sprung upon the deck, and observing that the English endeavoured to board us a-head, I slew the first who attempted our deck, and beckoning to the French to follow me, leapt on board the enemy's ship, unseconded by any, excepting my Swedish fellow-captive, who seeing me overpowered, leapt back and regained his ship. Thus I was made a prisoner, and my fair Moor left a prey to all the wretchedness of despair. After several vain attempts to board each other, the two ships parted; the French steered towards France, and I was carried into Malta. Good heaven! how soon was changed the gladsome prospect of happiness, to the darkest view of misery! The good captain, whose prisoner I was, observing my despondence, ordered me to be set free, though I had killed one of his men; and when I informed him, by a Maltese interpreter, of my unhappy story, and my resolution to go in quest of Zaida, he gave me 100 guineas, and advised me to sail for England; where, tho' I am unhappily exiled from it, said he, you will be generously treated, and will hear the fate of the French privateer; he then informed me of her name, and the port from which she was sent; when you find that she is landed, you will then be at liberty, said he, to visit France, and if the French captain be as generous as he seems brave, he will re-



store his passenger with all her possessions. He recommended me to an English captain then at Malta, and having kindly wished me good fortune, we parted.

Two long months I was tossed at sea: On the 10th of August, we arrived at our destined port, where the first object that struck my eyes was the French vessel in which I left the lovely Zaida: hope and fear almost deprived me of reason; with difficulty I told the captain all my story, and he, with the readiness of friendship, sent his boat to enquire whether any woman were taken prisoner on board the French prize: but we received no information, for the sailors, who then manned the ship, were strangers to her captain. We landed at a fair town, on the banks of a small river called Avon; and the captain, who had not drowned all his humanity in the rough element on which he traded, conveyed me to the prison, where, after searching in various apartments, at last I found my fair afflicted Zaida lying on the ground, with her head on the lap of her woman, and the Swede sitting near to guard her; as soon as she saw me her voice failed her, I had almost lost her by an agony of astonishment and joy as soon as I had recovered her: hours were counted ere she would believe her senses, and seven days passed over us, in which she sat with a silent admiration, and even still doubts whether all is real.





*The Furniture of a Beau's Mind.*

WHEN infants are born, by experience we  
find,  
With ideas so few they're supply'd,  
That Locke has most justly resembled their mind  
To a cabinet empty and void.

A beau and a child may in this be compar'd;  
For his mind wou'd be quite a charte blanche,  
If you strive (tho' I own the labour is hard)  
What's trifling and vain to retrench.

First, a set of shrewd hints, inuendos, and flanders,  
And lies that he tells with pert face;  
A heap of stale phrases, and double entendres,  
Without sense to apply them in place.

Some new fashion'd compliments ready at hand,  
Which he learns, like a parrot, by rote;  
To bully and bluster, with oaths at command,  
'Blood, madam, I'll cut the rogue's throat:'

Four jokes and a half from Joe Miller purloin'd;  
Six lines out of Hudibras more;  
Compose, if you nicely examine his mind,  
Of humour and wit his full store.

His learning just serves him to read a new song,  
Or chatter a sentence of French; [wrong,  
And what though 'em both he pronounces quite  
'Tis enough for his barber and wench.



Of Venus, and Cupid, and arrows and darts,  
 His tongue never ceasing runs on;  
 "Those eyes, my sweet angel, like swords pierce  
 our hearts,  
 ' Oh, close them, — or else I'm undone!"

Add to these a few scrapes of our modern romances,  
 From Grandison, Ramble, or Briggs;  
 Three dozen at least of new country dances,  
 With minuets, loupes, and jiggs.

O yes! I give notice, if any one know  
 More virtues than those we have reckon'd;  
 Let him send us the name and abode of his beau,  
 To add in edition the second.

Thus accomplish'd a captain, a knight, or a squire,  
 How great are his merit and charms;  
 See ladies in troops his perfections admire,  
 And with extasy spring to his arms.



*Riches and Glory. A Tale.*

THE miser is chiefly his own enemy, but the ambitious man is the enemy of the human race. He strides forward to vice with impunity, and even his virtues degenerate into faults. The miser and the ambitious are both equally self-interested; but, while one destroys only a cottage, the other, perhaps, overturns an empire.

RICHES and glory once made a journey together to this world, in order to try how mankind were disposed in order to receive them. Heroes,



citizens, priests, and lords, immediately lifted beneath their standards, and received their favours with gratitude and rapture. Travelling, however, into a more remote part of the country, they by accident set up at a cottage of a simple shepherd, whose whole possessions were his flock, and all his sollicitude the next day's subsistence. His birth was but humble, yet his natural endowments were great. His sense was refined, his heart sensible of love and piety, and, poor as he was, he still preserved an honest ardour for liberty and rest. Here, with his favourite Sylvan, his flock, his crook, and his cottage, he lived unknown, and unknowing a world that could only instruct him in deceit and falsehood.

OUR two travellers no sooner beheld him, than they were struck with his felicity. "How insupportable it is," cried Glory, "thus to be a spectator of pleasures, which we have no share in producing? Shall we, who are adored here below, tamely continue spectators of a man who thus flights our favours, because as yet unexperienced in their delights? No, rather let us attempt to seduce him from his wise pursuit of tranquillity, and teach him to reverence our power!" Thus saying, they both, the better to disguise themselves, assumed the dress of shepherds, and accosted the rustic in terms the most inviting. "Dear shepherd, how do I pity," cries Glory, "your poor simplicity! To see such talents buried in unambitious retirement, certainly might create even the compassion of the gods. Leave, pry'thee leave, a solitude designed only for ignorance and stupidity; it is doubly to die, to die without applause. You have virtues, and those ought to appear, not thus to lie



hid with ungrateful obstinacy. Fortune calls, and Glory invites thee. I promise you a certainty of success; you have only to chuse whether to become an author, a minister of state, or a general; in either capacity be sure of finding respect, riches, and immortality."

AT so unaccustomed an invitation, the shepherd seemed incapable of determining. He hesitated for some time between ambition and content, till at length the former prevailed, and he became, in some measure, a convert. Riches now came in to fix him entirely; and willing to make him completely the slave of both, thus continued the conversation, "Yes, simple swain, be convinced of your ignorance; learn from me in what true happiness consists. You are in indigence, and you miscall your poverty temperance. What! shall a man, formed for the most important concerns, like you, exhaust a precious life, only in obliging his mistress, playing upon a pipe, or shearing his sheep? Whilst the rest of mankind, blessed with affluence, consecrate all their hours to rapture, improved with art, shall you remain in a cottage, perhaps shuddering at the winter's breeze? Alas! little dost thou know of the pleasures attending the rich! What sumptuous palaces they live in; how every time they leave them seems a triumphal procession; how every word they pronounce is ecchoed with applause? Without fortune what is life but misery? what is virtue but sullen satisfaction?—Money, money is the grand mover of the universe; without it life is insipid, and talents contemptible."

THE unhappy shepherd was no longer able to resist such powerful persuasions; his mistress, his



flock, are at once banished from his thoughts, or contemptible in his eye. His rural retreat becomes tasteless, and ambition fills every chasm in his breast. In vain did the faithful partner of all his pleasures and cares solicit his stay; in vain expose the numberless dangers he must necessarily encounter; nothing could persuade a youthful mind bent on glory, and whose heart felt every passion in extreme. However, uncertain what course to follow, by chance he fixed upon the muses; and he began by shewing the world some amazing instances of the sublimity of his genius. He instantly found admission among the men of wit, and he gave lessons to those who were candidates for the public favour. He published criticisms, to shew that some were not born poets, and apologies in vindication of himself. But soon satire attacked him with all its violence; he found, in every brother a wit, a rival, and in every rival, one ready to depreciate whatever he had written. Soon, therefore, he thought proper to quit this seducing train, that offer beds of roses, but supply only a couch of thorns.

HE next took the field in quality of a soldier. He was foremost in avenging the affronts of his country, and fixing his monarch on the throne; he was foremost in braving every danger, and in mounting every breach: With a few successes more, and a few limbs less, our shepherd would have equalled Cæsar himself; but soon envy began to pluck the hard earned laurel from his brow: His conquests were attributed not to his superior skill, but the ignorance of his rivals; his patriotism was judged to proceed from avarice, and his fortitude from unfeeling assurance.



AGAIN, therefore, the shepherd changes, and in his own defence retired from the field to the cabinet. Here, become a thorough-bred minister of state, he copies out conventions, mends treaties, raises subsidies, levies, disposes, sells, buys, and loses his own peace, in procuring the peace of Europe; he even, with the industry of a minister, adopts his vices, and becomes slow, timid, suspicious, and austere. Drunk with power, and involved in system, he sees, consults, and likes none but himself. He is no longer the simple shepherd, whose thoughts were all honest, and who spoke nothing but what he thought; he is now taught only to speak what he never intends to perform. His faults disgusted some; his few remaining virtues more: At length, however, his system fails; all his projects are blown up; what was the cause of misfortune was attributed to corruption and ignorance; he is arraigned by the people, and scarcely escapes being condemned to suffer an ignominious death: Now, too late, he finds the folly of attending to the voice of Riches, or the call of Ambition. He flies back to his long-forfaken cottage; again assumes the rustic robe of innocence and simplicity; and, in the arms of his faithful Sylvana, passed the remainder of his life in innocence, happiness, and peace.





*The Devil killed by a Shepherd.*

**I**N the bishopric of Halberstadt, near Isleburgh, there lives a poor shepherd, bred up in the protestant religion, but of that kind, which from Martin Luther, are called Lutherans, differing in many points from the Romish church, and holding consubstantiation, &c.

NOT far from the plains where he kept his sheep was situated a monastery, or convent of monks, who had frequently laboured with all the arguments they could use, to withdraw this shepherd from his profession, and bring him over to the Romish religion.

How our shepherd was furnished with logick, I cannot say, but it appears he wanted not a settled resolution, which remained proof against all their attempts: wherefore, finding neither persuasion nor flatteries would prevail, they proceed to threatenings, telling him, that if he persisted in heresy after so many ghostly admonitions, he should be immediately plagued with the devil, who should carry him quick into hell.

BUT he not regarding such ridiculous menaces, persisted still in his religion. Wherefore two monks dressed themselves in strange and wonderful shapes, the one very gay and beautiful, with a brave pair of wings, and other accoutrements, fit to represent him as a good angel: the other in a frightful habit, personating the devil.

BEING thus prepared, they came one night to the shepherd, as he was sleeping in the fields in



his car, a small hut going upon wheels, commonly used by men of his profession.

THE counterfeited angel first exhorted him to embrace the Romish religion. But the good shepherd (possibly remembering the text, "If an angel from heaven should teach you any other doctrine, than what you have received, let him be accursed") would in no wise hearken unto him, so as to turn to popery. Whereupon the seeming good angel told him, if he would not obey his message, he must forthwith deliver him over to the devil; and finding his threats made no impression, he retreated.

THEN presently came up his confederate, representing the devil's own proper form, with a dreadful noise, and muttering, and to the great dismay of the trembling shepherd. But just as the mock-devil made an offer to seize on him, the shepherd's dog, not being afraid, when he saw his master in danger, fell upon the pretended fiend; and when the shepherd saw that the devil was not able to keep off the dog, his courage returned, and leaping out of his car, with his hook in his hand, knocked down the supposed devil dead on the spot; whom, at day-light, discovering to be only a neighbouring monk, he buried him in his devil's dress to prevent further trouble.

BUT the confederate angel, having fled at the sight of his companion's fall, returned next day with more monks to demand their brother.

THE shepherd, at first, denied the fact: but being carried before a magistrate, he scrupled not to declare, that as for the monk, he could give no account of him; but that he had killed the devil,



who attacked him last night in his carr, and buried him, as related above.

THE magistrate immediately ordered the ground to be opened; but the monk being found in his hellish dress, the monks thought it most prudent to drop their prosecution of the murder.



*The learned Country Justice.*

THE worshipful Simon Simple, Esq; one of his majesty's justices of the peace for the county of Kent, being one day at dinner with much other company at the house of a neighbouring gentleman; after dinner, their kind host, imagining that they had not eaten heartily enough, demanded if any of the company would eat a slice of cold neat's tongue; but being answered in the negative by every person present,—Come, come, cries he, perhaps you only say so because it is not here: fetch the tongue, Thomas, and bring a slice of butter with it.—The servant obeys; but coming into the room, his foot slipped, and the tongue falling from the dish, came rolling in before him. Whereupon the master of the house began to scold at Thomas for his carelessness. On which the servant replies,—You know, sir, it was only *lapsus linguæ*, and therefore no error of the mind.—This reply not only procured his pardon, but set the company into a roar of the loudest applause. Mr. Simple, before-mentioned, laughed as loud and as long as the best of them, though being quite ignorant that *lapsus linguæ* was Latin for a slip of the tongue; he could by no means guess where the cream



of the jest lay. Determined, however, that so excellent a piece of wit, as he conceived it to be, should not be thrown away upon him; he was no sooner come home, but he informed his lady what a fine joke he had heard, and that he was determined to play it off again as soon as possible. He therefore orders a shoulder of mutton to be roasted, and to be set till it was cold; and inviting a number of gentlemen to dine with him on the following day, he employed all the intervening time in instructing his servant how to throw down the mutton, and make the Latin apology, which he conceived would make excellent sport.—His company came at the time appointed, and having dined, our worshipful justice cries,—I am afraid, gentlemen, you have made but an indifferent dinner, will you eat a slice of cold mutton?—Being answered in the negative, he says,—Come, come, I know you only say so because it is not here: Robert, fetch the mutton, and be sure you bring a slice of butter with it.—Robert obeys his orders, and blundering in at the door, let fall the mutton; on which the justice began to scold at him, and Robert (as before instructed) excuses himself by saying,—It was only *slapsum slingum*, and therefore no terror of the mind.—Which answer produced a most immoderate fit of laughter from the justice, who wondering that the company did not join in his mirth, exclaims, zounds, gentlemen, why do not you laugh, I am sure that Robert has made an excellent answer, and such a one every body thought it the other day at 'Squire Freeman's, and to tell the truth, I had this shoulder of mutton roasted on purpose to shew you the trick.





*The Fair Nun, or Woman an Overmatch for the  
Devil. A Tale.*

**W**E sage Cartesians, who profess  
Ourselves sworn foes to emptiness,  
Assert, that souls a tip-toe stand  
On what we call the Pineal Gland;  
As weather-cocks on spires are plac'd,  
To turn the quicker with each blast.

THIS granted, can you think it strange,  
We all shou'd be so fond to change;  
Ev'n from the go-cart, 'till we wear  
A fatten cap i' th' elbow-chair?  
The follies that the child began,  
Custom makes current in the man;  
And firm by livery and seisin,  
Holds the fee-simple of his reason.  
But still the gusts of love we find  
Blow strongest on a woman's mind:  
Nor need I learnedly pursue  
The latent cause, th' effect is true;  
For proof of which, in manner ample,  
I mean to give you one example.

UPON a time, (for so my nurse,  
Heav'n rest her bones! began discourse;  
A lovely nymph, and just nineteen,  
Began to languish with the spleen.  
She who had shone at balls and play,  
In gold brocade extreamly gay,



All on a sudden grew precise,  
 Declaim'd against the growth of vice,  
 A very prude in half a year;  
 And most believ'd she was sincere.  
 Necklace of pearl no more she wears,  
 That's sanctify'd to count her pray'rs.  
 Venus, and all her naked loves,  
 The reformado nymph removes;  
 And Magdalen, with saints and martyrs,  
 Was plac'd in their respective quarters.  
 Not yet content, she cou'd not bear  
 The rankness of the public air;  
 'Twas so infected with the vice  
 Of luscious songs and lovers' sighs.  
 So most devoutly wou'd be gone,  
 And strait profess herself a nun.

A YOUTH of breeding and address,  
 And call him Thyrsis, if you please,  
 Who had some wealth to recompense  
 His slender dividend of sense;  
 Yet cou'd, with little thought and care,  
 Write tender things to please the fair;  
 And then successively did grow  
 From a half-wit, a finish'd beau;  
 (For fops thus naturally rise,  
 As maggots turn to butterflies)  
 This spark, as story tells, before  
 Had held with madam an amour;  
 Which he resolving to pursue,  
 Exactly took a proper cue;  
 And on the wings of love he flies  
 To lady abbess in disguise;  
 And tells her he had bought th'advowson  
 Of soul and body to dispose on.



Old sanctity, who nothing fear'd  
 In petticoats without a beard,  
 Fond of a profelyte and fees,  
 Admits the fox among the geese.

HERE duty, wealth, and honour prove,  
 Tho' three to one, too weak for love:  
 And to describe the war throughout,  
 Would make a glorious piece, no doubt:  
 Where mortal virtues might be slain,  
 And rise, and fight, and fall again;  
 Love shou'd a bloody myrtle wear,  
 And, like Camilla, fierce and fair,  
 The nun should charge---But I forbear.

ALL human joys, tho' sweet in tasting,  
 Are seldom (more's the pity!) lasting:  
 The nymph had qualms, her cheeks were pale,  
 Which others thought th' effects of zeal.  
 But she, poor she, began to doubt,  
 (Best knowing what she'd been about;)  
 The marriage earnest-penny lay  
 And burnt her pocket, as we say.  
 She now invokes, to ease her soul,  
 The dagger and the poison'd bowl;  
 And, self-condemn'd for breach of vow,  
 To lose her life and honour too,  
 Talk'd in as tragical a strain, as  
 Your craz'd Monimias and Roxanas.

BUT as she in her cell lay sighing,  
 Distracted, weeping, drooping, dying,  
 The fiend (who never wants address  
 To succour damsels in distress)  
 Appearing, told her he perceiv'd  
 The fatal cause for which she griev'd;  
 But promis'd her *en cavalier*,  
 She shou'd be freed from all her fear;



And with her Thyrsis lead a life  
 Devoid of all domestic strife,  
 If she wou'd sign a certain scrawl-----  
 " Ay, that she wou'd, if that was all."  
 She sign'd, and he engag'd to do  
 Whate'er she pleas'd to set him to.

THE critics must excuse me now;  
 They both were freed, no matter how:  
 For when we epic writers use  
 Machines, to disengage the muse,  
 We're clean acquit of all demands,  
 The matter's left in abler hands;  
 And if they cannot loose the knot,  
 Shou'd we be censur'd? I think not.

THE scene thus alter'd, both were gay,  
 For pomp and pleasure who but they?  
 Who might do ev'ry thing but pray.  
 Madam in her gilt chariot flaunted,  
 And Pug brought ev'ry thing she wanted;  
 A slave devoted to her will:  
 But women will be wav'ring still.  
 Ev'n vice without variety  
 Their squeamish appetites will cloy.  
 And having stol'n from lady abbess  
 One of our merry modern rabbies,  
 She found a trick she thought wou'd pass,  
 And prove the devil but an ass.

HIS next attendance happen'd right,  
 Amidst a moonless stormy night,  
 When madam and her spouse together,  
 Guess'd at his coming by the weather.  
 He came: " To-night, says he, I drudge  
 To fetch a heriot for a judge;  
 A gouty nine-i'th'-hundred knave:  
 But, madam, do you want your slave?



I need not presently be gone,  
Because the doctors have not done.

A rosy vicar and a quack  
Repuls'd me in my last attack;  
But all in vain, for mine he is;  
A fig for both the faculties."

THE dame produc'd a single hair,  
But whence it came I cannot swear;  
Yet this I will affirm is true,  
It curl'd like any bottle-screw.

"Sir Nic, quoth she, you know us all,  
We ladies are fantastical:  
You see this hair."---Yes, madam,"---"Pray,  
In presence of my husband stay,  
And make it straight: or else you grant  
Our solemn league and covenant  
Is void in law."----"It is, I own it:"  
And so he sets to work upon it.

HE tries, not dreaming of a cheat,  
If wetting would not do the feat:  
And 'twas, in truth, a proper notion;  
But still it kept th' elastic motion.  
Well! more ways may be found than one,  
To kill a witch that will not drown.

"IF I, quoth he, conceive its nature,  
This hair has flourish'd near the water.  
'Tis crisp with cold, perhaps, and then  
The fire will make it straight again."  
In haste he to the fire applies it,  
And turns it round and round, and eyes it.  
"Heigh jingo, worse than 'twas before!  
The more it warms it twirls the more."  
He stamp'd his cloven foot, and chaf'd;  
The husband and the lady laugh'd.



HOWE'ER, he fancy'd sure enough,  
 He shou'd not find it hammer-proof.  
 No Cyclops e'er at work was warmer,  
 At forging thunder-bolts or armour,  
 Than Satan was: but all in vain;  
 Again he beats—it curls again!  
 At length he bellow'd in a rage,  
 “This hair will take me up an age.”  
 “This take an age!” the husband swore,  
 “Z—ds, Betty has five hundred more.”  
 “More! Take your bond, quoth Pug; adieu,  
 'Tis loss of time to ply for you.”



*A Robbery strangely prevented.*

ONE Francis Parquot who was born in France, at Marines near Rochel, when he was about fifteen years old, came into England, where he lived three years with a French jeweller; and then leaving his master, he went to the city of Bath, and kept a shop for some time, but, being in debt, was forced to leave that place, and come up to London, where he privately followed his occupation, till falling into ill company, he betook himself to house-breaking.

BEING in a gang of three others of the same profession, and having received intelligence of a great deal of money and plate in a certain gentleman's house, about a mile from Rochester in Kent, they combined to rob it, and the better to atchieve their enterprize, disguised the youngest of their gang (being a handsome fellow) in woman's cloaths, and advised him to contrive some means to intrude



himself into the gentleman's family, as a domestick, to observe the places where the best booty lay.

THIS thief assuming a name suitable to his habit, went begging to the house, and possessed the gentleman with a belief that she was a poor orphan, her father having been hanged for some falsely imposed crimes, and that she had abandoned the place of her birth in Dorsetshire, being too sensible of the infamy which would reflect upon her for her father's disgraceful death.

THE gentleman mov'd with compassion at the recital of the misfortunes of this counterfeit Lucy (so she called herself) and seeing she offered to serve without contracting wages, willingly gave her admittance into his house. Her compliance and readiness to serve her lady, with the modest and harmless countenance she had cunningly assumed, purchased her so large a portion of her ladyship's favour, that she intrusted the management of her whole household to her care. Her credit grew by degrees to that height that she might freely take the keys of any room, and keep them long enough e'er they were re-demanded, or any body entertained the suspicion of her fidelity. One day going to fetch water at a spring without the village, she met one of her associates, who came to inform himself of her proceedings, while the others stay'd at Rochester, expecting a favourable opportunity to accomplish their design. She assured him if they came privately thither the night following, they might load themselves with gold and silver she then had in her power, promising withal to cast them out the cord-ladder, one of them had



conveyed into her hands not above two days before.

THE three thieves failed not a minute of the time appointed, and being arrived at the house, which was too strong barricadoed below stairs, they spied a hand guiding a cord-ladder out at a window. One of them by a gentle whistle gave notice of their approach; the like signal was returned from above: this drew all their eyes immediately to the window, where they perceived a woman, whom they supposed to be their confederate Lucy, tho' that was not the side of the house she had appointed them to scale.

ONE of three (named Oliver Belton) touched with remorse of conscience, took a serious review of all his past extravagancies, and had a few days before made a solemn vow to abandon that lewd company and amend his life; but his companions having need of his assistance would not be perswaded by all the intreaties he could make, to let him quit their consortship, but sealed their threats with execrable oaths, if he offered to desert them before they had robbed that house, wherever he retired they never would be at rest till they found means to murder him. Seeing them like greedy wolves ready to fasten upon the prey, he again told them as he desired no part of the booty they were going to take, so he would have no share of the trouble and danger they might undergo.

BUT after much reviling language, being taxed with fear and cowardise for denying his assistance, at last he was constrained to mount the ladder first, to avoid the fury of his enraged comrades. So stepping from the window into the chamber, he admired to see himself fall into the amorous arms



of a woman, whom he found of another constitution than Lucy. This was her lady, who took him for a gallant, appointed then to meet her in her husband's absence from home, the darkness of her chamber deceiving her, for her candle had been long put out.

BELTON, not insensible of this favour fortune had cast upon him, thought he must speedily hinder his companions ascent, or they would interrupt his sport; so gently unlocking the fair lady's arms, he hastened to the window, to take in the ladder, as she desired; and perceiving one of his associates already fast upon it, he ceased not drawing till he was at least half way up, then tying it to an iron hinge, he shut the window close.

THE thief thinking Belton intended to draw him in that manner to the top, at first was no way troubled; but finding a stop in the middle of his course, he began to entertain some jealous thoughts, and accuse those within of treachery. Nevertheless, he climbed up the ladder to the lady's window, but perceiving no possibility of entrance, and not daring to knock, lest some of the house should discover him, he fancied it would be his best way to recover the ground again: in this opinion he slid along the cord as low as it would reach, which was nothing near the bottom, and falling thence by a window fenced with iron bars, one of the pointed ends running thro' made him so fast a prisoner by the breeches, that all the art he had could not procure him the liberty to break his neck by tumbling any farther.

THE gallant in this interim not willing to neglect the assignment his mistress had given him, failed not to come to her house too, where seeing



on the other side Lucy with a ladder at the window, he presumed it was her lady. In this confidence he presently mounts to the top, and being entered the room, his language was nothing but an iteration of kisses to his supposed mistress. She wondering at his fond familiarity, said, "Oliver, what is the matter? is it thou or is it some other? what, are you become a fool, to play such antick tricks when we should rather be diligent in the expedition of our business? leave, I must help up thy fellows. Dost think my change of habit has made me transform my sex?" The gallant's opinion that he had mistook his mark, was perfectly confirmed by these words, which came not from the agreeable mouth of his right mistress. However, he stood not to examine what the true meaning was, because he thought they concerned him not; only he told Lucy (whom he then knew to be the maid) that her mistress had promised to dedicate that night to Venus in his company, and he was come to enjoy the precious contentment of her sweet embraces. Lucy, who had as much cunning as was requisite for any that exercised the trade she professed, searched among all her subtlest projects for an invention to get clear of him, imagining his presence would put a stop to their design. To conduct him to her lady's chamber (as he desired) she deemed not convenient, because she thought perhaps she might be commanded to stand centinal, or be otherwise employed when her companions came to execute their intention. So to avoid all incumbrances, she told him, her mistress was very sick, and had given her charge to plead her excuse for deferring her assignation.

THE gallant, cursing the crossness of his fate,



was forced to repeat his way to the rope, and being half way down, Lucy (whose treacherous soul delighted in wicked acts) to revenge the accidental check she conceived his coming had given to their contrivance, shook the cord with all the force her rage could lend her, on purpose to send him to the ground headlong. Seeing himself thus treated, he perceived there was no remedy but leaping, to save his limbs from being shattered to pieces against the wall.

THIS consideration presently made him quit his hold and commit his life to fortune, who lending no favourable assistance to his amorous stealths, but suffering him to tumble into a great bathing tub, he had like to have met with two deaths instead of one; for, besides making a great wound in his head, that bereaved him of both speech and sense, he wanted not much of drowning: Lucy hearing the noise he made, falling full upon the tub, rejoiced within herself at his disaster, and soon after drew in the ladder, believing her companions would not come that night.

THE thief that stayed below, which was Parquot, seeing Belton (who had got into the house) made no return, looked no more after him, and that his other comrade was so hung in the air, that there was no possibility of relieving him, expected no good issue of their plot; concluding, if this fellow were found hanging next morning in that posture, he should gain nothing by staying with him, but the ill fortune to be condemned to bear him company on another gallows.

HOWEVER, a certain groundless curiosity inviting him to walk round the house, he advances to the gallant's tub, and feeling a man in it, he



dragged him by the arms out of the water ; then his necessity (with the natural inclination he had to thieving) reviving his desire of prey, made him presently dive into the stranger's pockets, wherein he found a purse full of guineas, and a gold watch, besides a rich diamond ring he took off his finger.

THIS happy encounter somewhat qualified his former discontents, and without taking farther care whether the man he robbed was alive or dead, or enquiring what accident had brought him thither, he presently left that place, resolving to wander as his stars should direct him. However, the gallant being got out of the bathing tub, and in a great measure recovered his senses, made the best of his way off the ground too, and got home in his mortified wet condition before 'twas break of day.

OLIVER Belton, who had a jewel in possession of far greater value than his fellow thief Parquot, resolved to enjoy it to the full, and drown his desires in delight, till at last nothing could excuse him from discovering himself, being conjured so often to speak, as if he had been her gallant : but imagining the lady would be exceedingly displeased when she found herself deceived, he determined to use all possible means to pacifie her.

So he arose, and having a reasonable good wit, he prostrated himself upon his knees before her, with these words ; madam, I am infinitely sorry you are deceived, taking me for another ; truly, had not your careffes set an edge upon my appetite, I should not so easily have fallen into the crime I have committed ; however, inflict upon me what punishment you please, I am ready to receive your doom ; knowing my life and death are both at your disposal.



THIS voice much differing from her ladyship's gallant, made her presently perceive her error; but considering what was done could not again be undone, she had patience to hear Oliver thus proceed farther.

YOU have a maid, madam, called Lucy, who hath partly been the cause of this adventure, and if your patience will permit, I shall acquaint you how; you are deceived in believing her a maid, she is of a contrary sex, only disguised in woman's cloaths, on purpose to give thieves entrance here to rob you, and this night she promised to cast a cord-ladder out of a window, to facilitate their ascent. The disorders of my youth invited me to leave my father's house, who is a gentleman, and to rank myself in company with these thieves, but I framed a resolution a few days since, to relinquish their abominable course of life. Nevertheless, meeting with the ladder you had prepared for the gentleman you had appointed to meet, and taking it to be Lucy, I was forced to come up first; yet heaven is my witness I had no intent to assist them in the robbery, but rather to discover their plot to any I should chance to meet, and so prevent the mischief. To confirm your belief, madam, be pleased only to cast your eye from the window downwards, and you shall see one of the thieves, whose name is Alexander Gordon, hanging upon the cord, which I have half drawn up; this is a clear testimony that had I complied with their villainous intentions, I should not have used him in that manner.

THE lady moved with admiration at these words, went presently to satisfy her curiosity, and peeping through a little window, she perceived what



Oliver had told her was no lye, so she demanded no farther proof of his innocency, but desiring to know whether Lucy was one of the masculine gender, she called to her, Bring a light, which was no sooner brought into the lady's chamber, but betwixt her and Oliver, they tyed her hands and feet, together, and then searching madam Hic & Hæc found her to be of the male sex, and resolving she should suffer the same fate as her fellow-thief whom accident apprehended by the haunches, she said no body should relieve them but a constable and the hangman.

LUCY, whose right name was John Mallard, being thus secured, the lady invited Oliver back to her chamber, where having better opportunity to contemplate her perfections, he was ravished at the delicacy of her complexion, which he little thought was so transcendent when he enjoyed her in the dark. But the lady suspecting by that time her husband was ready to return, she advised Oliver to hide himself among the hay in the stable, and when the gate was opened, take his opportunity to slip away.

AFTER divers sweet adieu's, and an infinity of assurances to register her favours in his memory, he consented to follow her directions, and made his nest in the place appointed, while she returning to her chamber, locked herself within, expecting the success of Lucy and her confederates adventure, whom she caused to be apprehended: they were carried before a magistrate, who committed them to Maidstone-Goal; after two months imprisonment being both tryed at the Lent Assizes held there, they were executed accordingly.





*The Royal Cuckold.*

**I**N fruitful Lombardy of yore,  
 A beauteous prince the sceptre bore;  
 A prince, who never fail'd to move  
 Each heart with envy or with love.  
 As in the glass he did one day  
 From head to foot himself survey,  
 Can any man alive, says he  
 With shape and face compare with me?  
 Whoe'er shall such a person bring,  
 Upon the honour of a king,  
 May claim my favour, and depend  
 I'll make the charming guest my friend.

A ROMAN knight was standing by,  
 And made the monarch this reply:  
 Your majesty, as I perceive,  
 Is nice in beauty: give me leave  
 To fetch my brother, and you'll see  
 None, but yourself, has more than he.  
 But that may easily be try'd  
 By what the ladies' hearts decide.  
 If you think fit he'll gladly share  
 The pains you take to please the fair;  
 And may, while you pursue new game,  
 Solace the poor forsaken dame.  
 Astolpho answer'd thereupon,  
 (For so they call'd the royal Don)  
 Your talk has made me much desire  
 To know this brother; bring the squire..  
 The knight to fetch his brother goes;  
 (Joconde we'll his name suppose.)



Who in the country liv'd retir'd,  
 Nor envy'd joys in courts admir'd;  
 Join'd to a young and charming spouse:  
 But whether blest'd in nuptial vows  
 With such a mate, he best could tell;  
 His neighbours lik'd her passing well.

His brother finds him, lets him know,  
 He instantly to court must go;  
 Where he'd be sure to get a place,  
 And make his fortune by his face.  
 But then alas! this charming wife,  
 Depriv'd of all the joys of life,  
 Express'd so movingly her woe,  
 It griev'd his very soul to go;  
 Protesting against all relief,  
 She seems to triumph in her grief,  
 Puts on her tragic airs, and tries  
 To draw tears from Joconde's eyes:  
 And can you leave me? then wept she,  
 Joconde! so much cruelty?  
 Ah! will you to my tender care  
 The pageantry of courts prefer?  
 Can you forget your faithful wife,  
 The pleasures of a rural life,  
 That calm repose and peace of mind,  
 Which none in crowds nor courts can find,  
 These flow'ry meads, where purling streams  
 Soften the soul to pleasing dreams,  
 These woods which shade us from the heat,  
 Where birds their various songs repeat;  
 The rising hills, the winding vales,  
 And ev'ning's sweet refreshing gales,  
 Those coy recesses of the grove,  
 Those seats of innocence and love?



But ah! what should engage your stay,  
 I fear most hastens you away!  
 You scorn in solitude to shine,  
 And flight an easy heart like mine.  
 Go, cruel man, be vain! and shew  
 Those charms, which none can boast but you.

WHAT Jocund' offer'd, to abate  
 'Th' affliction of his loving mate,  
 Our story mentions not: we'll say  
 His sorrow took his speech away;  
 A method which will best excuse  
 The squire, and disengage my muse.  
 The wife, when now with broken heart  
 She saw him ready to depart,  
 Reminding him of former blisses,  
 And stifling him with tears and kisses,  
 A bracelet gave him, as a charm  
 To keep his precious life from harm.  
 Take and wear this, my dear, says she;  
 And when you see it, think of me.  
 An honest meaning body might  
 Have thought she would have dy'd that night.

WELL, Jocund' went; but on the road,  
 About two leagues from his abode,  
 The bracelet came into his head,  
 Which he had left on spouse's bed,  
 As having taken there his leave;  
 This strange neglect he knew would grieve  
 Her tender heart, and gallop'd back,  
 Not knowing what excuse to make.  
 To the dear bed in haste he flies;  
 And on his wife's chaste bosom spies  
 A lubbard hind; and both so fast  
 Asleep, as if they slept their last.



Jocond' at first resolv'd they should:—  
 But having paus'd a-while, thought good  
 To let this vile adult'ry rest:  
 And in my judgment that was best.  
 For in such nice affairs, the wise  
 Make use of neither ears nor eyes.

WHETHER 'twas wisdom or compassion  
 With-held the husband's indignation,  
 Or that the poet was unwilling  
 To damp a merry tale, with killing;  
 Base woman live! Joconde said,  
 Let thy own conscience thee upbraid.  
 He then took horse, and left the lout  
 In his wife's arms, to snore it out.  
 Still as he rode, he bore in mind  
 The couple whom he left behind:  
 And fretting as he scour'd along,  
 This was the burthen of his song:  
 Had some brisk wit or powder'd beau,  
 Or colonel lac'd from top to toe,  
 Or page been chosen for her use,  
 She might have pleaded some excuse:  
 But after sighing, swooning, sobbing,  
 Zoons, to debauch that booby Robin!  
 Then spur'd his horse with indignation,  
 In hopes to leave behind his passion.

SUCH keen reflexions on his case  
 Had giv'n the squire a dismal face.  
 The ladies, when they saw him, said,  
 Lord! is the man alive or dead!  
 Is this the beautiful Narcissus  
 Was sent for in post-haste, to kiss us!  
 Heav'ns, did you ever see a fellow,  
 With sides so lank, and face so yellow!



The king was pleas'd, the knight was blam'd,  
The ladies baulk'd, the squire aſham'd.

JOCONDE worn to ſkin and bone  
Was yet a comely ſkeleton:  
And ſtill one eaſily might trace  
Remains of beauty in his face:  
But wanting life, and force to fire  
'The ladies' boſoms with deſire.

SAUNT'RING one day about the court,  
In places of the leaſt reſort,  
A door unlock'd he chanc'd to ſee,  
That open'd to a gallery;  
And from a private cloſet there,  
Theſe tender words did over-hear:  
My life, my love, my only joy,  
My dear Courtade, my charming boy!  
Muſt I then ſtill my vows apply  
To one ſo lovely and ſo ſhy?  
A thouſand glitt'ring beaux would fain  
Do what you may, yet wiſh in vain.  
When Florimel the meſſage brought  
You curs'd her, call'd her all to nought;  
And heedleſs of my am'rous rage,  
Play'd at Laſqu'net with a page,  
Rather than eaſe the fond deſires  
Of her who for your love expires.

JOCUND' was puzz'led, and one may  
Give any one at leaſt a day  
To gueſs the nymph who humbly ſu'd  
A ſwain ſo ſtubborn to be woo'd.  
Now who ſhould this Adonis be  
But the king's ugly dwarf! and ſhe,  
In whoſe embraces he was ſeen,  
The bright Aſtolpho's haughty queen!



The crazy wainscot was but slight,  
 And at a chink let in the light:  
 Where Jocond' with amazement saw  
 These tender lovers through the flaw.

BOTH did on Florimel rely,  
 To be secure of privacy;  
 But, warm'd by watching at the door,  
 She too perhaps had an amour,  
 Which took up all her thought and care;  
 So mindful of her own affair,  
 Forgot th'importance of her post,  
 And heedlessly the key had lost;  
 Which Jocond' kept for future use,  
 And pleaded thus his wife's excuse.

I FIND that Cupid makes his jokes  
 Among the better sort of folks:  
 A royal dame for love may pine,  
 And give a monarch brows like mine.  
 Since such a princess flights the king,  
 For such an ugly little thing,  
 I think my wife was less to blame,  
 Who with a bumpkin quench'd her flame.  
 Thus having set his mind at peace,  
 His griefs abate, his charms increase;  
 His hollow cheeks begin to rise,  
 Fresh vigour sparkles in his eyes,  
 A second youth renews his face,  
 And blooms again in ev'ry grace.  
 The fair with eager looks pursue  
 The man they lately scorn'd to view:  
 Transported with his sudden charms,  
 And die to clasp him in their arms.  
 Joconde having heard and seen  
 What pass'd betwixt the dwarf and queen,



He thought he could on no pretence  
 Hide this smock-treason from the prince.  
 But that he might the less displease,  
 Open'd the matter by degrees;  
 And as it fell in conversation,  
 Had always ready some quotation,  
 To shew that heroes in all ages  
 Ne'er wanted matrimonial badges.  
 Dread Sir, says he, the proudest shees  
 Make frequently such slips as these;  
 And many dames of regal station  
 Have condescended to the fashion:  
 Men, fam'd for courage, wit and sense,  
 Have against horns found no defence:  
 But when they had 'em always bore  
 Their fronts as upright as before.  
 The day, quoth he, I bid adieu  
 To my dear spouse to wait on you,  
 I was convinc'd by her miscarriage,  
 That cuckoldom is link'd to marriage.  
 Then did each circumstance relate  
 Of his, and of the monarch's fate.

THE king was fir'd: You seem, says he,  
 A man of sense and probity;  
 Yet, tell me where I may behold  
 With my own eyes what you have told.  
 He did; and plac'd him, where unseen,  
 He saw the dwarf upon the queen.  
 Struck with the baseness of the crime,  
 He stood astonish'd for a time;  
 Then said, Our wives, the more's their shame,  
 Have play'd us but a scurvy game:  
 Yet since we can't what's past unravel,  
 Let us, Joconde, both go travel;



And try what fortune we shall find  
 Among the rest of womankind.  
 To put in practice this design,  
 Change you your name, and I'll change mine.  
 Great equipage would trouble bring;  
 Therefore I'll quit the state of king,  
 Lay dull formality aside,  
 And all things equally divide.  
 Barefoot I round the world will roam,  
 Quoth Jocond', rather than go home,  
 All that your majesty requires,  
 Is what my injur'd heart desires.  
 We'll ramble, till we have forgot  
 The dire effects of Hymen's knot.

So be it then, the king reply'd;  
 But first a table-book provide,  
 To take the names of those we find  
 Pliant to our desires, and kind.  
 It won't be long, I dare engage,  
 E're Italy fills ev'ry page;  
 For she that proves to beauty cold,  
 Will fall by flattery or by gold.

BOTH thus equipt their journey took,  
 And bought a folio table-book.  
 The many favours they receiv'd  
 Were hard to tell or be believ'd;  
 Each lovely nymph when they appear,  
 Puts on her most becoming air,  
 And ev'ry study'd grace displays,  
 Happy if she obtain a praise;  
 But happier she, whose killing charms  
 Attract the lover to her arms.  
 Hearts hard as stone, and cold as ice,  
 Grow warm and soften in a trice:



Where'er they come they meet fresh prey :  
 And a new face for ev'ry day :  
 Round all the country strole for prizes,  
 And fail no may-pole nor affizes.  
 In ev'ry town take special care  
 To finish alderman and mayor.  
 If at the baths, or at the wells ;  
 Vapours are cur'd, and belly swells,  
 In folio-book the nicest dame  
 Is proud to register her name.  
 Your critick will object that I  
 Break through the rules of decency ;  
 That dames who keep their days in state,  
 And wives of city magistrate,  
 Who know themselves of high degree,  
 Will not be towz'd extempore.  
 It may be so ; but I want time  
 To draw their courtship out in rhyme.  
 As to the fact, I here unfold it,  
 As honest Ariosto told it.

WHEN our gallants had had their swing,  
 And slak'd their thirst at ev'ry spring,  
 Astolpho cry'd we can subdue  
 What heart soever we pursue :  
 But, if old Galen's rule hold good,  
 It is with love, as 'tis with food ;  
 In which variety of meat  
 Is apt to make one ever eat.  
 We'll have a single dish in common,  
 That is, between us both, one woman.  
 Quoth Jocond' what you say is true ;  
 The pretty marchioness will do.  
 I'm not dispos'd to have a flame,  
 The king reply'd, for such a dame :



A little sempstrefs might be found,  
 As fair as marchionefs, and found.  
 To fuch we need no homage pay;  
 In publick walks, or at the play:  
 But without making any rout,  
 To ogle her, or lead her out,  
 Whate'er we wish, may do with ease,  
 And be in no constraint to please.

JOCONDE ask'd, what if we try

The daughter of our landlady?

She is a maid I dare uphold,

In ev'ry point, tho' twelve years old.

Your motion's good, Astolpho said,

If I may have the maidenhead;

This privilege at which I aim,

Is but a fancy; let me claim

For once, dear friend, the preference,

Allow me here to play the prince;

In this one single branch I'd strive

To keep up my prerogative.

Joconde said, in fuch a case

How, fir, can flesh and blood give place?

In all things else, I shall be still

Obedient to your royal will;

But if you please, we'll leave this cause

To the decision of two straws.

Draw lots they did, with earnest care,

For this imaginary ware,

Joconde claim'd, in point of law,

By virtue of the longest straw.

THIS little virgin being come,

On some small errand, to their room,

Both king and squire the girl carefs'd,

Her beauty prais'd, her bubbies press'd;



Then shew'd a ring, so sparkling shone,  
 That night engag'd her for their own,  
 And whilst her careful mother slept,  
 She softly to their chamber crept.  
 The lovers in the middle plac'd her,  
 And honestly, by turns, embrac'd her.  
 To the contentment of all three;  
 Joconde was in extacy!

To think how he had got with might,  
 Entry and seisin of his right.  
 I'll pardon him, for 'tis in vain,  
 On that point to have any pain,  
 In which all girls with little trouble,  
 Can the most artful sportsman bubble;  
 As Seneca, that learned clerk,  
 Doth somewhere, as I'm told, remark.

THUS all went well; the damsel play'd,  
 To greatest nicety, the maid;  
 Though long had her fantastic toy,  
 Been yielded to a 'prentice boy.  
 But merrily one night they pass  
 Abundantly to her solace;  
 The same the next, and 'tis averr'd  
 She pass'd as merrily the third.

THE 'prentice wonder'd to behold  
 His mistress grown so very cold,  
 But was not long upon the scent,  
 Before he found how matters went;  
 And did in terms severe reprove  
 The wench for being false to love.  
 She whimper'd; but confess'd at last,  
 The contract she had lately pass'd.  
 And, to appease him, thus she said;  
 If there be credit in a maid,



Soon as these naughty guests are gone,  
 I'm yours again: and yours alone.  
 A fig, says he, for any guest;  
 Kifs me, this very night, you'd best.  
 The girl reply'd, with weeping eyes,  
 Which way to do't, can you devise?  
 These folks to whom I am engag'd,  
 If I should fail, would be enrag'd;  
 And keep the ring, for which you know  
 What pains I nightly undergo.  
 I'll get the ring, says he, for you,  
 And gratify my humour too.  
 Do they sleep sound? Yes, when they sleep,  
 Says she, but I'm oblig'd to keep  
 My post between 'em both, for one  
 Lies still until his friend has done;  
 So that I seldom want employ.  
 At their first snoring, says the boy,  
 I'll visit you, and ask no more  
 Than that you wou'dn't shut the door.  
 She left it open, and he came  
 To the bed's feet with eager flame;  
 Then sliding up between the sheets,  
 (Love ever favours these deceits)  
 Plac'd himself close, tho' G—d knows how,  
 But Ariosto does avow,  
 That tho' the lovers did awake,  
 Soon as the bed began to shake,  
 Yet, all the while the boy was at her,  
 They neither of 'em smoak'd the matter.  
 What has my comrade eat to-night,  
 To fire his blood and force delight?  
 Astolpho thought; still lay the squire,  
 Much wond'ring at the monarch's fire.



In the mean time the sturdy boy  
 His precious time did well employ:  
 And as the day began to peep,  
 Th' advent'urers being fast asleep,  
 The lad slept off; the little maid  
 Retir'd, of new fatigues afraid.

WHEN these knights-errand were awake,  
 The king Joconde thus bespake:  
 Great sir! with glorious toils oppress'd,  
 Compose your weary limbs to rest;  
 And after such unusual pains,  
 Consult the welfare of your reins.  
 Odds-fish, the merry prince reply'd,  
 I waited to get up and ride:  
 Till tir'd with watching, sleep o'ercame;  
 But had you sooner quench'd your flame,  
 I would have made a post or two;  
 And that's as much as I could do.  
 Joconde cry'd, there's no dispute  
 With kings who will be absolute:  
 But for the future, I'll beware  
 How monarchs in my pleasure share.  
 The king was piqu'd at this retort;  
 Some princes would have quarrell'd for't;  
 But he, good man, reply'd, dear mate,  
 Let the girl judge of this debate.  
 Then calling Lucy up in haste,  
 To tell them how affairs had pass'd,  
 Eager each other to refute,  
 Both told the cause of their dispute;  
 She, blushing on her knees did fall,  
 Ask'd pardon, and discover'd all.  
 They would not treat the wanton ill;  
 But, after having laugh'd their fill,



Gave her the ring and fifty crowns;  
 To buy new top-knots, gloves and gowns;  
 With which the baggage soon was wed;  
 When modestly, in bridal bed,  
 She lost, with many an artful squal,  
 Her maidenhead for good and all.

THUS did Astolpho and his friend  
 To these adventures put an end;  
 Finding themselves o'ercharg'd with laurels,  
 Which though not gain'd by warlike quarrels,  
 Yet shall immortalize their names  
 As long as Cupid's altar flames:  
 Laurels more fair than those attain'd  
 By battles won or cities gain'd;  
 More fair, although they only cost  
 A few feign'd sighs, or tears at most;  
 And far from danger and alarms,  
 Had been acquir'd by dint of charms.

THEIR table-book quite full of names,  
 Of Belles who had well quench'd their flames;  
 Come, says the monarch to the squire,  
 We pretty well have spent our fire,  
 E'en let us to our homes resort,  
 You to the country, I to court.  
 Our wives are loose beneath the waist,  
 And others are not over-chaste,  
 'Tis in misfortunes some relief  
 To have companions in our grief;  
 Then let us both like prudent men  
 Return, and take our dames again,  
 That love which Hymen had subdu'd,  
 Perhaps our absence has renew'd.  
 And as Astolpho had divin'd,  
 Their wives were mighty fond and kind,



After some chiding, more for fashion  
 Ariosto tells us, than in passion,  
 They strove lost pleasure to retrieve,  
 As fast as love would give 'em leave;  
 Not mentioning, as I can find,  
 The crooked dwarf, or lubbard-hind.

THEN let us not with fruitless care,  
 Expect perfection from the fair;  
 But since we cannot live without 'em,  
 Take 'em with all their faults about 'em,  
 And stedfastly this truth believe,  
 That ev'ry WOMAN is an EVE.



*The Self-Rival.*

**W**OMEN, with an eminent degree of beauty and elegance, never fail pleasing at first sight, and on the other hand, the plain and forbidding, may also assure themselves of a contrary effect: the former having nothing to fear, nor the latter to hope; but they who are neither of a striking beauty nor ugliness, them it concerns to take great precautions at a first interview, the success of which depends, not only on the taste of him to whom they are desirous of appearing amiable, but on the different dispositions in which the man may happen to be; as in a gloomy moment of chagrin, he may be disgusted with one of those semi-beauties, with whom amidst the festivity of entertainment he would have been charmed.

AN only daughter, one of those equivocal beauties we have been speaking of, was at first sight



determined to love a gentleman, on whom she perceived that the first sight of her had not such an effect; they happened to meet at a judge's chambers about a law-suit, on which depended the welfare of the two families; in order to adjust an affair of such concern, yet uncertain, a match was that very day agreed on between the two heirs; and this agreement celebrated by a splendid feast; the heiress made her appearance in a very careless dress, and her compliments and behaviour were no less void of ceremony. This created some astonishment, and being asked by her mother, what reason she had for such singularity, she made answer, that having perceived, at the judge's chambers, that her person was not like to create any love in her future husband, she would endeavour at least to gain his esteem by her modesty.

THE gentleman, who had been for some time expected, came; he was a very personable youth, and though not wanting in manners or good sense, of an excessive frankness, plainly speaking what he thought. His first speech at coming in, was to the mother, saying, that he came to pay his duty to her; that this morning was the first time he had ever heard of the marriage, which his father intended for him; had I known, continued he, saluting the young lady, that you was she with whom I am to pass my life, I would have intreated you, freely to have told me, whether in a marriage concerted between our parents merely for the mutual interest of the two families, you as willingly conformed to your mother's directions, as I obey my father; for, if the match be in the least against your inclination it is what I will never suf-



fer myself to be brought to. To this, the mother, preventing the daughter, answered, that her daughter had most willingly obeyed at the very first intimation; but, Sir, allow me to desire that you, with your natural sincerity, would declare, whether you have any liking to my daughter. O! answered he, I see supper is on the table, I will answer that question at the desert; but for the present let us sit down. The table-talk turned entirely on the oddness of a marriage so suddenly concluded, not a word came from the daughter, and it was very seldom she looked at the gentleman, though already in love with him; but she had her reason. At length comes the desert, and the servants being ordered to withdraw, the mother challenged the gentleman's promise of freely declaring his mind; which he did, with all imaginable politeness; but he gave her to understand that her daughter had not touched his heart, but protested that she might depend on the most civil treatment, and every mark of real affection. This new manner of making love occasioned a good deal of pleasantry, till the company broke up; the mother, in her return home, rattled her daughter for sitting like a mope at table. I had my reasons for it, said the daughter, I did it to make myself loved. Loved! answer the mother, you go an odd way to work; but this sagacious girl laid open her scheme so much to the mother's satisfaction, that she promised to act a part in it.

THE day following, the gentleman paid a visit to the daughter, whom he did not love, but whom, on her character, he esteemed: after a short silence, she, with a mein which could give him no great idea of her intellects, said, that as she had no



hopes of his love, she at least required from him an excessive proof of his esteem, which was, that should he hereafter take a fancy to any other woman, to make her his confident. This proposal he looked on in the light which he thought it deserved, and made answer, that as far as he knew himself, he was not the most propense to amours, but that should such a thing fall out, his reason would help him to stifle a passion, and to conceal it from himself, so far from imparting it to his wife; she insisted that she would stand in his heart, at least in the rank of a good friend; this produced a long contest, managed with great indifference on his side, and with an odd sort of obstinacy on hers. He still would not promise so extravagant a confidence, till, to be rid of her importunities, with a contemptuous laugh, he complied with what she had been soliciting. Another good quality of this gentleman was, that what he had promised, he kept to; he took his leave of her, telling her, in a careless manner, that he was going to the ball, and always put on a Spanish dress, and very seldom missed a night; to which she answered, that she could not endure a ball, dancing was a thing that she could never learn.

He was no sooner in the street, than she sent for an *Espagnoletta* habit, purposing to follow him. With the finest shape in the world, and an advantageous stature, she had all the graces of attitude, and danced inimitably; her neck, the colour of her face, and her eyes were perfectly beautiful, so that with a very little mask and the apertures for the eyes very open, her appearance was quite enchanting; she soon attracted the eyes of the whole company, and her Spaniard was not the



least charmed; being taken out to dance, she herein increased the admiration of her person; the Spaniard who stood forward to have the better sight of her, had the high pleasure of being chosen for her second partner. After dancing, they fell into conversation: the Spaniard enraptured with the brilliancy of her repartees, and the turn and delicacy of her thoughts, little imagined this engaging person to be her whom he had seen only in her negligee, which hid her shape and disfigured her air, and affecting an indolence bordering on stupidity; in a word, he began to love her, beyond what he thought himself susceptible of, and rejoiced in the happiness only of being told by her, that she was to be at the ball on the following night, and in the same habit.

ON the afternoon of the next day, he waited on his future bride, whom he found in her usual indolence, and more carelessly than before, but in her discourse a surprising alteration; such judgment, such elevation of thought, such tenderness of sentiments, and delivered with such an amiable sweetness, that he began to grow a little easy, though she wanted the sparkling wit and radiant charms of the Espagnoletta; yet some signs of extreme agitations escaped him, and from time to time, to her great joy, he fell into unusual distractions; she now plainly saw he was smitten; they both kept their word to meet at the ball, and in a conversation still more animated than that of the last night, she threw fresh fuel on his love; but his marriage obtruding itself among his raptures, gave rise to such forcible reflections, that by a very extraordinary effort of virtue he was suddenly for leaving the Espagnoletta; how! will you leave



me? says she, with an air, sufficient to have enamoured him, if he had not been so; on this he sunk down again in his chair, without speaking a word: I see, says she, that to obtain you I stand in need of all my charms; well then, I will unmask; no such thing, no such thing, cried he, labouring in the conflict, what will become of me! and in effect, dreading the consequence of a longer stay, he instantly broke from her; this very probably was the first time that a mistress has been pleased, at a lover's overcoming the passion he had for her; the *Espagnoletta*, at this sight of her Spaniard, was no less delighted at his virtue, than his love.

THIS gentleman, who had never been known to trespass against sincerity, as he had given his word to his future bride, determined not to conceal from her a passion so very unexpected; he laid open to her the bottom of his heart, while she only feigned as much jealousy, as sufficed to let him know, that she loved him; and afterwards, expressing such resignation and indulgence, and so much confidence in his fidelity, that he could not but execrate himself for having been capable of harbouring any sentiment to her injury. She endeavoured to remove his concern by high commendations of his extraordinary prudence and resolution, in refusing to see the *Espagnoletta* unmasked, at the same time advising him, that he should endeavour to see her so; that, said she, is the only way of curing you; to be sure she is another creature under the mask, than what your inflamed imagination represents her, and should she prove to want beauty, you would soon forget her wit. No, no, replied he, there is nothing like



shunning her; and this very evening will I beg of my father to put off our marriage for a few days, while I go into the country, where I make no doubt but I shall get the better of this freak; my esteem for you will not allow me to give myself to you in my present distracted state; no, no, says she, I will put you in the surest way to forget the charms of your Espagnoletta, for unquestionably your passion will be cured on seeing her without a mask; you may depend on it, for to tell you the truth, it is no longer ago than yesterday, that one, who knows her perfectly well, was talking of her, and said, that except her eyes, she had not a single good feature in her face; still the lover insisted on a short rustication, but the father, who had got intelligence of all these transactions, laid his commands on his son to bring matters to an issue the very next day.

THE contract was signed, and after the solemnization, the splendid company retired. 'You will never cure me, said he, of a detestable passion which so many other charms have kindled; I have already imagined her more hideous, than it is well possible for her to be, and am not a whit the easier; Ah! madam, no longer stop me.

WHILST he was speaking, the Espagnoletta, animated by this scene, which gave her inconceivable delight, exerted the most of her skill and vivacity in all the motions of the dance; he turned aside his looks from the irresistible temptation; but she wantonly swept along close by him, which at once expelled reason and duty, and he forgot the presence of his mother-in-law; to compleat his confusion, the Espagnoletta took him by the hand; this quite overpowered his senses, and his mother-



in-law taking him under the arm, he suffered himself to be huffed away to a closet, without knowing whither he was going, and the mother shut herself up with them. The Espagnoletta then sent forth a deep sigh, and no more than natural, for by unmasking herself she feared that she should totally lose the pleasure of seeing her husband so very fond; she loved him as much as he loved the Espagnoletta, her languishing looks answered those of her transported lover, they looked at each other for some time without uttering a word, whilst the anxious mother's fluent tongue was giving her son-in-law an idea of the most distasteful ugliness, that by this contrast, when her daughter should come to unmask, she might appear to less disadvantage; the fond bride availed herself as long as she could of her husband's mistake, but as she could not prevail on herself to terminate this scene, the mother, at length, took the mask from the daughter's face.

THE powerful effect that this surprize produced in this happy bridegroom, is one of those things, the force of which is diminished by any description; imagine the situation of a man of honour, conflicting with love and beauty, infinitely esteeming one person, and passionately in love with another, and at length finds them both united in one complete object.

As to the bride, what must have been her ecstasy, that in so little a time she had transformed an indifferent lover into an enamoured husband, and brought the struggle between esteem and love to a favourable issue, which established her felicity, and did equal honour to both.





*The Story of Bob Easy.*

**B**OB EASY entered the world with a pretty paternal estate; he had at least eight hundred pounds a year, wholly unincumbered, and could boast of connexions perhaps as considerable as most young fellows of middling fortune in the kingdom. Besides these advantages, he possessed an elegant figure, a polished address, a liberal education, and a benevolent heart; so that on his first appearance in fashionable life, he was every where thought (to borrow an expression from Shakespear) a man of much Mark and Livelihood. Unhappily, however, Bob, instead of engaging himself in any pursuit, that was calculated either to extend his fortune, or exalt his character, gave a loose to the natural gaiety of his temper, and passed the principal part of his time with a celebrated club of quality, who associated in the neighbourhood of St. James's, from a generous intention of robbing their friends, as well as an humane desire of destroying their constitutions. Here, though Bob very plainly saw the shameful principle upon which the meeting was founded, though he saw men of rank descend to all the infamous artifices of play, and had himself an inbred aversion to gaming, he still would do as the company did, he was always willing to make one, and constantly cut in at the whist-table, or sat down with a party at hazard, the moment he was called upon for the purpose. The consequences, however, became speedily alarming; his eight hundred a-year was



in the course of one winter reduced to half the sum; and he sensibly bid adieu to the club. Upon the first intimation of his retreat, the very people who had won his money, and addressed him with the warmest profession of regard, were the first to censure his imprudence, and to name him with contempt. What business, cried one, had such a puppy here? he should have staid at home, and confined himself to bread and cheese upon his little income. Ay, replied a second, bread and cheese will shortly be his fare, for I am told he was arrested this morning at the suit of his taylor. I am glad of that, returned the third, for if he is carried to goal, he will at least be certain of a habitation. In this manner was poor Bob treated by many a right honourable sharper, who in the days of his prosperity appeared his bosom-friend, and never discovered an error in his conduct, while he was able to comply with the wishes of the company.

HITHERTO Mr. Easy had only injured himself by his willingness, to do as others did; but in his next round of acquaintance, which consisted of several damned hearty fellows, professed admirers of the bottle, the complying turn of his temper was attended with more general inconveniencies. Did any sot at four in the morning propose another bottle, he called upon Bob—honest Bob—and found Bob always ready to wait for a dozen, rather than disappoint an individual of the company. Had any fool, in the hour of intoxication, a mind for a frolic, that is, a desire of falling into the streets to annoy the inoffensive, he was sure of a companion of Bob——Bob would make one; and even commit a violence upon his own humanity to acquiesce with the very vices of his acquaintance.



Thus numberless schemes, either of the absurd, or the cruel, which probably would have died in their birth, were carried into execution, from the actual good nature of Mr. Easy; and many, many times has his downright regard for his friends, procured the best of them a sound drubbing, and more than once occasioned a trial at the Old-Baily. Notwithstanding these disagreeable accidents, Bob still would do as every body else did, 'till one unfortunate evening, having an eye beat out in a fray with a hair-dresser, who struck him with his irons, he quitted the society of the Bon Vivants, never more to return. The society laughed immoderately at the motive of his retreat, damned him as a pitiful dog, for minding the loss of his eye, and in the next bumper washed him eternally from their remembrance.

Bob, feeling the effects of gaming and good-fellowing, so severely, and having yet three hundred a-year left, upon his recovery, after losing his eye, got himself introduced to a jolly set of fox-hunters, who were remarkable desperate riders, and looked upon every man with contempt, who had sense enough to take the least care of his neck, in the course of their favourite diversion. Bob, at the best, was but an indifferent rider, yet he would do as other people did, and therefore never balked even the most dangerous leaps. His spirit, in this respect, being highly talked of, a Smithfield salesman, who was the Nimrod of the hunt, one day dared him to clear a quickset, uncommonly high and woody, at the same time, giving his own gelding the spurs, and preparing to set him an example; the gelding, true blood to the backbone, flew, but, not being able to do impossibilities, was almost laid o-



pen by a stake, while the salesman, canted into a gravel pit at the other side, lay speechless from a dislocation of his neck. Bob, however, was not to be intimidated; he made an effort of complying with the desire of his companion, but had the misfortune to kill his horse, and shatter his own leg so terribly, as to make amputation necessary for the safety of his life.—This melancholy circumstance cured him entirely of fox-hunting, and he now hobbles about town, ruined in his fortune, and destroyed in his constitution; the lamentable possessor of a single eye, and a single leg, shunned or laughed at by all, who once delighted in his acquaintance, and remaining an incontestible proof, that nothing is so dangerous as the sacrifice of our reason, to the follies or the vices of our company.



*The Incurious. A Tale.*

**A** Virtuoso had a mind to see  
 One that would never discontented be,  
 But in a careless way to all agree.  
 He had a servant much of Æsop's kind,  
 Of personage uncouth but sprightly mind:  
 Humpus, says he, I order that you find  
 Out such a man, with such a character,  
 He, in this paper now I give you here,  
 Or I will lug your ears, or crack your pate,  
 Or rather you shall meet with a worse fate  
 For I will break your back, and set you straight.  
 Bring him to dinner. Humpus soon withdrew,  
 Was safe, as having such a one in view,



At Covent-garden dial, whom he found  
 Sitting with thoughtless air, and look profound.  
 Who, solitary gaping without care,  
 Did seem to say, who is't goes any where?  
 Says Humpus, sir, my master bad me pray  
 Your company to dine with him to-day.  
 He snuffs; then follows, up the stairs he goes,  
 Never pulls off his hat, nor cleans his shoes.  
 But looking round him saw a handsome room,  
 And did not much repent that he was come;  
 Close to the fire he draws an elbow-chair,  
 And lolling easy does for sleep prepare.  
 In comes the family, but he sits still,  
 Thinks, let them take the other chairs that will.  
 The master thus accosts him, sir, you're wet,  
 Pray have a cushion underneath your feet.  
 Thinks he, if I do spoil it, need I care?  
 I see he has eleven more to spare,  
 Dinner's brought up, the wife is bid retreat,  
 And at the upper end must be his seat.  
 This is not very usual, thinks the clown;  
 But is not all the family his own?  
 And why should I, for contradiction sake,  
 Lose a good dinner, which he bids me take?  
 If from his table she discarded be,  
 What need I care, there is the more for me.  
 After a while the daughter's bid to stand,  
 And bring him whatsoever he'll command.  
 Thinks he, the better from the fairer hand.  
 Young master next must rise to fill him wine,  
 And starve himself to see the booby dine.  
 He does't. The father asks, what have you there?  
 Sir, 'twas Champaigne I gave him. Sir, indeed!  
 Take him and scourge him till the rascal bleed;



Don't spare him for his tears nor age: I'll try  
 If cat and nine tails can excuse a lye.  
 Thinks the clown, that 'twas wine I do believe,  
 But such young rogues are aptest to deceive;  
 He's none of mine, but his own flesh and blood,  
 And how know I but it may be his good?  
 When the desert came on, and jellies brought,  
 Then was the dismal scene of finding fault;  
 They were such hideous, filthy, pois'nous stuff,  
 Could not be rail'd at, nor reveng'd enough.  
 Humpus was ask'd who made 'em. Trembling he  
 Said, sir, it was my lady gave 'em me.  
 No more such poison shall she ever give,  
 I'll burn the witch, t'in't fitting she should live;  
 Set faggots in the court, I'll make her fry,  
 And pray, good sir, may't please you to be by.  
 Then smiling, says the clown, upon my life,  
 A pretty fancy this to burn one's wife.  
 And since I find 'tis really your design,  
 Pray let me just step home, and fetch you mine.



*The Chariot.*

**A**N intimate acquaintance of the late Sir Richard Steel dined with him one day after he had been lately married, and just then set up his chariot. His lady two or three times at dinner asked him if he used the chariot that afternoon: to which he only answered, oysters. When the table-cloth was taken away, she said, well, my dear, I'll take the chariot. To which he again replied, oysters, my dear.—She dropt a courtesy, and confessed she was in an error, and stood reproved.



On her retiring, Sir Richard's friend thus addressed him:—Sir, as absurd as your answer might seem to others, I know your manner so well, that I am assured there is some moral instructions in your word oysters: as it must be some gentle, humourous reproof; do me the favour to let me into the secret of it. You know, says Sir Richard, we have just set up our chariot, and being apprehensive it might have such an effect on my wife's heart, and that she might inconsiderately talk of it too much, thereby betraying a weakness of mind I would have gladly prevented, I told her a story of a young fellow who had lately set up an equipage, and had always the vanity to be talking of it; which was as follows:

NED Sparkish, on the death of his elder brother, left the attorney, to whom he was clerk, set up an equipage, and commenced Petit Maitre. He was so fond of his chariot, that he was seldom out of it, or making some mention it. He was one day walking with some gentlemen in the Mall, when one of them asked him to be of their party to dine at a famous eating-house at Charing-Cross. With all my heart, my dear, says Ned; I'll step to my servant and give some orders about my chariot—and be with you again in a moment.—On this, another gentleman said, how can you ask that coxcomb to be with us? We shall hear of nothing but his chariot. I'll lay half a dozen of French wine he talks of it within ten minutes after he comes into the room. As I think that impossible, says another, it is a bet. Ned by this time joined them again, and they went to Locket's. They were scarce in the room, when the gentleman who laid the wager, proposed having some oysters before dinner as a whet; but at the same time feared there were



none fresh enough at that end of the town, and proposed to send to Billingsgate for some. It was objected that would take too much time, otherwise they approved of his motion. Nay, says Sparkish, let that be no objection; my chariot is at the door, and I'll dispatch Tom away with it immediately, and he may bring the oysters in half an hour at farthest. You see, continues Sir Richard, the intent of this story, on how absurd a foundation forever it may be built. I told it my wife as a family piece of instruction; and you see that she has good sense enough, on the mention of oysters, to see and to confess her error.



*The fantastic Adventures of Sir Harry Hearty,  
and his seven Wives. (Written in the Fleet.)*

THOUGH the publick is not at all concerned, either in the misfortunes or follies of so inconsiderable a person as myself, yet having more leisure upon my hands, in this doleful place of solitude, than I well know how to dispose of, the world, I hope, will forgive me for taking this method to beguile the tedious hours of my captivity. Besides, as it has been my fate to be seven times ship-wrecked upon the inhospitable shore of matrimony, perhaps I am better able to describe the situation and manners of that country, than the generality of mankind can pretend to do, who have not made so many dangerous voyages thither as I have done. And after all, the very place I am in at present, seems to challenge this performance from me; for marriage being one of the severest



confinements in nature, no man can write so feelingly of it, as he that is actually a prisoner, neither is any place so proper to give an account of it in as a goal.

HAVING made two or three campaigns in Flanders under the famous prince Charles of Lorain, my old father sent for me home, in order to see me settled in the world before he died: for which purpose he recommended to me a stale ancient widow, aged threescore at least; adding, that tho' her person was indifferent, yet she had abundance of wealth to atone for all defects of nature. 'Twas in vain to remonstrate to him, what a disproportion there was between our ages, and consequently between our humours and inclinations. The old gentleman resolved to be obeyed without any reserve, and after the laudible example of most parents, who think it not enough to give their children a being, unless they take pains to make it miserable to them, sacrificed his eldest son to his own sordid avarice.

IT would look like ill-nature to attempt a thorough description of my spouse's person, and therefore I shall wave it, because all women would be young and handsome if it lay in their power; and it is no fault of theirs, that either nature or old age give them deformity or wrinkles. Only this give me leave to observe, that never were body and soul better matched than in her. Though her hide was as tough as buff, and boasted the same delicious complexion, yet her soul was tougher, and more obstinate. She insisted everlastingly upon the prerogative of her age, and told me young men ought to be obsequious to persons of experience.

AMONG her other noble qualifications, which



time daily discovered to me, she was a zealous admirer of cool Nants, and other strong liquors; and, for my part, I was so far from checking this commendable humour, that I endeavoured, all I could, to encourage it. I, underhand, procured the curate of the parish, who loved guzzling better than praying; and an old red-nosed midwife in the neighbourhood, to ply her with constant visits; and these two faithful agents of mine so effectually discharged their commission, that, in two months, they drank my spouse into a hopeful dropsy, which being attended by a complication of other distempers, tript up her heels in as many months more, and sent her to her worshipful ancestors.

IT is impossible to describe the pleasure and satisfaction I found in myself, when I was got rid of this superannuated piece of household-stuff. I fancied the whole face of nature more delightful and agreeable than before, my dreams were happy and fortunate: every glass of wine, and every dish of meat seemed to carry a new flavour with it. In short, I was so pleased with the happiness of my condition, that I resolved to alter it upon no consideration whatever, nor tempt providence, by leaping into the same gulph a second time. But whether heaven designed to humble me for the sins of my family, or give me a new opportunity to exercise my patience. I chanced, not long after, to be invited to a certain assembly, where I saw one of the most charming young creatures in the universe. Why need I enlarge upon every particular? I loved her, and to that violent degree, that though her family and fortune were infinitely inferior to mine, and my relations had offered me twenty and twenty matches, that would have been



much more advantageous to me, yet hurried on by the left-handed planet that presided over my nativity, and deaf to all the representations of my friends, who all advised me against this accursed conjunction, I was the second time betrayed into the snare of matrimony.

I HAD flattered myself all along, that this young woman, whom, like a coxcomb as I was, I took for an angel incarnate, would not pretend to rule the roast and domineer, as perhaps one of equal quality with myself might do, but make up in affection, duty, submission, and other conjugal virtues, what she wanted in fortune.

BUT, alas! a little time convinced me, that I reckoned all this while without my host; for this demure, mealy-mouthed baggage, who I expected would have been a second patient Grizel, proved the most termagant, ill-conditioned fury, that ever rebelled against her lord and sovereign. She talked me deaf all day, the same persecution she continued to me all night: nay, so impertinent was she of her tongue, that she would scold even when the rites of love were performing, at which favourable moment the very worst of her sex are content to drop their resentments.

ONE while she would persecute me for a new gown and petticoat, another while for a new set of Indian furniture; the looking glasses were not of the newest mode, the stair-case was dark, the parlour-roof too low. In short, I must pluck down the whole house to satisfy her vanity. Besides, she expected every minute when she must cry out, and was I such a fool as to believe she would disgrace herself so far, as to lye in a bed that was con-



temporary to farthingals, and had been made in the reign of queen Elizabeth?

FOR sometime I bore this insolent language with all the patience I was master of, hoping the humour would dry up of itself: but as I found no good success from it, I resolved to give her as good as she brought, and so when ever she began to ring the changes with her never-failing female clack, I was as obstreperous on my side, and poured a broadside upon her. But I soon became sensible that a married man had as good run his head against a brick wall, as engage with a woman in her own element of scolding, for which reason I resolved to alter my measures.

THE next time she attacked me with her matrimonial rhetoric, I replied not one syllable either good or bad, but walked unconcerned about the room, and either whistled, or hummed a tune to myself. This unexpected neglect of her eloquence put her into such an extraordinary ferment, that her passion had like to have choaked her. She invoked heaven and hell to her assistance; she wished herself fifty foot under ground when the parson joined her to so barbarous a tyrant; she murdered her lap-dog and parrot in her fury, and swearing she would never come within the same sheets with me, walked all night about my bed, like the alderman's foolish wife in the London Cuckolds.

FINDING the admirable success of this prescription, I determined to continue it to my poor wife till I had effectually cured her, which, to the honour of my new doctorship, I soon performed; for so concerned was the virtuous spouse of my bosom, to see that her tongue artillery made not the least impression upon the fortress of my heart, that in a



little time the impatience of her nature fretted her into a consumption; and thus heaven, of its infinite mercy, was once more pleased to restore me to my natural liberty.

ONE would reasonably conclude now, that a man who had the ill luck to be successively married to such a brace of devils, and the good luck to get rid of them so cheaply, would solemnly forswear marriage, and all its wicked works, for the time to come. I did so, but alas! what signifies it to contend with fate? for the devil of love, who never fails to lay lime-twigs in the way of the righteous, shewed me a country baronet's daughter at the Opera, whose name was Melanissa, beauteous to a miracle, and charming beyond expression. One look of her made an entire conquest of my heart, and dashed all my noble resolutions to pieces. I languished, I sighed for her, nay, I rhimed and versified for her. To conclude, I was upon the brink of despair to obtain her, and within a fortnight after the consummation of our marriage, was as impatient and uneasy to free myself from her nauseous embraces.

HAD nature taken as much pains in framing her soul, as she took in moulding her exterior form, I had certainly been the happiest husband in the universe. But as a foolish awkward woman cannot fail of growing despicable, let her out-side be never so bewitching, so soon as ever the edge of the appetite is abated by enjoyment, I found, to my sorrow, that Melanissa had none of those charms which I fancied her so plentifully possessed of at first, so that for all the comfort I found either in the management of her family, or in her conversation, I might as well have linked myself to a



painted baby, or offered courtship to Pygmalion's statue.

OTHER people may wish their wives largely stocked with virtue and religion, for my part I am not so impudent to ask any miracles of heaven, but should be very well content, in this degenerate age, if mine had only pride, attended with a convenient sprightliness of wit; a little foolish sophistry may cheat, and impose upon a woman's virtue, and two or three texts of scripture, discreetly managed by a gallant, may demolish her religion; but pride is an impregnable citadel, which is neither to be taken by down-right storming, nor under-hand treachery. A lady that has pride, that is to say, that has a just value for herself, scorns to violate her honour, because she scorns to leave it in any man's power to insult her, and this proves a never-failing security to her, when her virtue and religion are beaten out of the field. And then I would have my wife mistress of a convenient sprightliness of wit, both to humble impertinent coxcombs upon occasion, as also to keep love alive, and give it a new motion when enjoyment, and long cohabitation have lulled it asleep.

I CANNOT tell whether she did me the honour to make me a cuckold, or no; but this I am sure of, that her undiscrict conduct made not only myself, but all the neighbourhood, conclude me to be one of that numerous class, which was all one as if she had actually bestowed that favour upon me. To make short of my story, never was poor prisoner so sick of his chains as I was of mine, and when I was reduced to the extremity of despair, neither knowing how, or when, I should be released out of my captivity, Providence was pleased to unty



this Gordian knot for me, by taking her off in childbirth.

As I had now, to my great regret and sorrow, hazarded my whole stake upon two young women, and been equally disappointed by both, I came to this resolution, that if ever my inclination, or my fate, should throw me upon this slippery state again, it would be much more advisable for me to pitch upon some sober, middle-aged matron, that had seen the world, and managed the concerns of a family, than suffer myself to be wheedled into matrimony by some raw unexperienced creature, and truck the repose and tranquillity of my whole life for a little insignificant white and red, which is seldom long-lived.

WHILE I was employed by these noble thoughts, some of my relations recommended me to an advocate's widow, whose husband had left her prodigiously rich.

NOT to conceal my infirmities from the world, I must freely own, that it was not the agreeableness of her person, nor the merit of her reputation, that once more prevailed with me to part with my liberty; but I had a wonderful itching upon me to befingering of her bags, and disposing of her dirty acres.

A WOMAN worth twenty thousand pounds, as this widow was, had twenty thousand charms about her. Now, how was it possible for any single man to resist twenty thousand charms, that were current money all the world over from London to Japan?

ABOUT a fortnight after our marriage, I desired her to let me have the perusing of her bonds, and other papers, that we might manage every



thing to our best advantage? How, cried she, in a furious tone, to our best advantage! What the devil was it put it into thy noddle to think I would comply with any such proposal? what, I part with my bonds, and my papers! no; I will sooner part with my head. My late husband (God rest his soul) advised me never to give the staff out of my own hands; and dost thou think I am so d——n'd a fool to neglect such a husband's advice, who, to thy face I tell thee, understood the law as well as ever a daggle-tailed councillor of them all, that dumb-founded the truth with lungs of leather, and front of brass in Westminster-hall.

IN fine, matters came to such a pitch at last, that she would neither eat, nor drink, nor go to bed, unless I could shew her law for it; nay, if I asked her to accompany me to church, she still demanded a president. Law it was she would be governed by, and she would stand and fall by the law.

SINCE I found her upon this strain, I resolved to give my gentlewoman her bellyful of what she loved. So to law we went; I lugged at one end of her estate, and she lugged at the other.

AFTER several expensive trials, it was my good fortune, or rather the merit of my fees, to cast her; upon which success I immediately cut down a pretty rookery, and grove of trees, adjoining to her house, whose untimely lopping she took so exceedingly to heart, that she pined away herself to a skeleton, and I was so nicely conscientious, as to make her coffin of one of those beloved trees, that had occasioned her death.

THOUGH this litigious, pettifogging female limb of the law, this second edition of widow Blackacre, with additions and amendments, had proved



such a cursed thorn in my foot; yet, like poor losers in a lottery, that still game on with an expectation of making up their losses; the same numerical devil that had so often palmed a bad wife upon me, whispered me, as I thought, in the ear, that his malice was now over, and that my next election should succeed to my heart's desire.

As fortune would have it, I cast my eyes upon my lady Gripe-Well, the sad and melancholy relict of my late lord Gripe-Well. Her year of mourning was hardly over, when I made my addressee to her. After the usual formalities were past (for widows like B——ps are obliged, in point of decency, to refuse once or twice what they most earnestly desire) we were ecclesiastically conglutinated with a world of pomp and magnificence.

THIS noise and hurry I liked well enough for a few days, but finding it still to continue, and carry the same, if not a greater expence with it, I made bold to remonstrate to her ladyship, that this profuse way of living would soon confound my estate, and therefore desired her to reform these extravagancies.

SHE took me up immediately, telling me she was a person of Quality, and would always live like one; in short, that she would not disgrace her family, nor mine, and what entertainments she gave, were all for my reputation.

WELL, the devil take this word Quality, for it was thundered into many ears a thousand times a day. For instance, if I told her it was indecent to stay out so late at nights, she answered, it was the way of persons of quality; if I desired her to leave off borrowing money of fine gentlemen, and frequenting the basset-table, why all persons of qua-



lity did the same. In short, whatever irregularities I taxed her with, she still retreated into that enchanted castle called Quality.

NOT to dwell longer upon so ungrateful a subject, her quality (a pox confound it) run me out of all those vast sums which I had got, with so much trouble, out of my woman of law. At last providence commiserated my condition, and made my spouse dye a martyr to that quality, of which she was so fond an idolater, for happening to go one afternoon with my lady Topemuch, and her two fulsome daughters, to visit Sir Henry All-Craft's widow, the coach most luckily over-set at the corner of Chancery-Lane end, and the old fat lady, with her two plump daughters, falling upon my loving wife, she broke both her arm and leg, and expired next morning.

BEING delivered from this load of quality, I sung Te Deum within myself, and for three years such a lewd thought as that of matrimony never came into my head, but took my full swing of those innocent diversions the country affords. However, the ghost of matrimony still haunting me, I unfortunately relapsed into my old distemper, and was over-persuaded to marry a grave demure maiden, aged thirty-five, whose character I will give you in a few words, before I proceed to acquaint you how we lived together.

SHE was the daughter of a psalm-singing alderman, and bred up after the city manner, that is, in much hypocrisy, much affectation, and much awkwardness. She desired to be thought a person of extraordinary virtue and devotion, by the same token she shewed the former by her unmerciful railing at all those of her sex, whose reputation was in the



least suspected, as she discovered the latter, by calling all the men atheists: she was a mighty lecture-hunter, and would run you over every parson's name in the town, as volubly as a Welch bard runs over a genealogy; nay, her church-intelligence stooped so low, as to take cognizance even of the meanest curate and reader. And lastly, for the nice making her responses, and at the same time managing her patches at church, no woman in London or Westminster came near her.

OUR first misunderstanding was about a chaplain, for she perpetually teased me to take one into my family, adding, that the servants would never be rightly ordered, nor affairs go regular, unless we had a divine in the house to lay it home to their consciences. Pray, my lady, says I to her, harp no more upon this string, you may as soon persuade me to maintain a troop of dragoons, as a chaplain. What a plague are they good for, but to run away with our daughters, and fish out the secrets of our families: or if they can do us any service, it is to take a stale chamber-maid, or Abigail off our hands; but for my part, I would rather be at the charge and scandal of keeping ten bastards than one chaplain.

I COULD expect nothing better, cries she, from so profane and profligate a wretch as thou art? With that she flung out of the room, and ever after kept me as troublesome a life with her virtue, as my late spouse did with her quality. She suspected me of intriguing with a thousand women, whose faces I never saw. If I appeared gay and chearful, why then I was going to commence a new piece of gallantry. If melancholy, and out of humour, then it was a plain case the damosel



had disappointed me; so that I have often had it in my head to assist in a plot to cuckold myself, that I might have a just pretence to insult her, and padlock the mouth of her ill-natured clamorous virtue.

MANY a doleful hour did I pass with a nauseous mixture of bigotry and scandal, who although she had heaven continually in her mouth, made me endure a continual hell in her company. At last, when I had undergone a sufficient purgation for my past sins, heaven was so propitious as to take her off in her own calling; for, going one Sunday morning, without her tippet, to church, in a most severe frost, the honest divine, (he deserved a fat deanery for his pains) who, it seems, loved to push about the glass within his pulpit, as well as without it, and was so conscientious as to give his people rather too much than too little for their money, kept them so long that my wife got a most violent cold; which, in a few days, confined her to her bed, and what I shall always remember as a most singular mercy to me, was seized with so seasonable a hoarseness, at least two months before her death, that her tongue could not perform its usual office of scolding, which, I dare swear, did not a little contribute to hasten her end.

I COME now to the last scene of my life, which, to my shame I own it, dishonours all the other parts of it. 'Tis true, I had met with several plagues and crosses before, but those are not to be laid to my charge; for, as I do not pretend to revelation, or the spirit of prophecy, it was no fault of mine, if a woman, who, I believed, would make a discreet obedient wife, deceived my expectation. Marriage is a perfect lottery, and he that will ven-



sure his liberty there, must be contented with his chance, whatever it proves.

BUT nothing can excuse the dotage of an old man, who will be lighting Hymen's torches, when he ought to prepare those for his funeral, and has the impudence to take a blooming young creature into his bed, when the grave gapes every moment for him, and he knows himself incapable of obliging her. Can any thing be so ridiculous as to pretend to attack a fortress when one's cannon is nailed up; or to venture into love's ocean, when the rudder that governs the ship is disabled.

As an old fellow cannot be insensible of his imbecillity, he is unjust to himself in the first place, for offering to lay heavy taxes upon nature, when he has not a farthing to pay them; and in the next to his spouse, for shamming false bills upon her that have been long ago protested.

THIS was my own case: I knew myself exhausted, and unfit for action; I find my vigour all gone, and nothing left me but impotent desires, and a vain imagination.

ALL this I knew perfectly well; for let the man be what he will, his constitution never plays the hypocrite with him, and yet by the common fate of old lovers, who think to atone for the imbecillity of nature by their bribes and prodigality, I was so obstinate a sot as to link myself to a young damosel of 16 in the 64th year of my age. It is true, the rich cloaths, and other fine things I presented her with, her noble equipage and retinue, but above all the title of lady soothed her vanity for a little time, and made her forget my impotence; but when youth, in conjunction with nature, called



upon me to relieve her more pressing necessities, then it was she began truly to display herself.

As chains, though made of the purest gold, are chains still, so impotence, though we endeavour to disguise it with fine coaches, rich liveries, charming musick, and the like, yet all the while it is impotence, which is a sin never to be forgiven, and of all disappointments, certainly that of love is the most mortifying.

To conclude this doleful tragedy; in a few months I found my house untiled, and my loving wife eloped; I was ready to hang myself for her, and sent for her home again; she eloped the second time, I received her the second time: after which peace, she and her grandmother, and godmother made me drunk, I passed over my estate to her, and am now in a prison.

Learn by my fate, you fumblers of threescore,  
And think on Hymen's rites no more.

In vain your stores and useless wealth you show  
While Venus knows you're bankrupts all below.  
Your bags can't satisfy the craving maid,  
For love in specie will be always paid.



*Aglaüs, or the Happy Man.*

THE oracle being asked by Gyges king of Lydia, who was the happiest man? replied Aglaüs. Gyges, who expected to have heard himself named on this occasion, was much surprised, and very curious to know who this Aglaüs should be. After much enquiry he was found to be an



obscure countryman, who employed all his time in cultivating a garden, and a few acres of land about his house. He is thus described by a celebrated English poet.

THUS Aglaüs (a man unknown to men,  
But the gods knew, and therefore lov'd him then)  
Thus liv'd obscurely then without a name,  
Aglaüs, now consign'd t' eternal fame.  
For Gyges, the rich king, wicked and great,  
Presum'd at wise Apollo's Delphick seat,  
Presum'd to ask, oh thou, the whole world's eye,  
See'st thou a man that happier is than I?  
The god, who scorn'd to flatter man, reply'd,  
Aglaüs happier is. But Gyges cry'd,  
In a proud rage, who can that Aglaüs be?  
We've heard as yet of no such king as he.  
And true it was, through the whole earth around,  
No king of such a name was to be found.  
Is some old hero of that name alive,  
Who his high race does from the gods derive?  
Is it some mighty gen'ral, that has done  
Wonders in fight, and godlike honours won?  
Is it some man of endless wealth? said he:  
None, none of these; who can this Aglaüs be?  
After long search, and vain enquiries past,  
In an obscure Arcadian vale at last,  
(Th' Arcadian life has always shady been)  
Near Sopho's town, (which he but once had seen)  
This Aglaüs, who monarchs envy drew,  
Whose happiness the gods stood witness to,  
This mighty Aglaüs was lab'ring found,  
With his own hands, in his own little ground.





*The Story of the Eremite.*

A Certain Eremite having conceived great jealousies touching the due administration of divine providence in external occurrences in the world, in this anxiety of mind was resolved to leave his cell and travel abroad, and see with his own eyes how things went in the world. He had not gone half a day's journey, but a young man overtook him and joined company with him, and insinuated himself so far into the Eremite's affection, that he thought himself very happy in that he had got so agreeable a companion. Wherefore, resolving to take their fortunes together, they always lodged in the same house. Some few days travel had past over before the Eremite took notice of any thing remarkable. But at last he observed that his fellow-traveller, with whom he had contracted so intimate a friendship, in a house, where they were extraordinary well treated, stole away a gilt cup from the gentleman of the house, and carried it away with him. The Eremite was very much astonished with what he saw done by so fair and agreeable a person as he conceived him to be; but thought not yet fit to speak to him, or seem to take notice of it. And therefore they travel fairly on together as aforesaid, 'till night forced them to seek lodging. But they light upon such an house as had a very unhospitable owner, who shut them out into the outward court, and exposed them all night to the injury of the open weather, which chanced then to be very rainy: But the Eremite's



fellow-traveller unexpectedly compensated his host's ill entertainment with no meaner a reward than the gilt cup he had carried away from the former place, thrusting it in at the window when they departed. This the Eremite thought was very pretty, and that it was not covetousness, but humour, that made him take it away from its first owner. The next night, where they lodged, they were treated again with a great deal of kindness and civility; but the Eremite observed with horror that his fellow-traveller, for an ill requital, strangled privately a young child of their so courteous host in the cradle. This perplexed the mind of the poor Eremite very much; but in sadness and patience forbearing to speak, he travelled another day's journey with the young man, and at evening took up in a place where they were more made of than any where hitherto; and because the way they were to travel the next morning was not so easy to find, the master of the house commanded one of his servants to go part of the way to direct them; whom, while they were passing over a stone bridge, the Eremite's fellow-traveller caught suddenly betwixt the legs, and pitched him headlong from off the bridge into the river, and drowned him. Here the Eremite could have no longer patience, but flew bitterly upon his fellow-traveller for these barbarous actions, and renounced all friendship with him, and would travel with him no longer, nor keep him company. Whereupon the young man smiling at the honest zeal of the Eremite, and putting off his mortal disguise, appeared, as he was, in the form and lustre of an angel of God, and told him that he was sent to ease his mind of the great anxiety it was incumbered with touching the



divine providence. In which, said he, nothing can occur more perplexing and paradoxical than what you have been offended at, since we two travelled together. But yet I will demonstrate to you, said he, that all that I have done is very just and right. For as for the first man from whom I took the gilded cup, it was a real compensation indeed of his hospitality; that cup being so forcible an occasion of the good man's distempering himself, and of hazarding his health and life, which would be a great loss to his poor neighbours, he being of so good and charitable a nature. But I put it into the window of that harsh and uncharitable man that used us so ill, not as a booty to him, but as a plague and scourge to him, and for an ease to his oppressed neighbours, that he may fall into intemperance, diseases, and death itself. For I knew very well that there was that enchantment in this cup, that they that had it would be thus bewitched with it. And as for that civil person whose child I strangled in the cradle, it was in great mercy to him, and no real hurt to the child, who is now with God. But if that child had lived, whereas this gentleman hitherto had been piously charitable, and devoutly given, his mind, I saw, would have unavoidably sunk into the love of the world out of love to his child, he having had none before, and doting so hugely on it; and therefore I took away this momentary life from the body of the child, that the soul of the father might live for ever. And for this last fact, which you so much abhor, it was the most faithful piece of gratitude I could do to one that had used us so humanely and kindly as that gentleman did. For this man, who, by the appointment of his master, was so officious



to us as to shew us the way, intended this very night ensuing to let in a company of rogues into his master's house, to rob him of all that he had, if not to murder him and his family. And having said thus he vanished. But the poor Eremite, transported with joy and amazement, lift up his hands and eyes to heaven, and gave glory to God, who had thus unexpectedly delivered him from any farther anxiety touching the ways of his providence; and thus returned with chearfulness to his forsaken cell, and spent the residue of his days there in piety and peace.



*The Folly of Ambition. A Tale.*

**I** Am the son of a younger brother of a good family, who at his decease left me a little fortune of a hundred a-year. I was put early to Eton school, where I learnt Latin and Greek, from whence I went to the university, where I learnt not totally to forget them. I came to my fortune when I was at college; and having no inclination to follow any profession, I removed myself to town, and lived for some time, as most young fellows do, by spending four times my income. But it was my happiness, before it was too late, to fall in love, and to marry a very amiable young creature, whose fortune was just sufficient to repair the breach made in my own. With this agreeable companion I retreated to the country, and endeavoured as well as I was able to square my wishes to my circumstances. In this endeavour I succeeded so well, that excepting a few private hankerings after a little more than I



possessed, and now and then a sigh when a coach and six happened to drive by me in my walks, I was a very happy man.

THOUGH our family oeconomy was not much to be boasted of, and in consequence of it, we were frequently driven to great streights and difficulties, I experienced more real satisfaction in this humble situation, than I have ever done since in more enviable circumstances. We were indeed sometimes a little in debt, but when money came in, the pleasure of discharging what we owed was more than equivalent for the pain it put us to: and though the narrowness of our circumstances subjected us to many cares and anxieties, it served to keep the body in action as well as the mind: for as our garden was somewhat large, and required more hands to keep it in order than we could afford to hire, we laboured daily in it ourselves, and drew health from our necessities.

I HAVE a little boy, who was the delight of my heart, and who might probably have been spoilt by nursing, if the attention of his parents had not been otherwise employed. His mother was naturally of a sickly constitution, but the affairs of her family, as they engrossed all her thoughts, gave her no time for complaint.—— The ordinary troubles of life, which to those who have nothing else to think of, are almost insupportable, were less terrible to us, than to persons in easier circumstances: for it is a certain truth, that where the mind is divided between many cares, the anxiety is lighter than where there is only one to contend with. And even in the happiest situation, in the midst of ease, health and affluence, the mind is generally ingenious at tormenting itself, losing the immedi-



ate enjoyment of those invaluable blessings, by the painful suggestion that they are too great for continuance.

THESE are the reflections that I have made since: for I do not attempt to deny that I sighed frequently for an addition to my fortune.-----The death of a distant relation, which happened five years after our marriage, gave me this addition, and made me for a time the happiest man living. My income was now increased to six hundred a-year; and I hoped, with a little œconomy, to be able to make a figure with it. But the ill health of my wife, which in less easy circumstances had not touched me so nearly, was now constantly in my thoughts, and soured all my enjoyment. The consciousness too of having such an estate to leave to my boy, made me so anxious to preserve him, that instead of suffering him to run at pleasure, and to grow hardy by exercise, I almost destroyed him by confinement. We now did nothing in our garden, because we were in circumstances to have it kept by others: but as air and exercise were necessary for our healths, we resolved to abridge ourselves in some necessary articles, and to set up an equipage. This in time brought with it a train of expence, which we had neither prudence to foresee, nor courage to prevent. For as it enabled us to extend the circuit of our visits, it greatly encreased our acquaintance, and subjected us to the necessity of making continual entertainments at home, in return for all those which we were invited to abroad. The charges that attended this new manner of living were much too great for the income we possessed; insomuch that we found ourselves in a very short time more necessitous than ever.----- Pride



would not suffer us to lay down our equipage; and not to live in a manner suitable to it was what we could not bear to think of. To pay the debts I had contracted, I was soon forced to mortgage, and at last to sell, the best part of my estate; and as it was utterly impossible to keep up the parade any longer, we thought it adviseable to remove of a sudden, to sell our coach in town, and to look for a new situation, at a great distance from our acquaintance.

BUT unfortunately for my peace, I carried the habit of expence along with me, and was very near being reduced to absolute want, when by the unexpected death of an uncle and his two sons, who died within a few weeks of each other, I succeeded to an estate of seven thousand pounds a year.

I SET about the regulation of my family with the most pleasing satisfaction. The splendor of my equipages, the magnificence of my plate, the crowd of servants that attended me, the elegance of my house and furniture, the grandeur of my park and gardens, the luxury of my table, and the court that was every where paid me, gave me inexpressible delight, so long as they were novelties; but no sooner were they become habitual to me, than I lost all manner of relish for them; and I discovered in a very little time, that by having nothing to wish for, I had nothing to enjoy. My appetite grew palled by satiety, a perpetual croud of visitors robbed me of all domestic enjoyment, my servants plagued me, and my steward cheated me.

BUT the curse of greatness did not end here. Daily experience taught me that I was compelled to live more for others than for myself. My uncle had been a great party man, and a zealous oppos-



er of all ministerial measures; and as his estate was the largest of any gentleman's in the county, he supported an interest in it beyond any of his competitors. My father had been greatly obliged by the court party, which determined me in gratitude to declare myself on that side; but the difficulties I had to encounter were too many and too great for me: infomuch that I have been baffled and defeated in almost every thing I have undertaken. To desert the cause I have embarked in would disgrace me; and to go greater lengths in it will almost undo me. I am engaged in a perpetual state of warfare with the principal gentry of the county, and am cursed by my tenants and dependants for compelling them at every election to vote (as they are pleased to tell me) contrary to their conscience.

My wife and I had once pleased ourselves with the thought of being useful to the neighbourhood, by dealing out our charity to the poor and industrious; but the perpetual hurry in which we live, renders us incapable of looking out for objects ourselves; and the agents we intrust are either pocketing our bounty, or bestowing it on the undeserving. At night when we retire to rest, we are venting our complaints on the miseries of the day, and praying heartily for the return of that peace, which was the only companion of our humblest situation.

THIS is my history, which may serve to inculcate this important truth, that where pain, sickness and absolute want are out of the question, no external change of circumstances can make a man more lastingly happy than he was before. It is to an ignorance of this truth, that the universal dissatisfaction of mankind is principally to be ascribed.



ed. Care is the lot of life; and he that aspires to greatness in hopes to get rid of it, is like one who throws himself into a furnace to avoid the shivering of an ague.

THE only satisfaction I can enjoy in my present situation is, that it has not pleased heaven in its wrath to make me a king.



*Measure for Measure. A Tale.*

WITH envy fraught and malediction,  
Fools rail against church-jurisdiction,  
They say, where canon law prevails,  
That justice never holds the scales;  
That in the civil courts alone,  
She and her genuine train are known:  
Falshoods alike!----Where most she's found,  
The following story may expound.

IN Old Castile some ages since,  
When fam'd Alphonso rul'd as prince,  
A holy priest, meek, chaste, and good,  
Happen'd to spill a layman's blood:  
Ev'n saints themselves, in holy writ,  
Would trifling faults sometimes commit;  
No rank the slaughter'd fellow bore:-----  
A reptile shoemaker----no more:  
By some malicious folks 'twas said,  
The priest had grac'd Crispino's head;  
And, taken in the fact, had further,  
To lewd adult'ry added murder;  
Absurd! to think a churchman cou'd  
In such a cause spill Christian blood:



WHEN priests in those religious times,  
 Were charg'd with any heinous crimes,-----  
 By mother church their cause was try'd;  
 Who else should churchmen's cause decide?  
 And justice seated on church-bench,  
 No doubt must prove a spotless wench:  
 Thrice happy age! when canon law  
 Unrival'd kept the world in awe:  
 But now, alas, the case is alter'd,  
 And priests by civil law are halter'd;  
 Whence pious churchmen now maintain  
 With justice-----This is Satan's reign.

By virtue of church absolution,  
 That wond'rous chymical solution,  
 The church has the exclusive power,  
 Men's souls from Satan's rust to scower;  
 To free 'em from corroding sin,  
 And make 'em bright as new-made pin:-----  
 Shall those who by cathedral spell,  
 Can ope the gates of heav'n and hell;  
 A power to kings as much superior,  
 As earth to heaven is inferior;  
 Shall those to whom such power's assign'd,  
 No deference from mere mortals find?  
 Pay churchmen little veneration,  
 You sap the church's best foundation;  
 And should the church once tumble,----hell  
 With joy would ring the world's last knell.

AMBASSADORS, ev'n at this hour  
 Defy the law's inferior power;  
 Equally free to all intent  
 With those great kings they represent;  
 And priests from holy writings shew  
 They're heav'n's ambassadors below;



(To punish any holy priest  
Is breach of privilege at least)  
From whence this inference they draw,  
Priests are above the civil law.

THE holy priest as culprit stood,  
Charg'd with the shedding Christian blood;  
The church sat judge, and proofs came thick,  
Inspir'd no doubt by envious Nick;  
The prisoner guilty found;---and here,  
Stop, reader, and prepare the tear;  
That one in rank so highly plac'd,  
That one with holy garments grac'd,  
Should for a trifling accident  
Meet so severe a punishment:  
But mother church has still been known  
Rather too rigid to her own;  
A noble lesson to mankind,  
That justice ever should be blind.-----  
The culprit first prescrib'd repentance,  
The court pronounc'd this dreadful sentence.

“THE fact so plainly prov'd, the church decrees,  
“To terrify her sons from crimes like these,  
“That from your holy office as a priest,  
“You be suspended one whole year at least.”

JUSTICE thus satisfied, 'twas thought,  
The affair would shortly be forgot;  
But dire revenge, conceal'd with art,  
Oft lurks within the villain's heart:  
Crispino's son, for mischief rife,  
Determines to have life for life:  
Some months *perdue*, like savage beast  
(Vengeance still gnawing at his breast)  
He waits-----ere fortune brings his prey,  
The harmless priest, within his way;



When through his heart, with strength convey'd,  
 He drives the dagger's murd'rous blade;  
 The priest expires; the murd'rer's seiz'd,  
 (Revenge thus got)----to die well pleas'd.

CAN crimes like this unmark'd pass by?  
 No angry token from the sky?  
 No well-tim'd earthquake to enclose  
 (Churchmen all fav'd)----the church's foes?  
 No thunder to proclaim to earth,  
 That priests are of celestial birth?  
 But heav'n-sent miracles of late,  
 It seems are growing out of date.

THO' churchmen are in general tender,  
 They vow'd strict justice on th' offender;  
 To court they fly, and quick demand  
 The murd'rer yielded to their hand;-----  
 A brother kill'd! Oh, impious deed!  
 Ev'n kings themselves had better bleed;  
 They fix the murd'rer's dreadful doom,  
 Both here, and in the world to come.

HIS majesty, quite cool and grave,  
 To their demand this answer gave.

" A PRIEST a layman kills:----The cause  
 " Was try'd by holy churchmen's laws;  
 " A layman kills a priest:-----This time  
 " Our civil law shall judge the crime."

THE hour will come, do all you can, Sir,  
 Satan will trim you for this answer:

" OH, Becket! Dunstan! Hildebrande!  
 " Ye saints, whose names distinguish'd stand  
 " I'th'holy calendar----look down----  
 " Avenge your cause----For 'tis your own."

THE trial comes:----The murd'rer cast,----  
 The king, as judge, this sentence past:



“ THE fact so plainly prov’d, the law decrees,  
 “ To terrify the world from crimes like these,  
 “ That for a year the privilege you lose,  
 “ Of making, or of mending boots and shoes.”

How just, how severe was the church’s decree!  
 How partial, how weak was the civil law’s bann!  
 Look back through time’s annals; in short you may  
 see,

It has ever been so, since the world began.



*Dr. Barrow and the Duke of Buckingham.*

**D**R. Isaac Barrow was a most sublime genius, an accomplished divine, and a profound mathematician, the glory of Cambridge; but, withal, one of the greatest slovens in nature; so careless of his dress and person, that his appearance was frequently disgusting. It happened, that, coming up to London from the university, he was appointed to preach before Charles the Second at Whitehall. Towards the close of his sermon, the duke of Buckingham came into the chapel, and was a little shocked at the exterior of the parson, which promised nothing very excellent. In short, having no knowledge of him by sight, he took him for some low country-clergyman; and was not a little offended at seeing him in that honourable station. The duke, it is well known, was the veriest wag of the court, and had a talent above all men of turning every thing into ridicule. He was now determined to exercise it on this miserable ecclesiastic, as he deemed him; and accordingly singling him out in the anti-chamber, whither the doc-



ter was come after service, he abruptly accosted him with, I think, Master, you preached before his majesty to day. Barrow, who was as little acquainted with the duke, as the duke was with him, replied, Yes, Sir, I had that honour. Pray, said the duke, are you a country clergyman, or are you beneficed in London? I am of Cambridge, Sir, answered the doctor, and am come lately from thence hither. Oh! says the duke, from Cambridge; aye, that is a noble university; you have several considerable men there. Yes, Sir, said the doctor, there are many very eminent. Well but, however, said the duke, I reckon, as is always the case in such places, you have some one or other that bears the bell, as we say, among you; that is, who outshines all the rest, in accomplishments, and accordingly is held in superior esteem, and has a visible precedence of character; pray, who is the person who holds this rank in that illustrious body you belong to? The doctor answered, That was a point he could not pretend to determine. No! said the duke, that is surprizing, seeing you have one man in your learned community, of so conspicuous a figure, that it is almost impossible he should escape any one's observation. Pray, good Sir, what think you of doctor Isaac Barrow now? I have heard of such a one, answered the doctor. This supposed flight upon his hero put the duke out of all patience; and he let fly such a volley of ill language at the offender, as sufficiently testified his resentment. Why, you contemptible loggerhead, said he, dare you presume to say you are of Cambridge, and know so little, or speak so slightly of the glory of it? You assume the ensigns of the priestly order, and are unacquainted with the



brightest ornament of it! I took you for an ass, when first I saw you; and now I find by experience my judgment was not deceived. After these and some other like courtly expressions, the duke hastened from the amazed doctor to the king, whom he immediately accosted with, Pray, Sir, who was it that preached before your majesty this morning? The king replied, you should ask my lord chamberlain; you know, it is whoever he appoints, and I never trouble myself about it. But pray what makes you enquire? Why, said he, I never saw a parson look so like a fool in my life. I found him fauntering in the anti-chamber, as I came hither, and I have been roasting him most devilishly. How so? said the king. How so! said the duke, it was impossible to forbear, nay, had it not been in respect to his cloth, I believe I should have thrashed him. The idiot's whole mien was so unpolite, that I was sure he had never before breathed the air of a court; I asked him therefore whence he came? He said, from Cambridge; the very name of Alma Mater inspired me with some regard for him, and I began to converse with him as a reasonable creature; I took it for granted he could not be a stranger to the state of the place, and knew who were of greatest note in it; but I found the wall of his college was not more ignorant. When I asked him, who were the most admired and applauded of the society? It was a matter, forsooth, he could not pretend to judge of; and when I tried him farther, by naming to him the honour of our age, as well as of the university, Dr. Barrow, what do you think the wretch muttered? Why, truly, that he had heard of such a one. I could no longer bear his stupidity; and I have gi-



ven him such a lecture, as will not easily slip his memory. The king could hardly refrain from laughing at this recital; he saw the scrape the duke had brought himself into; and now very gravely asked him, if he had heard any of the sermon, the preacher of which he had been so liberally abusing? No, said the duke, I just popped my head into the chapel, and saw the boor in the rostrum, which was a sufficient antidote to any further curiosity. You were very unfortunate, said the king; if you had given a little attention, you would have been charmed with the discourse as I was; and it would have prevented an adventure, which will cause a good deal of merriment, but at your cost, I assure you; for that insignificant animal, as you reputed him, whom you have been mawling so unmercifully, is no other, I protest to you, than the identical Dr. Isaac Barrow. The duke was thunderstruck; he asked the king, Was he in earnest? His majesty swore it to him. Away his grace ran, and happily found the doctor where he had left him. He made a very low bow, seized his hand, and told him, He was a penitent come to implore his forgiveness of a fault that would be unpardonable, were it not a sin of ignorance, and, strangely, owing to the criminal's profound veneration of the offended. Dr. Barrow was too sensible of the extraordinary compliment which the duke had inadvertently paid him, though delivered in the garb of insult, not to say an outrage; but which was plainly the effect of his grace's high estimation of his merit, and impetuous concern for the dignity of his character; and therefore thought himself not only bound to grant the duke immediately a plenary pardon, but to profess a most grateful sense



of the honour (instead of an affront) which his grace had conferred upon him; while the duke, on the other hand, vowed an attachment to the doctor's interest, that nothing but the too early death of that consummate genius afterwards dissolved.



*Buckingham and the Mayor.*

**I**T being made known at Oxford that the king would shortly visit that city, the mayor, who happened that year to be a butcher, and not very elegant in his form, nor versed in ceremony, was under a sad concern about the part he would be obliged to act on that singular occasion; which was that, of receiving and complimenting his majesty, at the bounds of his jurisdiction. He had some knowledge of the duke of Buckingham; so up he rode to London, to try if he could make a friend of that nobleman, and, by his means, be excused from having any thing to do in this business, for which he knew himself to be utterly unqualified. Being introduced to his grace, he laid before him, in the best language he could, his pitiful case; and begged of him for God's sake, if it was in his power, to relieve him: I am, may it please you, my lord, said he, a poor ignorant man, and not used to have any thing to do with such mighty folks; and to be sure his most noble majesty can be let into our town very well without me; let me beseech your honour, therefore, to speak to my leech, that somebody else may be put into my place; for they say I must make a fine oration, to welcome his grace, and I can no more do such a thing than one of my



bullocks: So, pray, my good lord, let me beseech your nobility to get me disenabled; for, really, till I am, I cannot so much as sleep a wink about it. The duke, who could hardly keep his countenance, during this wise and elegant harangue, answered, As for putting another in your room, Mr. Mayor, it cannot well be done; nor would the king cast such an affront on so worthy a magistrate; no one is fitter to perform the office than yourself, which will be an honour to you while you live, and to your posterity after you; and as for your making a speech, which is the only thing about which I find you are so uneasy, you need not give yourself the least trouble; for I shall be in the coach with the king, and when he stops, you have only to look him in the face, then make a low bow, and, rising up again, say, with a stately air, May it please your majesty, I am not ignorant. As soon as you have uttered these words, I will order the guards to ride on, and there will be an end of the story. The mayor, being vastly pleased with this assurance, returned with a light heart to Oxford, without mentioning a syllable of his errand to London, or begrudging the expence of it, seeing he had reaped thereby, as he thought, so much satisfaction and tranquillity. Nay, he even longed for the happy day, when he was so easily, at the rate only of a bow, and three or four words, to aggrandize himself and his family. It came; when he, arrayed in all the frippery of his office, accompanied by his aldermen, and other Myrmidons, made a pompous procession to the boundary of his jurisdiction. Here he waited the important minute, when a mighty monarch, as he fancied, was to stop at his feet, and not depart, till, by a few



syllables from his lips, he had given him a sort of licence. Buckingham had apprized the king of the jest, and all the court was prepared to enjoy an ill-natured triumph, in the poor mayor's mortification. No sooner were they come to the place of his worship's station, but he approached the royal presence with an aukward solemnity; and as the duke had tutored him, after a very low congee, told his majesty, He was not ignorant. He now imagined all was over, that the equipage would go forward, and that the affair was happily terminated. But he was sadly mistaken, the horses did not budge, and the king looked his worship full in the face, as expecting a continuation of his oration; but, as he had learned no more of his noble preceptor, he was unable to advance a word farther; so, bowing again, he repeated his first asseveration, that He was not ignorant. The king thought it was now time to quit so ignoble a pastime; and, having the game in his hands, one way or another, was resolved to dispatch it. What he intended was to brow-beat the mayor (already half-dead with vexation) into an absolute silence; in order to which he assumed a stern aspect, and looked at him more stedfastly than ever, as if impatient for his proceeding, and highly displeased at his delay. But this roused his worship and produced a third obeisance, with another May it please your majesty I am not ignorant. To which his majesty, who had quite enough, answered, in a very angry tone, Poh, you blockhead, that is only your own opinion: On which the duke, as had been concerted between him and the merry monarch, gave the signal for going on. This furnished them with matter of laughter till they got into the city, when their attention was engaged by the



acclamations of the scholars and inhabitants; but the mayor entered it with a very different temper, loaden with ignominy and in the bitterest affliction. It might be intended by the managers as a farce, but it had a cruel catastrophe; the unfortunate mayor sunk under the weight of ridicule which was cast on him from every quarter, and broke his heart, ere his two murderers, for such I may call them, had well left the university.



*The Furniture of a Woman's Mind.*

**A** Set of phrases learnt by rote;  
 A passion for a scarlet coat;  
 When at a play to laugh or cry,  
 Yet cannot tell the reason why:  
 Never to hold her tongue a minute;  
 While all she prates has nothing in it.  
 Whole hours can with a coxcomb sit,  
 And take his nonsense all for wit:  
 Her learning mounts to read a song,  
 But, half the words pronouncing wrong;  
 Has ev'ry repartee in store  
 She spoke ten thousand times before.  
 Can ready compliments supply  
 On all occasions, cut and dry.  
 Such hatred to a parson's gown,  
 The sight will put her in a swoon.  
 For conversation well endu'd;  
 She calls it witty to be rude;  
 And, placing raillery in railing,  
 Will tell aloud your greatest failing;



Nor makes a scruple to expose  
 Your bandy leg, or crooked nose.  
 Can, at her morning tea, run o'er  
 The scandal of the day before.  
 Improving hourly in her skill,  
 To cheat and wrangle at quadrille.

In chusing lace a critic nice,  
 Knows to a groat the lowest price;  
 Can in her female clubs dispute  
 What lining best the silk will suit,  
 What colours each complexion match;  
 And where with art to place a patch.

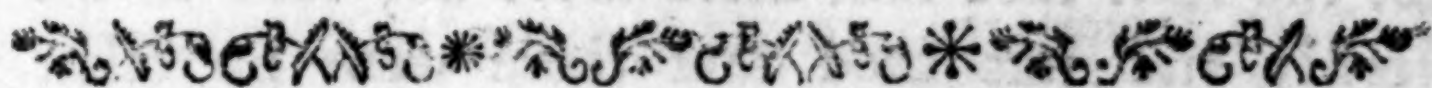
If chance a mouse creeps in her sight,  
 Can finely counterfeit a fright;  
 So sweetly screams, if it come near her,  
 She ravishes all hearts to hear her.  
 Can dextrously her husband teize,  
 By taking fits whene'er she please:  
 By frequent practice learns a trick  
 At proper seasons to be sick;  
 Thinks nothing gives one airs so pretty;  
 At once creating love and pity.  
 If Molly happens to be careless,  
 And but neglects to warm her hair lace,  
 She gets a cold as sure as death;  
 And vows she scarce can fetch her breath  
 Admires how modest women can  
 Be so robustious like man.

In party, furious to her pow'r;  
 A bitter whig or tory sow'r;  
 Her arguments directly tend  
 Against the side she would defend;  
 Will prove herself a tory plain,  
 From principles the whigs maintain;



And, to defend the whiggish cause,  
Her topics from the tories draws.

O YES! If any man can find  
More virtues in a woman's mind,  
Let them be sent to Mrs. \* Harding:  
She'll pay the charges to a farthing:  
Take notice, she has my commission  
To add them in the next edition;  
'They may out-sell a better thing;  
So, holla boys: God save the king.



*Friar Philip's Geese. Dedicated to the Fair Sex.*

LADIES,

**Y**OUR numberless charms would, in the imagination of a youthful solitary, have surpassed the beauties of the spring and the chearfulness of the morning! and had our youthful solitary seen them in his tender years, he would have preferred them to the dazzling splendor of the gold bespangled skies, and the lovely verdure of the fields! and indeed he no sooner beheld your numberless charms, but he felt their force, your beauties excelled all other objects, and they immediately faded in his eye.

THE sight of the most magnificent palaces no longer invited his curiosity; in a word, he discovered infinitely more lustre in your persons, than in a jewel which adorns a crown. This youth had from his infancy inhabited the woods and groves, where the winged choristers were his companions,

\* A Printer.



whose delightful harmony used sometimes to cheer his lonely hours; their innocent melody was his sole delight, notwithstanding he was wholly unacquainted with the meaning of their tuneful language.

To this rural school his father had brought him up from his infancy, immediately after the death of his mother; and the tender babe was no sooner born, than he removed him far from the sight of any human creature. And for many years he had not the least idea that there were any such in the world; and imagined that there were no other creatures than the tenants of the forest he dwelt in; such as birds, wolves, and others, who only enjoy a sensitive life, and are not endowed with any of the rational faculties. The two motives which prevailed with his father to shun all human converse, were first, his great abhorrence of mankind in general, and secondly, his fear.

AND from the time his dear consort had left the world, and winged her way to heaven, he detested the society of his fellow-creatures. When grown old with the sighs he himself vented, with his continual moan, and the repining of all those he met with; the death of his better half made him both hate, as well as fear the rest of her sex; so that he resolved to turn hermit, and to bring up his son in the same way of life. Upon this, having distributed his wealth among the indigent, he sets out unaccompanied, except by his infant son, whom he carried in his arms, and striking down a lonely forest, he stops in the most solitary part of it. The name of this man, as history informs us, was Philip. Here our hermit studiously conceals a hundred particulars from the child; and that not from a se-



verity and gloominess of temper, but from a motive of piety, and takes the utmost care not to let the least word drop from him, which might intimate that there were any such creatures in the world as women; or such things as desires or passions, particularly that of love.

In this solitude, he instructed his mind in things proportionable to his age.

HAVING attained his fifth year, he taught him the names of flowers and animals; and would now and then intermix with these discourses some account of the devil, whom he represented as an ill-shaped hideous creature; and indeed the first lesson which children are taught, is fear. Being now ten years of age, things of a more deep and abstruse nature were brought upon the carpet, and he revealed to him some few particulars relating to the other world; but not a word about women. At fifteen he taught him every thing his mind was susceptible of; gave him an idea of the Creator of all things, but forbore to speak of the most lovely part of his works.

Now twenty, his father thought proper to take him with him to a neighbouring city; for the old man was very much oppressed with the infirmities of age, and scarce able to walk thither for the necessities of life; upon which, considering all the lad would inherit from him was a wallet and staff, he determined to shew him the way to the city, that he, after his death, might provide for himself. There were, indeed, but few people who did not give friar Philip a little loaf; so that had he been of a covetous disposition he might have heaped up considerable wealth. He was known to all the little children, who upon his approach used to cry



out, Your alms, your alms, friar Philip's a coming. Our good anchoret no sooner thought that the things he had instilled into his son were firmly rivetted in his mind, than he resolves to make a trial of fortune, and carried him to visit such good persons as were charitably disposed. However, tears gushed from his eyes when he considered the temptations to which the lad would be exposed. But our two hermits are set out upon their journey, and arrived at the city, which was magnificent and finely built, and the place where the king kept his court.

HERE he met with ten thousand objects unknown to him before; when our harmless youth, in the utmost amazement, cries out, What do you call that thing there? A courtier, replies the father. And those yonder? Palaces, my dear. These here? Statues. He was gazing on these several objects, when some young and beautiful girls scudded along before him, and immediately drew all his attention: for now he no longer views the palaces and other objects he had before admired, but is seized with another kind of admiration; and all in rapture at this enchanting sight, he cries out, Oh, father! what's that so prettily dressed? How is it called? The old man, who did not in the least relish this question, answers, 'Tis a bird called a goose, child. Sweet, pretty bird! cries the lad in the utmost transport, prithee sing a little; let me hear some of thy music; could not I get a little acquainted with thee? Dear father, I intreat you, if you love me, to let us carry one of them into our forest.





*Story of Dr. Dove and his Horse Nobbs.*

**D**OCTOR Daniel Dove of Doncaster, was an exceeding good sort of a man, and he had a nag called Nobbs, who was an exceeding good sort of an horse, and he set up at the sign of the George, where there is exceeding good entertainment both for man and horse. But being in a great hurry, he would not suffer the hostler to put up Nobbs in the stable, but ordered his bridle to be fastened to the brew-house door. Now (as fortune would have it) within Nobbs's reach there was a tub full of wine lees, which he, without so much as saying Here's to you, or using any other ceremony, fairly swigg'd off in a trice. The consequence of which was, that he fell down dead drunk: nay, in short, he acted death so much to the life, that the doctor, upon inspection, concluded him to be absolutely defunct, and had him flead, and sold his skin to a tanner, who was then drinking in the kitchen. Upon which he walks quietly home, and communicated this melancholy affair to his lady, who wept bitterly, for (except her monkey, her cat, and her pug-dog) she loved Nobbs better than any other animal, though she had many children.

BUT leaving her to wipe her eyes, let us return to Nobbs, who, the weather being cold, and having lost his cloathing, was by this time restored to the most perfect sobriety, and very prudently trots home to the doctor's door, at which he whinnied with great emphasis. Bless me, says Mrs. Dove, my



dear Nobbs's ghost is come to the door, for I know him by his whinnies. Upon which the doctor gets up, strikes a light, and runs down with great impetuosity, and sure enough there was Nobbs in *propria persona*; no ghost, but all himself except his skin. Upon this Dr. Dove ordered six sheep to be killed instantaneously, and covered Nobbs with a woollen garment. To make short of my story, the nag recovered, and bore two tods of wool every year, as many thousand persons can testify, among which I must include myself, who am now in possession of a flannel petticoat made of the very identical wool which was sheared from the back of Dr. Dove's horse Nobbs.

SALLY SABLE.



*The Mill. A Tale.*

**B**eneath a court's luxuriant skies,  
Plant Honesty\*, it fades and dies:  
Such tender plants expire of course,  
Oppos'd to Influenza's force——  
'That court disease, who from her wings  
A thousand magic poisons flings:——  
Nor in the church's ample sphere  
Does Honesty much better fare;  
Nor in the law's capacious round  
Is the rich blossom often found;  
'These truths from others I relate,  
Nor court, church, law—has been my fate.

\* A flower not uncommon in English gardens.



THE tenants to Sir John complain,  
 The miller purloins half their grain:—  
 What can be done?—On all his ground,  
 This mill, and only this, is found:  
 With shame the pilferer's disgrac'd,  
 And in his room another's plac'd,  
 Of fame unstain'd; by all agreed  
 A man right worthy to succeed.

TEMPTATIONS numberless assail;  
 This miller, like the last, proves frail;  
 Again the tenants beg relief,  
 Sir John's convinc'd that he's a thief:—  
 In truth, my friends, I've been deceiv'd,  
 No man more honest, I believ'd;  
 A miller chuse yourselves, he cry'd,  
 On whom we all may safe confide;  
 But first his merits closely scan,  
 To me 'tis equal who's the man.

AFTER much tedious altercation,  
 They come to a determination;  
 A miller's fix'd on; one whose name  
 Challeng'd the loudest blast of fame;  
 The tenants all in this agree,  
 If there's an honest man—'tis he.

FOR some time no complaint was heard,  
 A month, or longer, 'tis averr'd;  
 At length—alas—too true, tho' strange,  
 This Paragon began to change;  
 Suspicion, as if half afraid,  
 In doubtful grumblings hints convey'd:  
 These grumblings every day increas'd,  
 'Till all the miller glares confest:



The toll too large——The corn when ground,  
 Was, on return, nor fair nor found;  
 Their flour all mix'd,——scarce half their due:  
 The greatest rogue they ever knew.

ONCE more to good Sir John they fly:  
 Sir John soon makes 'em this reply.

No farther change I'll now admit,  
 To your own choice you must submit;  
 The miller whom you thus upbraid,  
 Was honest 'till a miller made;  
 And honest had continued still,  
 But for the air of that damn'd mill:  
 At that alone your vengeance aim;  
 The mill and not the man's to blame.

LEARN, reader, from this little tale,  
 That ev'n the best of men are frail;  
 And where curst Influenza's found,  
 Millers will evermore abound.







*Story of king Charles the Second.*

**T**HERE is no one passion which all mankind so naturally give into as pride, nor any other passion which appears in such different disguises: it is to be found in all habits and complexions. Is it not a question, whether it does more harm or good in the world? And if there be not such a thing as what we may call a virtuous and laudable pride?

IT is this passion alone, when misapplied, that lays us so open to flatterers; and he who can agreeably condescend to sooth our humour or temper, finds always an open avenue to our soul; especially if the flatterer happen to be our superior.

ONE might give many instances of this in a late English monarch, under the title of, *The Gaities of king Charles II.* This prince was by nature extremely familiar, of very easy access, and much delighted to see and be seen; and this happy temper, which in the highest degree gratified his people's vanity, did him more service with his loving subjects than all his other virtues, though it must be confessed he had many. He delighted, though a mighty king, to give and take a jest, as they say; and a prince of this fortunate disposition, who, were he inclined to make an ill use of his power, may have any thing of his people, be it never so much to their prejudice. But this good king made generally a very innocent use, as to the public, of this insinuating temper; for, it is well known, he pursued pleasure more than ambition: he seemed to



glory in being the first man at cock-matches, horse-races, balls, and plays; he appeared highly delighted on those occasions, and never failed to warm and gladden the heart of every spectator. He more than once dined with his good citizens of London on their lord-mayor's day, and did so the year that Sir Robert Viner was mayor. Sir Robert was a very loyal man, and, if you will allow the expression, very fond of his sovereign; but what with the joy he felt at heart for the honour done him by his prince, and through the warmth he was in with continually toasting healths to the royal family, his lordship grew a little fond of his majesty, and entered into a familiarity not altogether so graceful in so public a place. The king understood very well how to extricate himself on all kinds of difficulties, and with an hint to the company to avoid ceremony, stole off and made towards his coach, which stood ready for him in Guild-Hall yard: but the mayor liked his company so well, and was grown so intimate, that he pursued him hastily, and catching him fast by the hand, cried out with a vehement oath and accent, "Sir, you shall stay" and take the other bottle. The airy monarch looked kindly at him over his shoulder, and with a smile and graceful air, repeated this line of the old song;

"He that's drunk is as great as a king."

and immediately turned back and complied with his landlord.





*The Disagreeableness of Peevishness.*  
(From the Prater.)

“**P**EEVISHNESS, says a nervous writer,  
“ may be considered as the canker of life,  
“ that destroys its vigour, and checks its improve-  
“ ment; that creeps on with hourly depredations,  
“ and taints and vitiates what it cannot consume.”

PERSONS of a fretful, quarrelsome disposition, apt to take a light offence, and to be ruffled by trifles, may truly be called self-tormentors, and the pests of society. Such persons meet with frequent disappointments, because they expect from the world a tame compliance with all their capricious humours; and deserve to meet with them, because their expectations are unreasonable. When a man's temper, indeed, has been soured by sickness, and a series of real calamities, he is not an object of contempt but of pity; and his little starts of choler, pishes, pshaws, and discontented interjections, should be patiently borne with. But the majority of wayward, waspish people, are not entitled to the least indulgence. They ought to be thwarted whenever their petulant humour makes them troublesome.

PEEVISHNESS, though it may perhaps be ranked among the troubles to which we frail mortals are liable, sometimes prompts us to commit criminal actions, and then becomes a vice. I have seen so many of my fellow creatures of both sexes suffer for the gratification of this foible, that when I make my morning and evening addresses to the



Giver of all good things, I never fail to reckon a contented mind among the blessings which he vouchsafes to bestow upon me.

I RECEIVED yesterday morning an early, and very unexpected visit from an old acquaintance, about my own age, who retired to his mansion house in Berkshire thirty years ago, in a pet; where he has led, till within this fortnight, a fullen, solitary life, disgusted with himself and every body around him.—When he entered my apartment I surveyed him with astonishment, and could not help saluting him abruptly;—Good God, sir, what has brought you to London!—Nothing, said he, but absolute necessity, I assure you, should have brought me hither, and I heartily hope I shall not be long detained here; for this confounded town, master Babble, is very much altered for the worse, I can tell you, since I left it. A man cannot now-a-days walk along the streets quietly, without running a risque of having his skull fractured, his limbs broken, or at least his hat knocked off, and his cloaths torn. “Things were not so bad, I can tell you, thirty years ago.” Why now this morning I met with several provoking accidents. Before I turned the corner of the street I lodge in, I was overtaken by two rascally barber boys, who jammed me between them, and besmeared me with powder; and while I was endeavouring to brush it off, a son of a gun of a chimney sweeper covered one side of my coat with soot. I verily believe the impudent young dogs take a pleasure in teasing me; for on my looking fiercely at one of them, and rebuking him warmly for his insolence, he replied in a surly tone, and with a glouting look,—Curse your eyes, you old caffer you; what, are you



purblind? A little farther, four or five labourers spread themselves across the foot path, and would not budge an inch, though I very civilly intreated them not to stand so thick; so that I was obliged to go without the posts in order to avoid them, by which means I was splashed from head to foot by a pair of mettlesome coach horses, who trotted by me as fast as they could. About twenty yards farther I unluckily trod on a loose stone; and caused a great deal of dirty water (for you know it rained hard last night) to fly into my face, and almost close up my peepers.—“ Things were not so bad, I can tell you, thirty years ago, when I lived in London.”—Times are strangely altered since the year twenty-six —There is now a total depravation of manners.—I meet with nothing but insults wherever I go.

I WAS yesterday at a coffeehouse near the temple, and could not be furnished with the newspapers till every body in the room had read them; and I moreover received a gross affront from one of the pragmatistical waiters, who not only brought my chocolate quite cold, but had also the assurance to offer it to me with a large beetle swimming in it: and I overheard a coxcomb in the next box say to one of his priggish companions, smother the old gentleman, Jack, what a forlorn wretch it is! My cloaths are not cut, my hat is not cocked, nor is my wig curled according to the taste in vogue; but must a man be insulted because he dresses as he likes? Plague on the fashions, say I!—Everywise man will have a fashion of his own, and not make himself look like a monkey to please any body.—And then people have got a trick now a days, of pushing along, and shoving one in the rudest man-



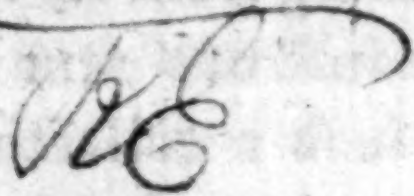
ner imaginable.—Last Friday—no, I tell a story,—I mean last Monday, a blundering blockhead pushed by me with such violence, that I was within a foot of falling into one of those abominable cellars which are open in all quarters of the town, like traps to catch people who go too near them. While I was venting my spleen against this fellow, another who followed me seized me by the arm in such a manner, that if I had been in debt, I should have fancied myself within the gripe of a bailiff: and who should it be but an impertinent jackanapes in a livery, who wanted me to make way for him because he was in a hurry forsooth; could not the fellow have said, with your leave, or by your leave? —“ Things were not so bad, I can tell you, thirty “ years ago.”—I could not help smiling here at my friend’s vehement exclamations against the present times, and interrupting him in the midst of them; you forget, said I, that you were then a young man in high spirits, and did not mind a push or two in the street; but now the things which you took little notice of then are magnified, and become less bearable.—Poo, poo, said he, do you think I do not know how things were, and how they are altered for the worse?—God send me safe and sound out of this corrupted city, and I will never set foot in it again.—Well, replied I, I am glad to see you safe arrived at my lodgings after all your troubles.—Safe? said he, safe? ay, ay, I am indeed safe at present, as you call it, but how long shall I remain so;—will you insure me from all cross accidents and perilous adventures while I stay in town?—You must walk with more circumspection, said I, and then I hope you will not meet with so many misfortunes: you must consider, my friend, that



you do not tread quite so firmly as you did in your juvenile days.—Firmly, said he,—What signifies a man's treading firmly when brutal carmen, chairmen, and barrow-women are suffered to block up the footway, and abuse you if you do not make room for them? a pack of bullying scoundrels, and brazen faced jades.—Indeed, my friend, said I, it is not worth while to be in a passion about them; if you cannot bear disappointments of this kind with a philosophic composure, take a coach or a chair; and please yourself with laughing at those whom you see disconcerted by the same accidents which disturb your repose.—'Tis a plaguy thing though, said he, that a man cannot go peaceably about his business, without paying these rascals for being carried from place to place, or else having his cloaths spoilt.—The first night I came to town, in the dusk of the evening, a fellow past by me with a door upon his shoulders; I thought I allowed him room enough to pass without jostling, but a villainous hinge, which hung from it, stuck close to my arm, and made a monstrous rent in my surtout.—Besides, there is such a collection of filthy smells in the streets of London, that I wonder the air is not pestilential.—How can you bear to live here, Mr. Babble? You must surely have an excellent constitution!—A great deal, my friend, said I, depends on use, and a great deal on a disposition to be pleased.—Every state of life has its disquietudes, and every place its inconveniencies, which seldom make a deep impression on us when we are accustomed to them; and indeed we should be very miserable beings if they did. You have been long absent from this busy capital, and make too nice a comparison between the bustle of a town life, and



the tranquillity of a country one.—Were you to reside in London two or three months, you would not be so acutely pained by some of its smells, and chagrined by the brutality, or inadvertency of some of its inhabitants. I must own indeed there are several regulations wanting; but those regulations are not to be made by such people as you and I. If magistrates will not exert their authority, and endeavour to rectify publick nufances, we cannot make them.—'Tis better therefore, I think, to bear without repining, the evils which we cannot remove, than to make ourselves uneasy about them:—those who are too quickly discomposed by the common accidents of life, contract a peevishness which renders them unsociable, unamiable, and consequently unhappy.—Looke, Mr. Babble, replied he, it is an easy matter to preach, but not so easy to practise;—you talk very fluently, and I am glad with all my heart that you make yourself so happy; but, for my part—Here we were luckily interrupted by the arrival of our coffee and Yorkshire cakes.



T H E E N D.





